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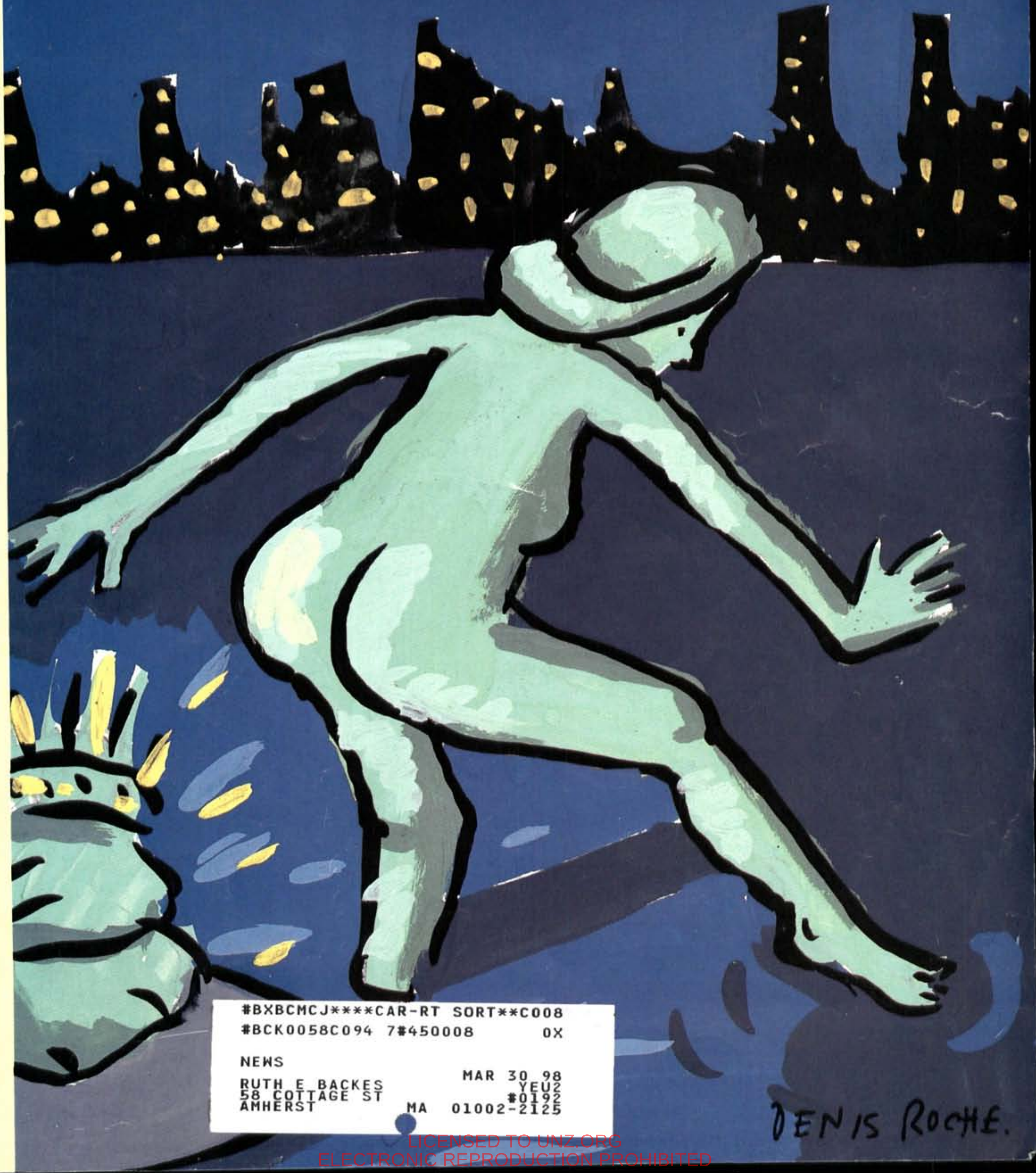
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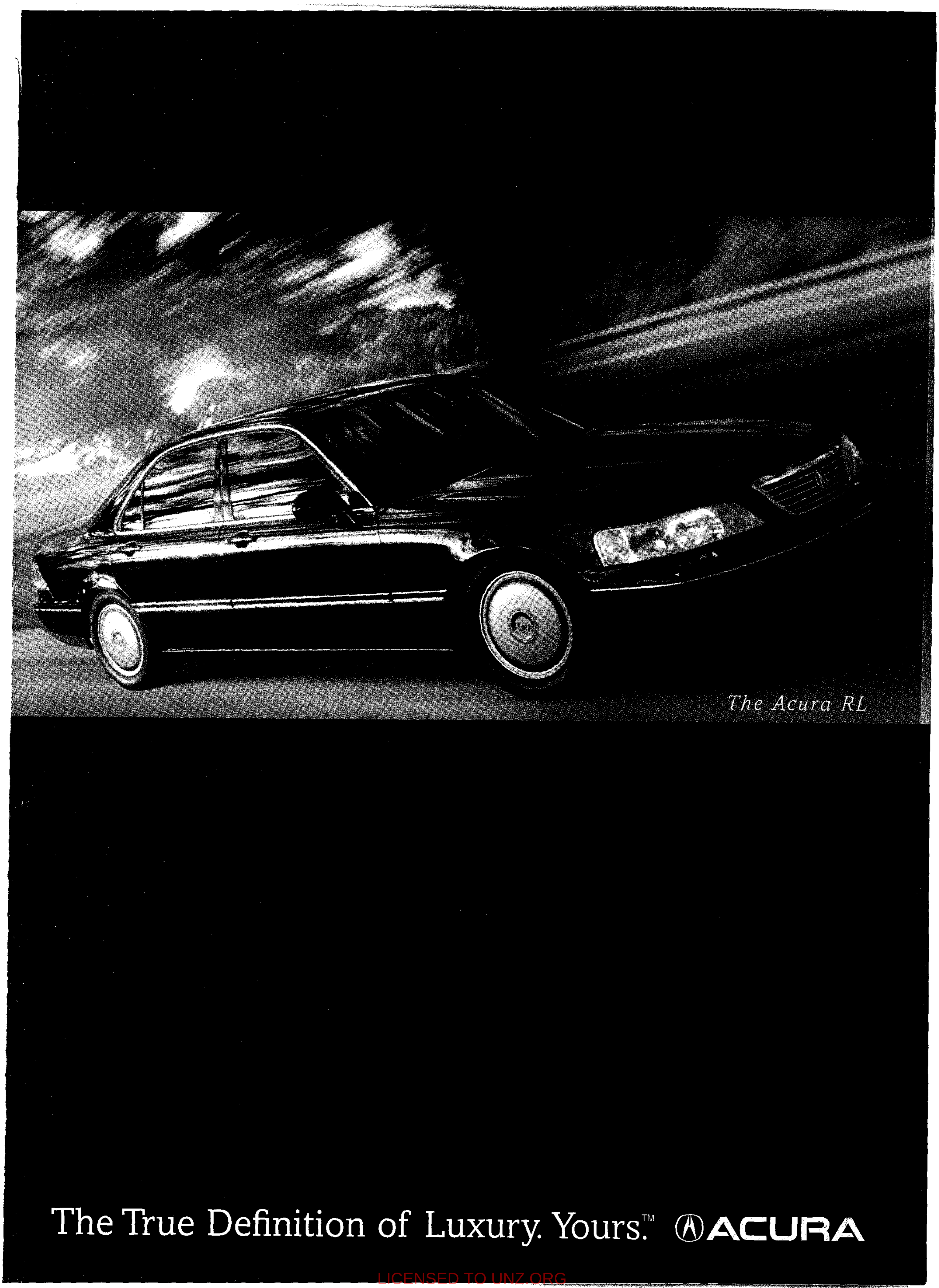
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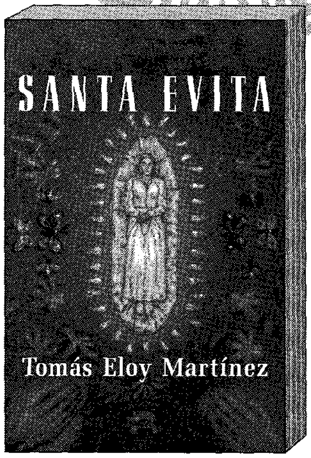

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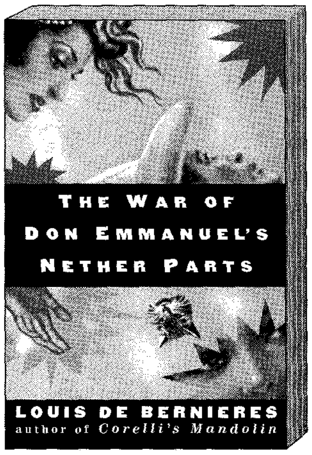

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THE NEW YORKER

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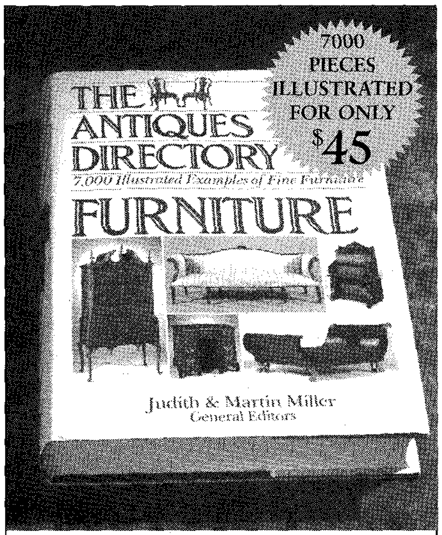
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COMMENT

MEN BEHAVING BADLY

Who put the sex in sexual harassment?

HISTORY is, in no small part, a chronicle of formerly acceptable outrages. Once upon a time, perfectly decent folk took it for granted that watching two gladiators hack each other to death was just the thing to do on a summer afternoon, that co-religionists with whom you had teensy doctrinal differences were best roasted on an open fire, that making slaves of Africans was a good deal for all concerned, and that participation in politics should be restricted to male landowners. What were they thinking? You could say that posterity is a hanging judge, except that sooner or later capital punishment, too, will turn up on that chronicle of outrages.

These days, members of a cultural derrière-garde—perplexed by new rules applying to sexual harassment, acquaintance rape, and the like—often complain that sexual intimacy has been "politicized." In truth, it always had been. What has changed is the balance of power. Women no longer feel obliged to tolerate the kind of sexual condescension that was once prevalent in the workplace. And if you think the date-rape issue has been overplayed, consider the legal environment that prevailed before modern feminism. Many states required corroborating evidence before there could be a conviction in a rape case (there usually isn't any), and essentially denied the possibility that a person could be raped by an acquaintance. What were they thinking?

We've come a long way. Today, even that most conservative of institutions, the United States Army, has come to terms with feminist arguments about sexual harassment and the abuse of power. Consider the ongoing hearings against Sergeant Major of the Army Gene C. McKinney, America's top enlisted soldier. Brenda L. Hoster, the retired Sergeant Major whose accusations prompted McKinney's fall from grace, has testified that he once tried to pressure her into having sex, and several other women have turned up to bolster her account. One, a Navy Chief Petty Officer, testified that he'd offered to "show me passion like I'd never known." Another, a female sergeant, recalled his saying, "Men, women, we have needs." Yet another woman, an Army recruiter based in Florida, says he asked her whether she wanted to kiss him. ("Hell, no, that's the last thing I want to do" was her response.) It is clearly a shameful abuse of authority for an Army officer to solicit sex from subordinates, and the Army has rightly taken a dim view of it. Indeed, if it has its way, Sergeant Major Gene C. McKinney could

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be sentenced to prison for fifty-six years. All told, the McKinney case might seem to mark a victory for ideas of sexual equity that had once existed only on the fringes of American culture.

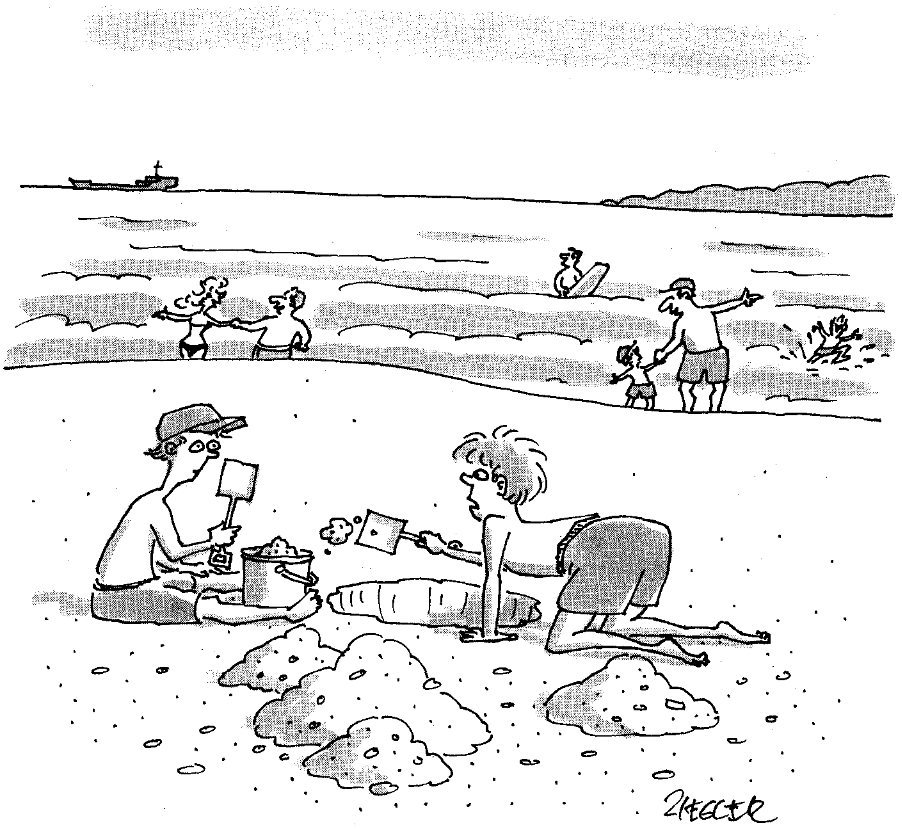
So why don't we feel more victorious? The trouble goes back to a tension between an animating concern with sexual abuse and the use of antidiscrimination law to address it. The "sexual" in the phrase "sexual harassment"—as opposed to, say, the "sexual" in "sexual misconduct"—was supposed to refer to the category of citizen harassed: Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibited harassment that was gender-specific, as opposed to amorous in content. Through a process of semantic drift, though, the one sense of "sexual" shaded into the other. The goalposts had moved: sexual etiquette, as distinct from discriminatory treatment, has become the subject of legal scrutiny.

That was a lesson learned from Mackenzie v. Miller Brewing Co., the now famous case of the beer executive and the "Seinfeld" episode. One day in 1993, the executive, Jerold Mackenzie, told a female co-worker the plot of the "Seinfeld" show he'd seen the night before. (In the episode, Seinfeld has a new woman friend, but he can't remember her name—just that it vaguely rhymes with a female body part. Only after she realizes that he's forgotten her name and storms off does he remember it and shout "Dolores!") When the co-worker complained of sexual harassment, Mackenzie, who had served nineteen years with the company, was fired.

And why not? This is a country in which harassment complaints were lodged against a library employee who had posted a *New Yorker* cartoon in his cubicle. (The cartoon, published shortly after the Lorena Bobbitt incident, showed one besuited man saying to another, "What's the big deal? I lopped off my own damn penis years ago.") The Mackenzie case was noteworthy because the original overreaction was repaid by another: last month, a mostly female jury awarded the "Seinfeld"-watching executive 26.6 million dollars for wrongful dismissal. But what Mackenzie's original firing offense has in common with the librarian's banished cartoon and a host of similar instances—and what the jury may have been reacting to—is that it had precious little to do with discrimination on the basis of gender.

What has happened is that a whole range of offensive conduct—some of it plainly opprobrious, some merely in poor taste—has been squeezed into the purview of antidiscrimination law. Brenda L. Hoster's testimony last week was actually a wrenching account of what it was like to work for a Boss from Hell. She recounted an incident that occurred long before any sexual advances were made, when McKinney banged his fist on the table and yelled at her for failing to prepare him adequately for a press conference—even though he'd previously told her that he didn't need any preparation. Little wonder that she sounded nearly as outraged about the blatant injustice of that episode ("No matter what I did," she testified, "I wasn't going to be able to do it right") as about the time in an Oahu hotel when he made a fumbling play for her and told her—look, see!—that she aroused him. Both forms of conduct seem abusive, but, because there is no obvious legal remedy for generic abuse, a sort of amalgam grievance is the result. Another Boss from Hell, this time a casino manager in Nevada, routinely referred to the men in his employ as "assholes" and worse, but only in referring to women as "cunts" did he run afoul of federal law. In a range of cases, using antidiscrimination law against abusive bosses has become a judicial expedient akin to siccing the I.R.S. on Al Capone.

What's most troubling about the way we've sexualized sexual harassment, though, is that it puts victims of gender discrimination at a disadvantage when the abusive conduct *isn't* sexual in nature. Required by Title VII to protect women from a "hostile environment" in the workplace, the courts have failed to recognize the existence of hostile environments that don't involve sexual content—and this can mean giving the plain old unsexy kind of sex discrimination a free pass. As it happens, the category of "sex" was added to Title VII, just hours before its adoption, by Southern senators intent on sabotage. To those benighted souls—the original Guys Who Don't Get It—the notion of protecting citizens against gender discrimination was a ludicrous prospect. But when civil liberties are pitted against civil rights, when the heavy weight of antidiscrimination law falls on Bobbitt cartoons, when sexual content, and not disparate treatment, becomes the measure of the offense, you start to wonder about posterity's perspective. What are *we* thinking? —HENRY LOUIS GATES, JR.



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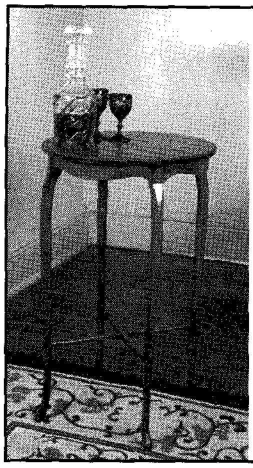

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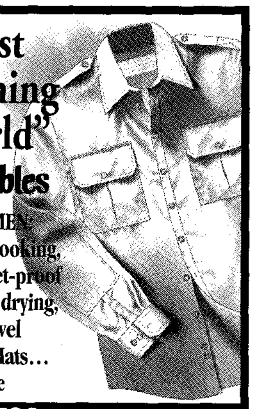

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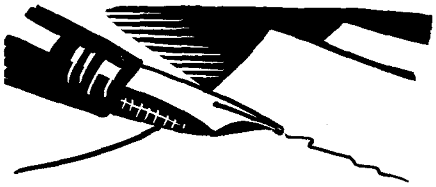

PERFECT HARMONY?

Hendrik Hertzberg's suggestion in Comment ("Star-Spangled Banter," July 21st) that James Weldon Johnson's "Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing" replace "The Star-Spangled Banner" as our national anthem is particularly appropriate, because Johnson was much more than just "a poet of the Harlem Renaissance." Among other accomplishments, he was the first black lawyer to be admitted to the Florida bar; the founder of the *Daily American*, this country's first daily African-American newspaper; a diplomat; a novelist; and the secretary of the N.A.A.C.P. Despite all this, in the Jim Crow states he was still unable to ride in the same train car as whites. To have his song be our national anthem would be both a fitting tribute to him and a rebuke to our checkered past.

BRETT L. GOLD
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mr. Hertzberg states that the consensus is that "The Star-Spangled Banner" is "too martial, too irritating, [and] too hard to sing." But doesn't that perfectly embody the American spirit? We rush in where other countries can't be bothered to tread (Vietnam, Grenada); we irritate the rest of the world with our incessant need to build McDonald'ses and Disneylands; and we unite as an audience and a country every time we hear the anthem, proud of the vocalist's struggle to hit the unbearably high note of "free." Hertzberg should go pick on someone else's anthem.

JULIE C. GRAHAM
Los Angeles, Calif.

For a stirringly melodic anthem alternative that has a powerful message beyond the parochialism of any national hymn, I suggest that Mr. Hertzberg try the "Internationale" the next time he's in the shower.

PETER KASTNER
Somerville, Mass.

CHRYSLER'S POLICY

James B. Stewart's "Coming Out at Chrysler" (June 21st) may have led *New Yorker* readers to draw antiquated conclusions about the company. For Chrysler, as for the rest of the automotive industry—and society as a whole—issues of diversity, including sexual orientation, continue to present a challenge. At the same time, we are very proud of our diverse family of a hundred and twenty-six thousand employees, of our policies of nondiscrimination, and of the fact that, while we cannot totally prevent inappropriate behavior by some employees, we have systems by which all employees can and do seek advice, protection, and remedial action. We recognize diversity among our employees as a strategic advantage that can be cultivated only in an environment that fully values the unique characteristics of every employee. To the extent that Stewart's piece led *New Yorker* readers to believe otherwise, it did Chrysler a disservice.

MONICA EMERSON
Manager, Diversity and Work/Family
Chrysler Corporation
Auburn Hills, Mich.

BITING MAD

A physician, Abraham Verghese, commented on Mike Tyson's biting bout (The Talk of the Town, July 21st), but when it comes to teeth and bites who is better qualified to comment than a dentist? After all, we're on the receiving end of more bites than any other group in the world. And, though the occasional chomp at a boxing match is greeted with horror, the ongoing maiming and mutilation of dentists' fingertips by resentful patients doesn't seem to merit any attention. We dentists also take umbrage at Verghese's characterization of our beloved work site as "a cesspool." We can only say that the rest of the body—under the aegis of the medical profession—is no better than a septic tank.

JULIUS GOLDSTEIN, D.D.S.
Smithtown, N.Y.

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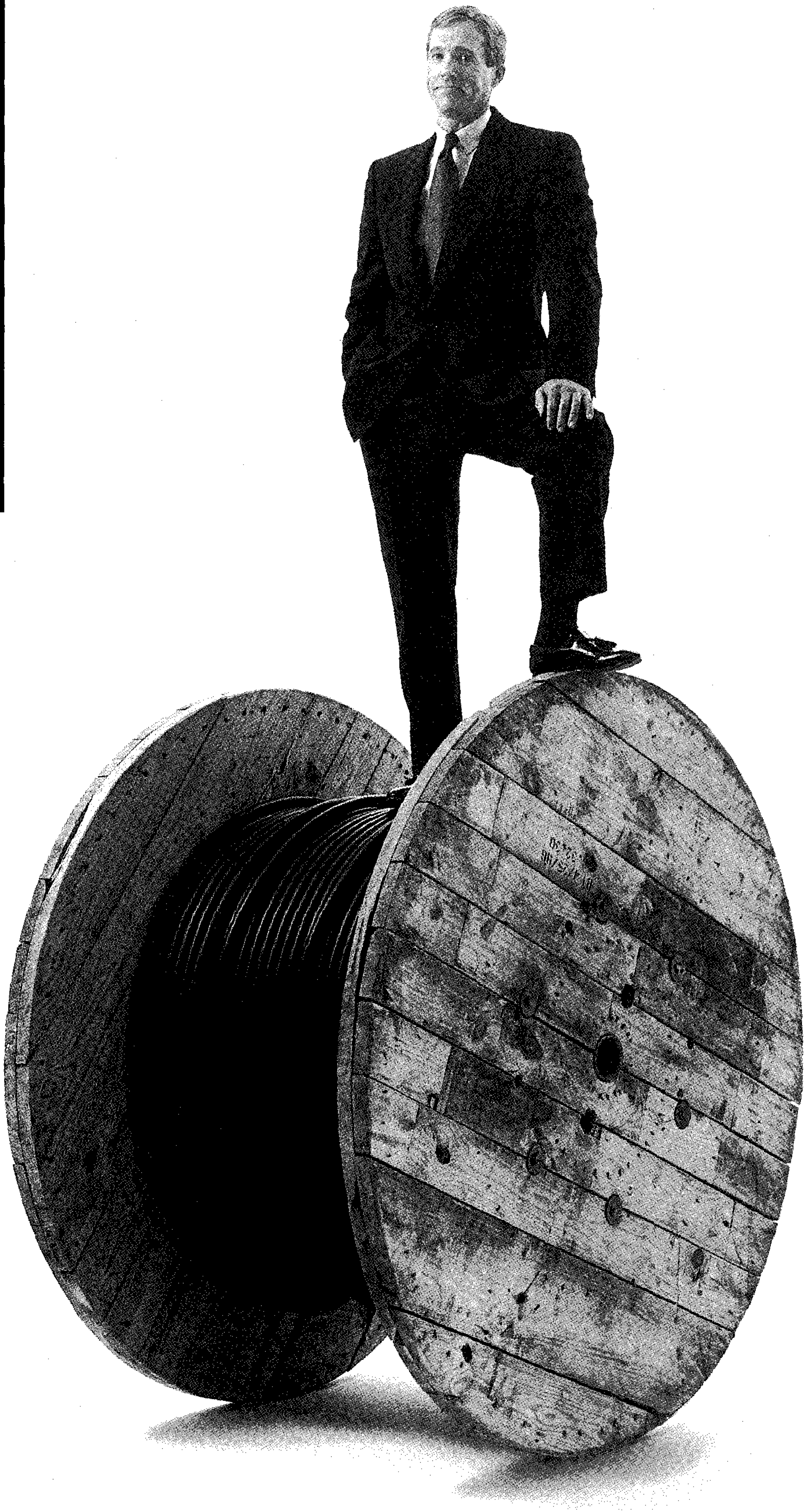

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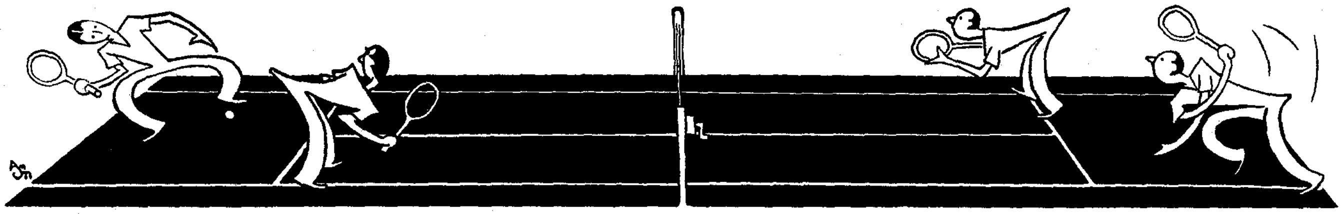

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THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Carmel Quinn—The Irish singer and storyteller performs her solo show, in a brief engagement at the Irish Repertory Theatre. Opens Aug. 19 at 8 and continues through Aug. 24. (132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

New York International Fringe Festival—A fortnight of experimental performances at numerous venues, including the Polish performance artist Omar Sangare, in "True Theatre Critic" (Aug. 15-24); "Dumb," by the Czech troupe Misery Loves Company (Aug. 13-23); the British comedian Nick Wilty, in "Standing Up for England" (Aug. 14-24); and, from New York, "Icarus & Aria," by Kirkwood Bromley and Aaron Beall (Aug. 14-23), the Lila Company's "The Colors of Love" (Aug. 13-24), and the Cannon Company's "Witches' Macbeth" (Aug. 16-22). (For tickets, performance times, and information about other events, call 420-8877 or 888-374-6436.)

On the Town—As its second outdoor production of the summer, the New York Shakespeare Festival, having completed its Shakespeare marathon, offers this modern classic about three sailors on leave in New York. Based on the Jerome Robbins–Leonard Bernstein ballet "Fancy Free," with additional music by Bernstein and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Directed by George C. Wolfe and choreographed by Eliot Feld. In previews through Aug. 16. Opens Aug. 17 at 8. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 539-8750.)

1776—The 1969 musical by Sherman Edwards (music and lyrics) and Peter Stone (book). Directed by Scott Ellis. Two previews on Aug. 13. Opens Aug. 14 at 7. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Not quite a revue, not quite a play, this spirited and Nashville-slick celebration of the late, great country singer is, rather, a streamlined song-delivery device: Tori Lynn Palazola, who plays Cline, sings twenty-one songs in a mere two hours. The show is based on Cline's relationship with a fan in Houston, played with large-hearted gusto by Margo Martindale. Palazola doesn't sound exactly like Patsy, but she's good at doing Patsy, and more than good when it comes to the slower numbers. The unsung, as it were, heroes of the production are the six members of the backup band, titans of twang all. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Annie—Can the powerhouse waif find another bonanza in this twentieth-anniversary revival of her Broadway musical? With eight-year-old Brittny Kissinger wearing the red fright wig, anything is possible: no one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the New York public. Directed by Martin Charnin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

As Bees in Honey Drown—In Douglas Carter Beane's comic indictment of America's obsession with fame, J. Smith-Cameron is hilarious as a cultural arbiter whose fabricated personality is, as an adoring Saks salesman (the delightful T. Scott Cunningham) puts it, "a mixture of every woman I've ever loved in a movie." The script, which has been given a vivid production by the Drama Dept., is a gleeful bon mot-filled éclair whose satirical power sours only when, every once in a while, it takes itself too seriously. With Bo Foxworth, as the young novelist who falls under Smith-Cameron's spell. Mark Brokaw directed. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

As You Like It—The Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival makes good use of its dramatic setting, on a bluff overlooking the river: the company plays the initial scenes entirely inside the tent where the audience sits, but when the action moves to the Forest of Arden the curtains are torn open to reveal the exiled Duke's courtiers frolicking literally outside the bounds of civilization. Unfortunately, that's the most imaginative moment in Nick Mangano's overthought, overwrought production. Still, the charmingly light and persuasive performances of Kirstin Allen and Rob A. Wilson, as Rosalind and Orlando, tip the balance in favor of fun. (Boscobel Restoration, Garrison, N.Y. For ticket information and directions, call 914-265-9575. Closes Aug. 17.)

Barrymore—Christopher Plummer's rich, unmiked voice hits every note of sarcasm and self-loathing in William Luce's rambunctious script as he perfectly captures the grief behind the old ham's gallant frivolity. Well directed by Gene Saks. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—In this silly farce, a sexy gambler on the skids (Joseph Bologna) returns the zing to the lives of two elderly women, a Jew (Renée Taylor) and a Catholic (Nanette Fabray), whose sullen daughters have put them out to pasture in a Las Vegas retirement home. Bologna and Taylor's script traffics in the kind of cookie-cutter stereotypes that rate high on the matinée-crowd yuk-o-meter. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Chicago City Limits—The improv company presents its latest revue, "@Chicago City Limits.comedy." (Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. at 61st St. 888-5233.)

A Doll's House—A thrilling version of Ibsen's play, imported from the West End. Anthony Page's scrupulous, sensitive direction catches all the music and irony in the collusion between Nora (in a masterly turn by Janet McTeer) and her husband, Torvald (the passionate Owen Teale). (Reviewed in our issue of 4/14/97.) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Closes Aug. 31.)

Forever Tango—This stepchild of Vegas and Buenos Aires gets everything right, from the basic ingredients (sex, pomade) to the big emotions (e.g., the weltschmerz of the bandonion players). One after another, the acrobatic couples flaunt their scissor steps with lubricious joy. But the real treat is the character dancing: it's a big surprise to encounter so many styles—suave, measured, sleazy, torrid, muscular, slapstick—and such a variety of song-length minidramas. Created and directed by Luis Bravo. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

The Gin Game—Julie Harris and Charles Durning shine in the National Actors Theatre's funny, poignant revival of D. L. Coburn's 1977 play, about two elderly people who discover an antidote to their loneliness in a card game. Charles Nelson Reilly directed. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—Writer-director Moisés Kaufman renders the playwright's trials from edited transcripts, interposing passages from letters, Wilde's writings, and other people's memoirs and commentaries. The result, thanks to Kaufman's clever (if occasionally self-indulgent) direction and a strong, versatile cast—especially Michael Emerson, in the title role—is powerful and surprisingly theatrical. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's memory play, about a young woman (Jayne Atkinson) who comes of age too quickly under the tutelage of her pedophile uncle (Joel Colodner), is a clear-eyed marvel. Mark Brokaw directed. (Century, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

Ice Factory 97—The sixth offering in the SoHo Think Tank's summer series is a Monkey Wrench Theatre Company production of C. J. Hopkins's dark comedy about a job interview, "The Position." Aug. 14-16 at 7. The festival continues through Aug. 24. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 966-4844.)

Jekyll & Hyde—Enjoyable bombast, loosely based on the Robert Louis Stevenson novel. With music by Frank Wildhorn, lyrics and a book by Leslie Bricusse, and solid direction by Robin Phillips. (5/12/97) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Kings County Shakespeare Company—Repertory performances of "Macbeth," "The Comedy of Errors," and "The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)," a comedy by Jess Borgeson, Adam Long, and Daniel Singer, continue through Aug. 31. (Prospect Park Picnic House, 5th St. and Prospect Park W., Brooklyn. For information, call 718-826-4856.)

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—In this romantic comedy of manners, set in Atlanta in 1939, Alfred Uhry stays true to a Southern sense of propriety: he takes on an unsavory topic (anti-Semitism among the Jewish upper crust) without dwelling on it long enough to offend anyone, and, like a practiced host, he shows you a good time without taxing you. Ron Lagomarsino directed. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

The Last Session—A musical about an AIDS-afflicted songwriter's final studio work, with a book by Jim Brochu and music and lyrics by Steve Schalchlin. (Currican, 154 W. 29th St. 736-2533. Closes Aug. 31.)

The Life—This new musical, about the oldest profession in Times Square (before it became known as the new Times Square) and the men who profit from its practitioners, is a cynical, poisonous concoction, featuring phony funk, fake blues, overcooked pop, and a cartoonish, insulting book. The cast includes some good singers, notably Lillias White and Pamela Isaacs. (5/12/97) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

A Lullaby for Murder—A thriller set in Hell's Kitchen, written by Le Wilhelm and presented by Love Creek Productions. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 769-7973. Closes Aug. 30.)

Mass Appeal—A revival by the Irish Repertory Theatre of Bill C. Davis's 1980 play, about a popular if not particularly religious priest (Tony Coleman) who must cope with a seminarian (Paul McGrane) whose intellectual passion overwhelms his humanity. The story of what each man teaches the other is a familiar one, but it's told well and with humor. And, because it's about priests, the play also explores vexed questions about faith and compassion and power, intelligently enough to give the evening some real depth. The two actors give strong performances under the deft direction of Charlotte Moore. (132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

Measure for Measure—Set in the nineteen-sixties, the Worth Street Theatre's staging of Shakespeare's comedy sports a groovy "La Dolce Vita" look and some funny turns by the actors in bit parts, including Kevin Beyer as Abhorson the executioner. The jazzy energy of the opening scenes, however, does not last for the entire two hours and fifty minutes. With Peter Appel as Angelo. Directed by Jeff Cohen. (Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. 279-4200. Closes Aug. 17.)

Mere Mortals and Others—David Ives, who created the wonderful "All in the Timing," has lately changed his tune to "All in the Recycling": only two of the six short plays here are new. They are, however, Ives at his clever best. "Time Flies" is about the short life of two mayflies—only one day to grow up and get it on before going to the great beyond—and the two actors who play them, Anne O'Sullivan and Arnie Burton, are perfectly buggy. "Dr. Fritz; or, The Forces of Light" is a piece of insanity set somewhere south of the border, and Nancy Opel, woman of a hundred lunatic accents (she was simply terrific in "All in the Timing"), gives an inspired performance as a *loca* local and as a mad German doctor. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream and **The Taming of the Shrew**—Gorilla Rep's free outdoor stagings of Shakespeare's plays run in repertory—"Dream" on Thursdays and Saturdays, "Shrew" on Fridays and Sundays—through Sept. 21, in the southwest corner of Washington Square Park. (For more information, call 807-4999.)

Misalliance—Shaw's 1910 comedy, in a Roundabout Theatre staging directed by David Warren. (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Portrait of the Artist as Filipino—Nick Joaquin's 1952 drama about a painter and his two middle-aged daughters, set in Manila before the Second World War. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes Aug. 16.)

Rough Crossing—Tom Stoppard's 1984 comedy is the season opener for the Jean Cocteau Rep. Directed by Scott Shattuck. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Sugar Down Billie Hoak—Brian Silberman's drama about two homeless teens, set in the New York subway at night, comes with a strong-language/graphic-sex warning. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820.)

Tap Dogs—Australia's work-booted tap troupe. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100. Closes Aug. 24.)

Tell-Tale—Theatre Couture puts a drag spin on Edgar Allan Poe, in a comic thriller starring Sherry Vine and Jackie Beat. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Closes Aug. 30.)

Titanic—Though this musical about history's most tragic maiden voyage contains no small number of historical and theatrical misjudgments, it nevertheless manages to take you very close to the heart of the matter, and it qualifies as a genuine addition to American musical theatre. Richard Jones directed. (5/12/97) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY STRIKES BACK!:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **FULL GALLOP:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. (Closes Aug. 30.) . . . **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHEN PIGS FLY:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE KING AND I:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. . . . **LATE NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 239-6200.

DANCE

Trinity Irish Dance—The Chicago-based step troupe (twenty women and Darren Smith, this year's World Irish Dancing Champion) puts an American stamp on Hibernian polyrhythms, in such works as "Step About," "Just Shannon," "The Mollies," and "Celtic Thunder." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Aug. 11-15 at 8 and Aug. 16 at 2 and 8.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—Free alfresco dance performances. Aug. 13 at 8:15: Douglas Dunn & Dancers in "Spell for Opening the Mouth of N." (Damrosch Park.) . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6: Spoke the Hub Dancing and the Brooklyn Academy of Noise in "Water Shed." (North Plaza.) . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 8: Audience-participation country dances—longways, circle, square, etc.—for city folk, with caller Chip Hendrickson. (Damrosch Park.) . . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 3: A Garifuna afternoon, with the Wanichigu Dance Company of Honduras. (Fountain Plaza.) . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 5:30: The home of Risa Jaroslaw and Dancers is a lively place, a Lower East Side settlement house with a day-care center (Asian children, Hispanic and African-American staff) above the company's rehearsal studio. The choreographer pays homage to the polyglot bustle of those environs in her new work, "Encounters at the Border," in which actors from the Roots and Branches Theatre and immigrants to the neighborhood (whose ages range as widely as their dance skills) recount their adventures in becoming Americans—or not. Jaroslaw and her collaborator Arthur Strimling direct the action deftly, navigating the dangerous channel between the stirring and the sentimental. The program also features "Fidl," with three dancers and two klezmer musicians. (Fountain Plaza.)

New York International Fringe Festival—Two weeks of experimental performances at numerous venues, including works by Yanira Castro (Aug. 13-24), Rachel Thorne Germond Dance (Aug. 13-17), and Neo Labos (Aug. 14-20), all at the University Settlement (184 Eldridge St.), and Melanie Stewart Dance Theatre (Aug. 14-22), at the Ground Floor Theatre Lab (107 Suffolk St.). (For tickets, performance times, and information about other events, call 420-8877 or 888-374-6436. Through Aug. 24.)

The New York International Fringe Festival.

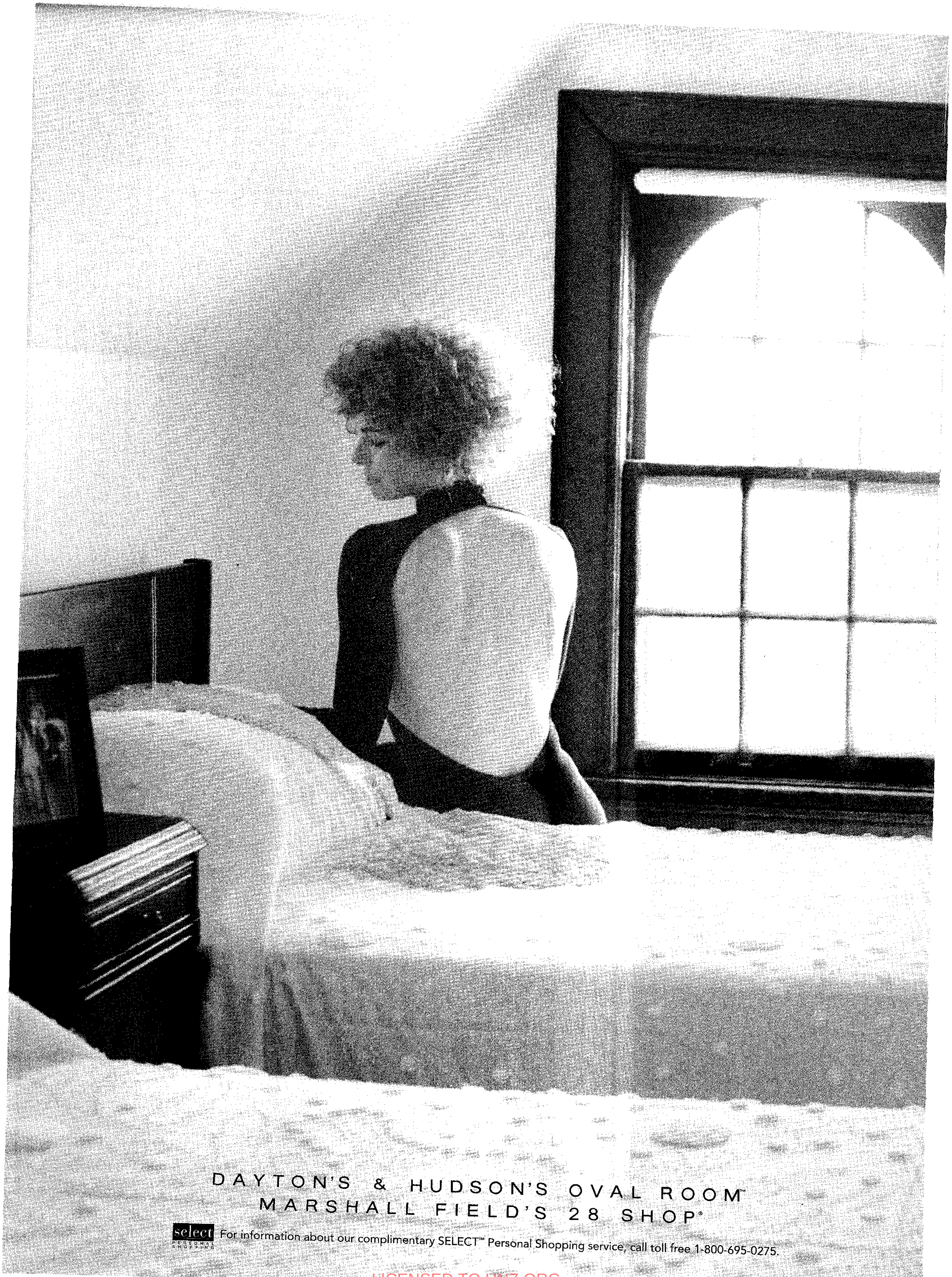
CATHERINE LAZURE

Noche Flamenca—Soledad Barrio joins Bruno Argenta (replacing Barrio's injured husband, Martin Santangelo) to anchor this eight-member troupe of dancers, singers, and guitarists as it brings the passionate vocabulary of flamenco (the proud carriage, flashing hands, declarative boot work, intensely focussed gazes) to the intimate Theatre 80. (80 St. Marks Pl. 279-4200. Aug. 12-16 at 8 and Aug. 17 at 3.)

Pilar Rioja—The *reina* of Spanish dance celebrates a quarter century of New York seasons with a range of work, from "La Monja Gitana," based on a García Lorca poem about a nun reminded of her Gypsy childhood, to her latest piece (in a more secular vein), "Orgía." (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Aug. 13-14 and Aug. 19 at 7, Aug. 16 at 8, and Aug. 17 at 3. Through Sept. 7.)

OUT OF TOWN

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Aug. 12-14 at 8, Aug. 15 at 8:30, and Aug. 16 at 2 and 8:30: Soloists from the Royal Swedish Ballet. . . . ¶ Aug. 14-15 at 8:15, Aug. 16 at 5, and Aug. 17 at 7: Donald Byrd/The Group. (Becket, Mass. For information about tickets, call 413-243-0745.)



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ACROSS

1	S + COT
4	TAIL (*tale* hom.)
7	PARDON ME (anag.)
8	IRISh
10	TYSON (*nosy* + *T* rev.)
11	LINGO (hidden)
12	fALLEN
13	W + HELP
15	STIR (2 defs.)
16	REAR + REST
17	SLIT (anag.)
18	A + SHY

DOWN

1	SPIT (rev.)
2	CARMICHAEL (anag.)
3	ORIENTED (anag.)
4	TO(KY)O
5	IMP(OVER)ISH
6	LE + AN ON (LE = oiLErs' center)
9	I + SO(LATE)S
11	LOWERS (2 defs.)
12	ALERT (hidden)
14	pARTY

MONT BLANC

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NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Rosie Flores—The feisty, guitar-toting San Antonio singer-songwriter (she's sort of a smoldering, countrified Bonnie Raitt), in a free concert. (See also Coney Island High and Rodeo Bar, in Clubs.) (World Financial Center Plaza, West St. at Liberty St. Aug. 13 at 7.)

Alice Cooper / Dokken / Slaughter / Warrant—There's a dark secret brewing in the boardrooms of the record industry: metal's coming back. Forget techno—bring on the hair bands! Although this misfit collection of soft-bellied eighties rockers is not exactly the ideal lineup to lead the charge, it's always nice to come out and say hi to Alice Cooper; for better or worse, he's an original. (Jones Beach Theatre. 516-221-1000. Aug. 13 at 7.)

Boz Scaggs—Back in the seventies, after a stint as rhythm guitarist in the Steve Miller Band, Scaggs established himself as a silky-smooth soft-rock artist with a serious, and occasionally inspired, R. & B. jones. Since 1980, his recordings have been sporadic and inconsistent, but in 1994 he released the surprisingly top-form "Some Change." His new record, "Come on Home," is another fine collection, this time of songs originally recorded by the likes of Bobby (Blue) Bland, T-Bone Walker, and Fats Domino. (Westbury Music Fair. 516-334-0800. Aug. 13 at 8.)

Megadeth—And you thought we were kidding about the big metal comeback. Ever since Metallica sold out to MTV and shiny suits, Megadeth has been the undisputed champion corrupter of our nation's youth (suburban branch). But, minus the silly hair and the bad spelling, this hardworking combo is really just a well-oiled bunch of guitar shredders. Live, they rock with maximum prejudice. (Hammerstein Ballroom, Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. 564-4882. Aug. 14 at 7:30.)

David Byrne—On "Feelings," his fourth solo record since breaking up Talking Heads, Byrne continues to play musicologist. This time out he adds a touch of jungle—frenetic, computer-driven dance music—to his usual fiesta of bumptious Pan-American grooves. It's fun music, and Byrne's concerts can get your booty moving. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Aug. 14 at 8.)

The O'Jays / The Whispers—"The Main Event," an oldies celebration starring the Philly-soul legends and the Los Angeles R. & B. hitmakers. (Westbury Music Fair. Aug. 14 at 8.)

Sheryl Crow / Wilco—Utilitarian pop: all-American, easygoing, absurdly competent, and a little bit bland. / Jeff Tweedy and the boys—charismatic enthusiasm, slithering fiddles, cranking guitars, and rootsy charm. With the impressive pop singer-songwriter Michael Penn. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 15 at 7:30.)

Ferron—The much admired, husky-voiced folkie. With singer-songwriters Dave Hall and Laura Wetzler. (Prospect Park Bandshell, Brooklyn. Aug. 15 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

"The Big Bang"—A mini percussion festival, featuring the New York *taiko* drumming ensemble Soh Daiko, the Ju Percussion Group, of Taiwan (see Classical Music), and master African drummer Baba Olatunji and his Drums of Passion. Part of the Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival. (Damrosch Park. Aug. 15 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Roy Hargrove and Crisol—Young Roy's been bitten by the Afro-Cuban-jazz bug, and to this talented trumpeter's credit, he's taken his obsession very seriously. He's roped some enthusiastic jazz peers into his new band, Crisol, spiced up the ensemble with Latin percussion, and even armed it with an authentic Cuban virtuoso, the piano legend Chucho Valdes. That it sounds lightweight on CD is probably attributable to the genies that haunt recording studios—live, Crisol kicks up some Pan-American dust. (Great Hill, Central Park, 106th St. at Central Park W. Aug. 16 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Jethro Tull—Classic rock, with flute. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 16 at 8.)

Louis Hayes and Kenny Garrett—It's difficult not to enjoy practically anything you hear at the Brooklyn Museum's serene sculpture garden, a magical urban oasis populated by strange and majestic architectural ornaments rescued from city buildings. As for the performers, Hayes is one of the champion hard-bop drummers of the sixties; Garrett may be the most accomplished alto saxophonist under forty. Hayes has a young man's vigor and Garrett an older man's refinement. They're a perfect match. (Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway. Aug. 17 at 3. Tickets at the door.)

Kenny Loggins—The eighties radio monopolist. (Westbury Music Fair. Aug. 17 at 7. . . . ¶ Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Aug. 18 at 8.)

Bob Dylan / Ani DiFranco—There's a certain inevitable charm in these two singers' sharing a stage. Imagine those clever scientists up in Scotland getting bored with their sheep and deciding to clone the mid-sixties Dylan of "Blonde on Blonde." Then imagine that clone in stimulus-deficient Buffalo, growing up into a pierced, tattooed, sexually ambiguous, self-taught record executive. Only a medium could predict what sort of performance Dylan will turn in; DiFranco has never been better. Now on her ninth record at the ridiculous age of twenty-six, she's become a genre-busting phenomenon: America's first punk folkie. To see her (and her rabid fans) live is to be converted. With the barn-burning country rock of **BR5-49.** (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 17 at 7:30.)

Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers / Big Head Todd and the Monsters—Considering the immensity of his father's shoes, it's not surprising that young David (Ziggy) Marley stumbled before he found his voice, on his 1988 breakthrough, "Conscious Party." Since then, he's matured with pride and dignity, and, at twenty-eight, he's become something of an elder statesman to a new generation of reggae artists and fans. / Improv-laden rock, roots, and blues from a Colorado-based child of the H.O.R.D.E. clan. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 19 at 6. For information about tickets, which are required, call 307-7171.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**GRAHAM PARKER** stops by on Aug. 13. Over the past twenty years, this acerbic graduate of England's pub-rock scene has released albums for five different record companies—and he left all of them in a snit. Last year's impressive indie début on Razor & Tie Records, "Twelve Haunted Episodes," found Parker still angry and capable of squeezing out a few more sparks. On Aug. 15, **ED PALERMO** and his big band perform the music of Frank Zappa.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—There are only a handful of world-class blues-harmonica players, and **JAMES COTTON** (Aug. 15) is one of the finest. Tutored as a teen-ager by the legendary Sonny Boy Williamson II, he made his first recording, for Sam Phillips's Sun Records, in 1953 (as a member of Howlin' Wolf's band) and spent more than a decade as Muddy Waters's harp player during the golden age of Chicago blues. After all these years, he still has his chops. Aug. 16: Composer and singer **EARL KING,** who was one of the major shapers of New Orleans R. & B. in the fifties and sixties.

Coney Island High, 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959)—On Aug. 13, **ROSIE FLORES** hightails it up here for a late set after her Financial Center gig (see Concerts). The **DANDY WARHOLS** zip over from the Mercury Lounge on Aug. 19.

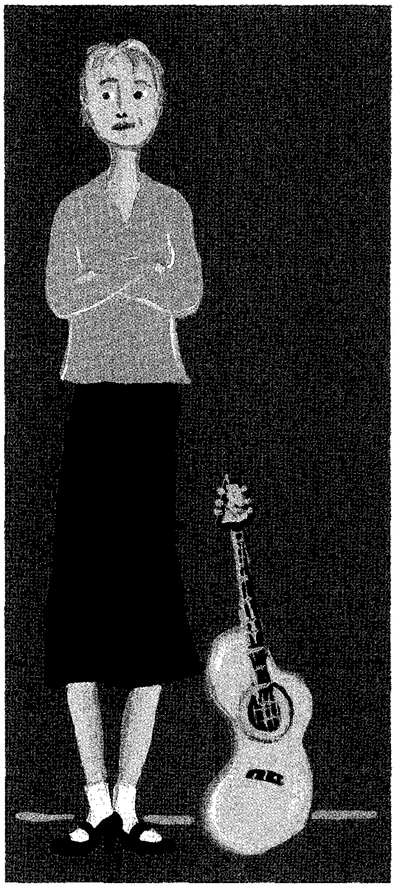
Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—On Aug. 17, British vocalist **IAN SHAW,** who wows 'em over there with his soul-tinged jazz improvisations, makes his New York City début. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Aug. 13: Allman Brothers lite with **GOV'T MULE.** The excellent, well-written pop of **EDWIN MC CAIN** brightens up the house on Aug. 14.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—**JILL SOBULE** sets up for three nights starting Aug. 14. On her breakthrough 1996 single, "I Kissed a Girl," this blond cannonball of talent and charm hooked unsuspecting listeners with her gift for head-spinning couplets and quirky melodies. Her latest record, "Happy Town," suffers from the lack of a standout single, but it's still one of this year's best.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Upper East Side blues. Veteran Bluesbreaker lead guitarist **COCO MONTOYA** is in with his own band on Aug. 13. Long Island's **LITTLE BUSTER & THE SOUL BROTHERS** heat up the place on Aug. 15.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Melodic noisemakers Velocity Girl held true to their word last year, disbanding after a good seven-year run. Three of the band's members carry on the pop banner in **STARRY EYES** (Aug. 14—a benefit concert at which clubgoers are encouraged to donate cans of food). On Aug. 15, **FUCK** has everyone's attention. Maybe it had to happen; you can't ignore a good band that has the moxie to stick with such an obnoxious name. Aug. 16: St. Paul power trio **WALT MINK.** Aug. 18: The excellent **DANDY WARHOLS** play glam Brit pop.



Jill Sobule, at the Knitting Factory.

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and, now and then, a cha-cha. **LA MAKINA** (Aug. 15), on tour from Puerto Rico, stirs up hot merengue. Aug. 16: Colombian salsa with **JERRY GALANTE** and his band. Dining.

Rodeo Bar, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—Just about the best free house in town. Aug. 14 is the last night of **ROSIE FLORES'S** whirlwind Big Apple trip (see Concerts and Coney Island High). New York rockabilly

ELIZA GRAN

demigod **ROBERT GORDON** plugs in on Aug. 15. An Elvis tribute called "The King Is Dead" takes over on Aug. 16, with **FIVE CHINESE BROTHERS**, the **HANGDOGS**, and many more.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. **LA BOMBA INTERNACIONAL**, on Aug. 14, features d.j.s Babaloo and Geo, as well as Pucho and His Latin Soul Brothers. Reggae star **SUGAR MINNOTT** is in on Aug. 19. Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Singer and guitarist **MEREDITH BROOKS** (Aug. 13), this year's most unlikely success story, capitalized on the Alanis template (and the absence of the real thing), catapulting herself to the top of the charts with a teen-age-friendly, radio-ready piece of cotton candy called "Bitch." Unfortunately, the rest of her material seems to have missed the boat. **TAJ MAHAL**, who takes the stage on Aug. 14 with the Phantom Blues band, has made a career of wandering in and out of country blues. His forays into fusion and Caribbean music demonstrate his expansive tastes and his spongelike gift for picking up goodies in unlikely places (like his version of "Take a Giant Step," a Goffin-King song recorded by the Monkees).

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—The acid jazz of **LIQUID SOUL** lights up this vast environmentally friendly club on Aug. 15. **EARL (CHINNA) SMITH**, mid-seventies guitarist in Bob Marley's Wailers and current axman for Ziggy Marley (see Concerts), drops by on Aug. 18.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **DIANA KRALL** shines in the Oak Room through late August. A witty singer and insouciant pianist, she is just a whisper shy of true maturity; having studied with the late Jimmy Rowles, she makes growing up in public a wonder to behold. Dining.

Birdland, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Pianist **CEDAR WALTON** (through Aug. 14) has a touch of the old Clark Kent/Superman dichotomy: beneath his mild-mannered surface lies a jazzman of steely power and intelligence. In addition to having a crafty touch, he's a terrific composer and an exacting bandleader. With a trio, his refined improvising, clear in thought and wasteless of notes, will gleam. Aug. 15-16: **CHICO O'FARRILL AND HIS AFRO-CUBAN JAZZ CLASSICS**. Arranger and bandleader O'Farrill has made one of the most welcome comebacks of the late nineties. His balance of steaming Latin rhythms, fervid bop improvisation, and resonant horn charts could reactivate the mambo craze all over again. The **JAZZ MENTALITY** (Aug. 17) has saxophonist **CHRIS POTTER** as a featured soloist—reason enough to check out this vigorous mainstream quartet. A key figure in the under-thirty crowd, Potter is an unusually intelligent player who excels on tenor but is finding his own voice on soprano and alto and on bass clarinet as well. In for a week starting Aug. 19: **TITO PUENTE'S LATIN JAZZ ENSEMBLE**. Mondays are reserved for the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI JAZZ ORCHESTRA**, which features the bandleader's husband, flutist and saxophonist **LEW TABACKIN**. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Supernal technique, sound, time, and taste have made **RAY BROWN** (through Aug. 17) jazz's preëminent bassist, but his storehouse of blues melodies and his funky eloquence are what make him a great American artist. And **STANLEY TURRENTINE** is a perfect sparring partner for him—the tenor saxophonist's deliberately lean melodies get their weight from the blues you can hear in his every phrase. A two-week tribute to the consummate vibraphonist Lionel Hampton kicks off on Aug. 18 with a performance by Hamp himself, accompanied by his sixteen-piece big band. Starting Aug. 19: **JOE WILLIAMS** with the **COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA**. Dining.

Citron 47, at 401 W. 47th St. (397-4747)—A comfy living-room bistro in Hell's Kitchen. The **CHUCK WILSON** trio is out to show that Monday nights aren't just for big bands. Swing saxophonist Wilson's chamber-jazz threesome includes guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN**, a master of pre-bop idioms, and bassist **MURRAY WALL**. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—The **ROY HAYNES** quartet is in through Aug. 17. Having played with Lester Young, Charlie Parker, and John Coltrane, drummer Haynes could well rest on his laurels. Instead, he takes his role as elder statesman very seriously, nurturing new talent and handing down the secrets of leading an airtight small group. From Aug. 19: **FRANK MORGAN** with the **RODNEY KENDRICK** trio. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **LES PAUL**.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—The **MARK DRESSER** quartet is in on Aug. 16. You've got to pity Dresser's poor bass—you wouldn't treat a dog the way he manhandles his instrument. But the gnarled tones and vicious swing he tortures out of it are worth the abuse. In Dresser's slanted compositions, the jazz tradition is only so much grist for the mill. Trumpeter **MAC GOLLEHON** comes in on Aug. 18 with his band, Smokin' Section, which features trumpeter **LESTER BOWIE**, bassist **ALEX BLAKE**, and drummer **TOMMY CAMPBELL**. Aug. 19: **PHILLIP JOHNSTON'S TRANSPARENT QUARTET** may not be as boisterous as his former unit, the late lamented Microscopic Septet, but Johnston's distinctive writing and exacting soprano-saxophone work still thrive in it.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—The great cabaret in the sky. The canny and capable **RUTH BROWN** (in through the end of August) has assembled a topflight quintet, all of whose members play solid, brightly polished rhythm and blues. In between trills of smart and funny patter, Brown's liable to launch into an inspired version of Duke Ellington's "I'm Just a Lucky So-and-So"; after that may come a few standards, a couple of her old hits, an Eric Clapton song, a cut from her Broadway star turn, "Black and Blue"—whatever. She is talented and true to her art. She hits all her notes, gets all her laughs, is wise and eclectic and vulnerable without being mawkish, and she knows how to put together a real night-club act.

Smalls, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—The fact that you've never heard of **TAD SHULL** (Aug. 15-16) doesn't mean he's not an exceptional saxophonist. Virtual absence from the club scene and obscure recordings for a European label don't make anyone a star, but Shull is nevertheless a sharp bop tenorist who can hold his own with any of the big boys.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—**TONY CORBISCELLO'S BIG BAND** pays tribute to Ella Fitzgerald on Aug. 15-16.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**STEVE TURRE** (in through Aug. 17) doesn't lack for scope. Our premier trombonist darts from hard-bop groups to conch-shell aggregations to big bands to Latin units and back again. Strings are his thing now: he's beefed up his lively sextet with a cello and a violin. Catch it—chances are he's already plotting something new. Beginning Aug. 19: The **HANK JONES** quintet. Dining.

Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252)—Aug. 15-16: The **KEN PEPLOWSKI** quintet. Possessed of the most mellifluous tone, fluid phrasing, and effortless swing of any clarinettist since Benny Goodman, the eclectic Pep is also an impressive in-the-tradition tenor saxophonist. He can dip into the classical repertoire, but this gig should be pure—and exhilarating—mainstream jazz. Early evenings on Tuesdays are the province of roller-blading octogenarian **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, who also happens to be a jazz harpist. She generally performs with Mr. Spoons and the odd guitarist or cellist. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**GERI ALLEN** and her trio are in through Aug. 17. Allen may be the most accomplished pianist of her talented generation: she's a multifaceted stylist who's as comfortable whittling a tune into slivers of stabbing rhythms and quizzical chords as she is burnishing a golden melody. From Aug. 19: The **CYRUS CHESTNUT** trio. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** reigns on Mondays.

LITTLE MUSEUMS: A DOWNTOWN TOUR

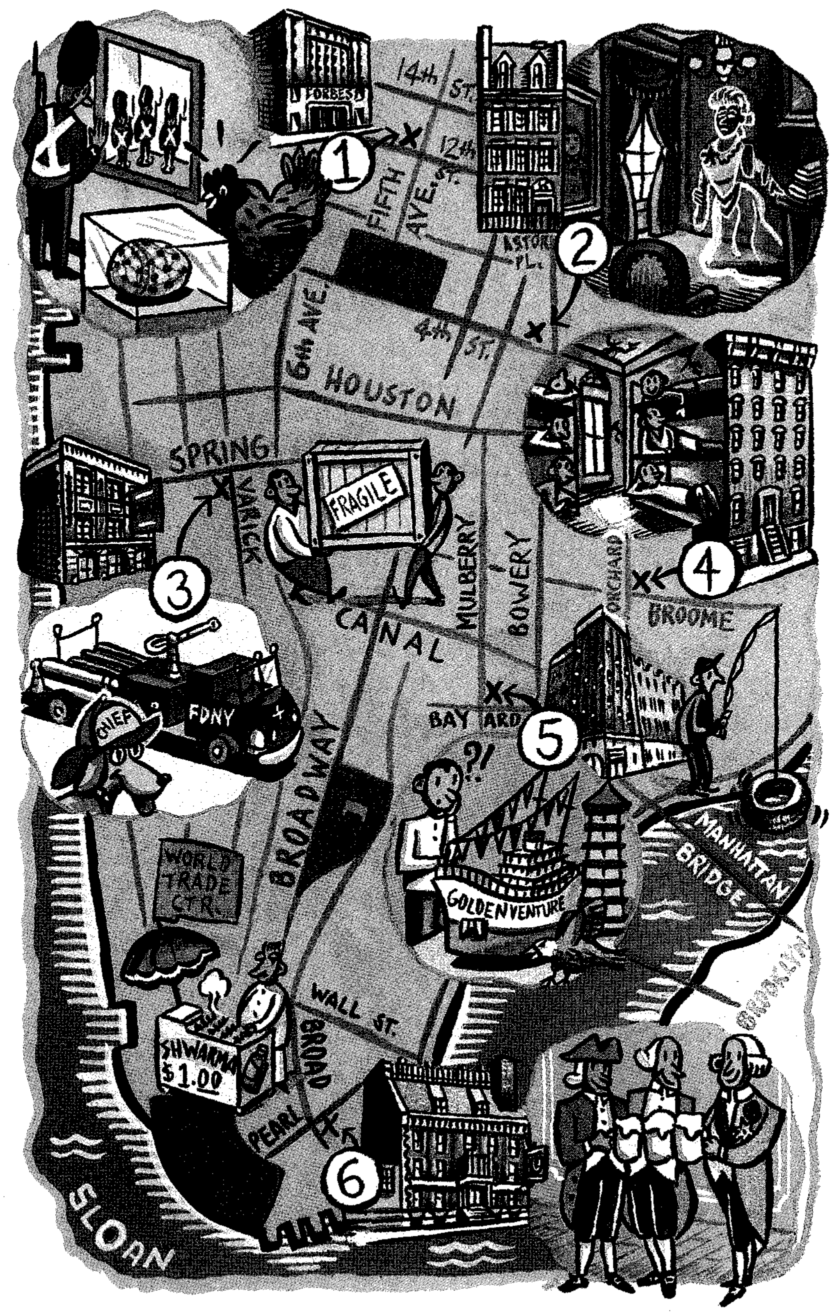
The Met, the Whitney, MOMA—all world-class museums and good places to spend the day. But, still, with the crowds, the lines, even just the being at the center of things, sometimes these cultural meccas can get to be a bit much. Here, then, a half-dozen boutique museums, all downtown, where the visitor can while away an hour, or two, or three.

Forbes Magazine Galleries (1)—A monument, of sorts, to one family's interests and obsessions, with a variety of items on display which lends it an eclectic charm. A flotilla of toy boats precedes an exhibit of twelve thousand toy soldiers, which are followed by Presidential papers (the famous note in which Truman threatened to clock the critic who had panned his daughter's song recital, Nixon's letter of resignation, Ford's pardon), an odd assortment of trophies that the Forbeses picked up in pawnshops and at flea markets (though it's nigh impossible to imagine a Forbes in a pawnshop), early Monopoly boards, and works by the house of Fabergé. Perhaps the most important lesson to take away from all this is one that Malcolm Forbes, Jr., in a videotaped interview, says his father taught him: "What's the answer to ninety-nine questions out of a hundred, son? Money." (62 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. 206-5548. Usually open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 4—although it's advisable to call ahead.)

Merchant's House Museum (2)—Seabury Tredwell and his family moved into this mansion in 1835, three years after it was built; the last Tredwell, Gertrude, died here in 1933. The house had gas heat and lighting, a bell system for summoning the four live-in servants, and thirteen-foot ceilings on the parlor floor. All the museum's furnishings—the canopied beds, the porcelain that graces the dining-room table, even the chamber pot that folds up to look like a chest of drawers (perhaps the rich really *are* different)—are original to the Tredwell family. (29 E. 4th St. 777-1089. Open Sundays through Thursdays, 1 to 4.)

New York City Fire Museum (3)—Situated in a renovated 1904 firehouse, this history-rich monument to New York's Bravest (reading the accounts of New York City fires and fire-prevention measures posted on the walls could take the better part of a day) houses a variety of hand- and horse-drawn firefighting equipment, a searchlight truck, preserved fire-insurance marks (firefighters received bonuses for putting out fires at insured premises quickly), and an actual Jaws of Life. Don't miss Chief, the mutt and mascot of Brooklyn's Engine Company 203. After he was killed by a hit-and-run driver in 1939, the men of the 203 had him stuffed, and, though he's now a little tattered, he's still keeping watch. (278 Spring St. 691-1303. Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Lower East Side Tenement Museum (4)—A 1903 white paper by the New York City Tenement House Department reported that some twenty-two hundred people, most of them immigrants, were living in the city block bounded by Orchard, Delancey, Broome, and Allen Streets; the population density exceeded that of Bombay. This building was just one of many neighborhood holding tanks where immigrants underwent their gradual Americanization. It was built in 1863, without heat or water; toilets were installed, in accordance with city regulations, in 1905. One apartment has been preserved in the condition it was found in in 1988, when the building became a museum (sheets of peeling paint, an inventory list written on the wall). One restored apartment offers the delicate domesticity of the Gumpertz home, circa 1878. In another you find the rather catholic Catholicism of the Baldizzis (one of the last families to move out of the build-



MICHAEL SLOAN

ing, in 1935), who adorned their place with pictures of Jesus, Mary, and Franklin Roosevelt. (90 Orchard St. 431-0233. Tours offered Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, and 3; weekends every forty-five minutes starting at 11, with the last tour at 4:15.)

Museum of Chinese in the Americas (5)—A small space situated in two galleries on the second floor of the old P.S. 23, this museum has expanded its mission in recent years from covering the history of the Chinese in New York to their history in the Western Hemisphere. The museum's engaging current exhibit (through August) presents the art of the Golden Venture refugees. The Golden Venture ran aground off Queens on June 6, 1993, and many of its passengers—mostly mainland nationals who had paid thousands of dollars to be smuggled into the country—spent the next three and a half years detained in a Pennsylvania jail. There the men began making folded-paper and papier-mâché sculptures—Statues of Liberty, a seven-story pagoda, caged birds, American eagles—from such everyday materials as magazines, lottery tickets, and toilet paper. The work helped publicize their plight, and just this past February they were released pending decisions on their immigration status. (70 Mulberry St. 619-4785. Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Fraunces Tavern Museum (6)—John Adams once termed taverns (presciently, one might add) "the Nurseries of our Legislators," and, indeed, this one was a favorite meeting spot for the Colonial hoity-toity. The New York Chamber of Commerce formed here in 1768, and the new national government leased the tavern for public offices from 1785 to 1788. The Long Room, where General George Washington said farewell to his officers, on December 4, 1783, is furnished with period pieces and set up for entertaining—a meal at one table, a card game at another. Upstairs is a gallery of flags (mostly reproductions) from the era of the founding of the colonies, before the United States had settled on a national design. Finally, for the peckish, the first floor houses a restaurant that serves such tavernesque fare as New England clam chowder and Cornish game hen. (54 Pearl St. 425-1778. Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45; weekends, noon to 4.)

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"Ivan Albright: Magic Realist," a comprehensive retrospective of the Chicago-based painter (1897-1983) of moral rot and deliquescent flesh. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz" comprises eighty-one photographs of the painter, thirty of which have rarely been exhibited. Through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ "The Gods of War: Sacred Imagery and the Decoration of Arms and Armor," a thought-provoking installation of sixty-five beautiful objects of warfare. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—"Objects of Desire: The Modern Still Life," an exhibition devoted to domestic arrangements, from Cézanne's apples to Warhol's Campbell's soup cans. Through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ "Untitled Film Stills," sixty-nine black-and-white photographs in which Cindy Sherman poses as the protagonist of a variety of noir films. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ "Paris/The 1890s," a beautifully mounted, scholarly exhibition on the graphic arts in Paris during the last decade of the nineteenth century. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ "Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Soviet Design," an excellent summer show of Constructivist film posters. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ The Project 60 room has been turned over to figurative paintings by three ultrahip practitioners of the genre: John Currin's poisonous portraits of fashion victims; Luc Tuyman's wispy, low-key "unimages" (a door handle, a glove)—things so boring that they verge on non-being; and Elizabeth Peyton's glossy, seductive portraits of pop stars and gay boys. Through Sept. 8. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 6; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:30.)

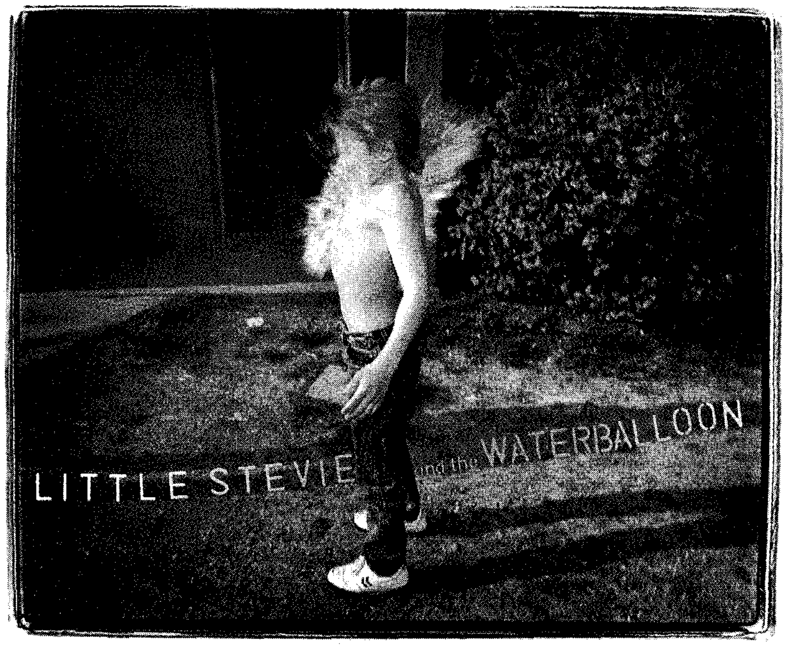
Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—"From Dürer to Rauschenberg: A Quintessence of Drawing." A coöperative venture with Vienna's Albertina Graphics Collection presents masterpieces of draftsmanship by seventeen artists, including Raphael, Rembrandt, Fragonard, Kandinsky, and Beuys. Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Large-scale sculpture by the Basque minimalist Cristina Iglesias. Through Sept. 7. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500)—"Reversible Destiny: Arakawa/Gins," two collaborative installations by the artists Arakawa and Madeline Gins. Through Aug. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—"Frank Lloyd Wright: Designs for an American Landscape, 1922-32," a meticulously curated exhibition of drawings and exquisitely finished architectural models for five utopian resort projects that the Master envisioned for the American wilderness but that were never built. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ The Keith Haring retrospective gathers early drawings, graffiti, subway posters, large-scale paintings, photographs, videos, and personal memorabilia of the artist, who died in 1990. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Twenty-five photographs by Larry Fink, of boxers and their camp followers. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "Views from Abroad 3: American Realities." In this series, European curators are asked to rifle through the Whitney's vaults and select a group of pieces which represents their vision of American art. This installment was curated by Nicholas Serota and Sandy Nairne, of the Tate Gallery, in London, and their idea of "American Realities" is far removed from the standard version. Their emphasis is on figuration—Abstract Expressionism, Minimalism, and Conceptualism get short shrift. The one conspicuously vanguard movement they acknowledge is Pop art, which is itself figurative. (It's worth noting that Pop got its start in Britain in the fifties, and that the phrase "Pop art" was coined by a British critic, Lawrence Alloway.) Serota and Nairne have unearthed a curious array of artists, with Raphael Soyer, Philip Evergood, and George Tooker among the better known. This is American art viewed through eyes used to looking at Francis Bacon and Lucian Freud. Through Oct. 5. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs." Fossils, time lines, and a re-creation of a paleontological dig, displayed in the shadow of a seventy-foot-long reconstruction of a mamenchisaurus. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"The Hands of Rodin." More than fifty bronze studies of an extremity the sculptor was quite smitten with. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ "Process on Paper: Recent Acquisitions." Prints (Lyonel Feininger, Louise Bourgeois, Vito Acconci), drawings (John Singer Sargent, Kiki Smith), and photographs (Roy De Carava, Lorna Simpson) demonstrate the technical range of works on paper. Through Sept. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)



"Little Stevie," by Jeffrey Wolin, in "Backyards," at Mann.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-6894)—"The Jewelry of Tone Vigeland" gathers together a selection of the noted Norwegian designer's handsome, original, yet rather forbidding work. Some of her early pieces have a delicate charm—for example, a hairpin in the shape of a peacock's tail, wrought in silver and fjord-blue plique-à-jour. But her recent work—caps and neckpieces crafted in heavy links of silver—are a modern take on chain mail, suggesting the savage splendor of the Vikings. Through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ The mansion's garden looks like it's hosting the fanciest slumber party on Fifth Avenue: "Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors" comprises ten tents pitched on the lawn, ranging from the tiny Blue Omar Pop Tent, which snaps open from a flat, two-foot disk into a shelter just adequate for a not-too-tall person, to the Two Meter Dome, a yellow-and-white portable version of Buckminster Fuller's geodesic designs. Through Oct. 19. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200)—"Letters from Cairo: Jews and Muslims 800-1500" marks the discovery a hundred years ago of a cache of medieval manuscripts, many of which appear here: a draft of Moses Maimonides's "Guide to the Perplexed," along with his letter resolving a dispute among *mohels*; a book of helpful magic demonstrating, among other things, how to prevent dog bites; a letter from the bilingual (Hebrew and Arabic) poet Judah ha-Levi, praising a lavish gift—a ream of paper. Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ The forty-five-foot-long mosaic floor of a fifth-century synagogue in the Galilee, at a site called Sepphoris, has been broken up into slabs and transported here. (Curators at the Israel Museum, Jerusalem, which supervised the project, say it's the largest ancient mosaic ever sent out of their country for exhibition.) It's missing some big chunks, but the sections that are mostly intact include a depiction of the zodiac and a series of panels narrating the story of Abraham and Isaac. The museum has created a model installation, surrounding the floor with a breathtaking panoramic photomural of Sepphoris; an excellent interactive CD-ROM accompanies the exhibit. Through Oct. 12. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Schomburg Center, Malcolm X Blvd. at 135th St. (491-2200)—"America's Reconstruction: People and Politics After the Civil War." An exhibition that captures the political and social achievements of that brief era with historical documents (the Emancipation Proclamation, a Klan screed) and more mundane objects (a ballot box, a carpetbag, a Union Army button from the freedmen's village of Mitchville, South Carolina). Through Nov. 1. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Summer hours: unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Group Shows—At **dc moore,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (247-2111): Real and imagined aerial views, by photographers and painters. Through Aug. 14. . . . **equitable,** Seventh Ave. at 51st St. (554-4818): Work by Haitian painters, from the collection of Jonathan Demme. Through Aug. 16. . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (535-5767): Sculptures by Michael Ashkin, Ron Baron, Roxy Paine, and George Stoll, among others. Through Aug. 29. . . . **snyder,** 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160): An omnibus exhibition covering the past sixty years of geometric abstraction, with work by Ilya Bolotowsky, Alfred Jensen, Frank Stella, and their circle. Through Aug. 15. . . . **taipei gallery,** Sixth Ave. at 48th St. (373-1842): Ink paintings by Taiwanese artists. Through Aug. 29. . . . **werner,** 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623): Paintings by Baselitz, Lüpertz, Kirkeby, and Leroy. Through Sept. 6.

Short List—**charles seliger,** Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. 247-0082. Through Aug. 22. . . . **ansei uchima,** Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. 399-5510. Through Sept. 20.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Claus Prokop—Acrylics on wood by the Austrian painter. Through Aug. 31. (Art Resources Transfer, 504 W. 22nd St. 691-5956.)

Group Shows—At **clementine,** 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937): Drawings, paintings, photographs, collages, performance art, and sculptures by Luke Dowd, Karen Kimmel, Amy Eshoo, and friends. Through Aug. 16. . . . **nosei,** 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695): The gallery's international assembly includes Ghada Amer (Egypt), Arturo Duclos (Chile), Daniele Galliano (Italy), and Manuel Ocampo (Philippines). Through Aug. 18.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Group Shows—At **sean kelly,** 43 Mercer St. (343-2405): Drawings by Ed Ruscha, Julião Sarmento, Calum Innes, and others. Through Sept. 5. . . . **teller,** 568 Broadway (941-7335): Drawings, gouaches, pastels, engravings, paintings, etc., devoted to a similarly broad range of dance styles: tango, ballet, the Flat Foot Floogie, and so on. Through Aug. 28. . . . **petrenko,** 568 Broadway (334-4020): Altered states as depicted by Eileen Brady Nelson, Michael Mahnke, Erica Harris, and Louis Brawley. Through Aug. 15.

Short List—**wade hoefer,** Knowlton, 568 Broadway. 966-2625. Through Aug. 19. . . . **claire mc conaughy,** Tz'art, 28 Wooster St. 966-9059. Through Aug. 31. . . . **j. abbot miller,** Rosen, 130 Prince St. 941-0203. Through Aug. 22.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lillian Bassman—A retrospective of fashion work and personal projects by the onetime *Harper's Bazaar* editor and contributor. Through Aug. 16. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. 217-5800. Open Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Larry Fink / Jock Sturges—This social documentarian's knack for capturing the hard-edged sadness in the lives of his subjects stands out here in a dozen pictures from the Pennsylvania boxing circuit. Welcome glimpses of humor brighten some of the other pictures, including two shots at a black-tie affair and a handful of images from recent Presidential primaries. (A show of the artist's boxing photographs is at the Whitney Museum, through Sept. 7.) / Nude portraits of girls made in California, Ireland, and France. Both shows through Aug. 29. (Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255.)

Lisette Model (1901-83)—A retrospective of the photographer and teacher's career, from the collection of the International Center of Photography. Through Sept. 19. (Paine-Webber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. 713-2885.)

Marc Riboud—Pictures the globe-trotting French photojournalist shot in China over the past forty years. Through Sept. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

"Adolescents"—Images of inscrutable youth, including a desperately chic high-school graduate, by August Sander (one of six by the photographer), and a tall, angry tomboy wielding a baseball bat in the middle of an empty New York street—an early Diane Arbus. Also on view are works by Ellen Brooks, Mike Disfarmer, Judith Joy Ross, Adam Bartos, and Rineke Dijkstra. Through Aug. 15. (Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-0747. Closed Mondays.)

"Backyards"—An appealing survey of domestic spaces, from the sprawling, uneasy suburbs to the crowded but genial city. Elijah Gowin, once the subject of pictures by his father, Emmet, shows here for the first time; his view of a toy horse suspended in a vine-covered shed has a good deal of Southern mystery to it. There's a Weegee of a shirtless man sleeping on his fire escape, a beautiful Ray K. Metzker near-abstraction from Albuquerque, and a dark, talismanic 1971 Mapplethorpe, of Patti Smith behind a screen door, topless. Other great works come from Jeffrey Wolin, Garry Winogrand, Joe Deal, Abelardo Morell, Larry Fink, Mary Berridge, and Lee Friedlander. Through Aug. 15. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St. 570-1223.)

"Horsing Around"—Subtitled "A Frisky History of Equines in New York City Parks," this fifty-strong show of horses at work, at play, and cast in bronze reaches as far back as 1860 for its imagery. Through Sept. 4. (Arsenal gallery, Fifth Ave. at 64th St. 360-8163. Open Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

"New Narratives"—A young-artists show of real-life and staged scenarios, including very fine Southern portraits, by Mark Steinmetz, an eerie winter scene, by Panos Kokkinias, and busy color tableaux of the Joe Camel generation, by Ashley Thayer. Through Aug. 20. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. 226-1220. Closed Mondays.)

"Summer Pleasures"—The beach, the porch, the open road: estival imagery from the likes of Lartigue, Cartier-Bresson, Dahl-Wolfe, LaChapelle, and Turbeville. Through Sept. 6. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. 966-6223.)

"Water"—This summer's obligatory H_2O-fest looks mighty refreshing, with works on hand by William Henry Fox Talbot, August Sander, Robert Adams, Harry Callahan, Sally Mann, Hiroshi Sugimoto, Emmet Gowin, and Philip-Lorca diCorcia. Through Aug. 29. (Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999. Closes Fridays at 4.)

Group Shows—At **marks,** 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200): Landscapes and portraits by Uta Barth, Rineke Dijkstra, Tracey Moffatt, and Inez van Lamsweerde. Through Aug. 29. . . . **rice,** 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660): A roundup of gallery artists which includes works by Craig Barber, Danielle Epstein, Andrea Gentl, and José Picayo. Through Aug. 23. (Open Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7; Sundays, 1 to 6.). . . . **winston wächter,** 111 E. 65th St. (327-2526): Atmospheric black-and-white interiors and landscapes by Jean Kallina, color landscapes by Joel Meyerowitz, and lenticular 3-D photographs by Linda Girvin. Through Aug. 22.

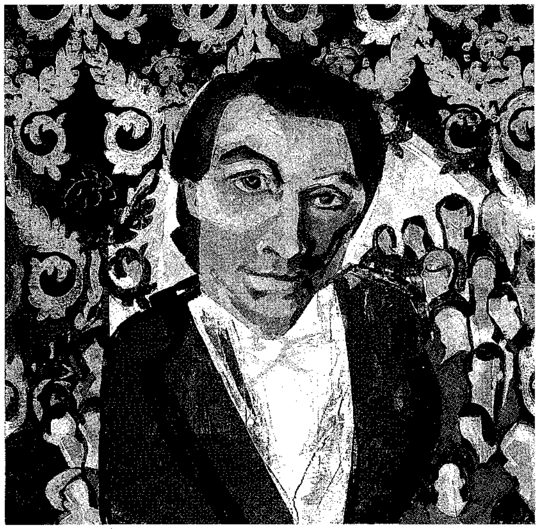
Short List—**marilyn bridges,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. 505-5555. Closed Mondays, open Saturdays; through Aug. 23. . . . **marianne courville,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766. Through Aug. 15. . . . **charles henri ford** and **allen frame,** Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. 255-8450. Closed Mondays, opens at 1; both shows through Aug. 15. . . . **eldon garnet,** Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. 780-0071. Closed Mondays, open Saturdays; through Aug. 23. . . . **helen levitt** and **lauren greenfield,** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; both shows through Sept. 7.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Whitney Museum of American Art.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

IN TOWN

Mostly Mozart—Aug. 13: Gerard Schwarz conducts the Festival Orchestra in the Overture to Francesco Bianchi's "La Villanella Rapita," as well as two ensembles Mozart wrote to replace simple recitatives when that opera buffa was given its first Viennese staging, in 1785. Also on the program are Mozart's A-Major Piano Concerto (K. 488, with Horacio Gutiérrez), his Symphony No. 35 (the "Haffner"), and two of his arias for soprano (featuring Ying Huang). (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Aug. 14: The Cologne Chamber Orchestra performs Haydn's Symphony No. 44 and D-Major Cello Concerto (featuring Matt Haimovitz), as well as Mozart's Clarinet Concerto (with Richard Stoltzman) and Symphony No. 40. Helmut Müller-Brühl conducts. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Aug. 15-16: Carlos Kalmar leads the Festival Orchestra in Schubert's "Overture in the Italian Style" and Paganini's Violin Concerto No. 2 (with Vadim Repin), as well as Mozart's C-Major Piano Concerto (K. 503, with Till Fellner) and Symphony No. 33. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Aug. 18: I Musici, the conductorless Roman chamber orchestra, offers works by Rossini, Giovanni Battista Constanzi, Alessandro Rolla, Bach, Schubert, and Mozart. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Aug. 19: Harry Christophers directs The Sixteen, his chamber choir, in sacred works by Caldara (a sixteen-voiced "Crucifixus"), Monteverdi, Diogo Dias Melgaz, Cavalli, and Domenico Scarlatti. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Aug. 19-20: Mr. Schwarz and the Festival Orchestra perform Beethoven's "King Stephen" Overture, Mozart's C-Minor Piano Concerto (K. 491, with Yefim Bronfman), and Schubert's Symphony No. 4 (in C Minor). In addition, baritone Bo Skovhus is the soloist in four Schubert songs, as transcribed for orchestra by Felix Mottl, Britten, Webern, and Liszt. (Avery Fisher Hall. . . . **note:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticket holders, Messrs. Skovhus and Bronfman perform Schubert's very extended song "Der Taucher.") (Evenings at 8. For tickets to all Mostly Mozart events, call 721-6500.)



Harry Christophers and The Sixteen, performing at Mostly Mozart.

BONNY OMARA

Kevin Deas—The bass-baritone performs a recital of songs by Brahms, including his "Vier Ernste Gesänge," with pianist Sara Laimon. (Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. Aug. 14 at 1. Admission by contribution.)

Bargemusic—Aug. 14 at 7:30 and Aug. 17 at 4: Violinist Christiaan Bor, violist Cynthia Phelps, cellist Ronald Thomas, and pianist Edward Auer collaborate in a concert that comprises Brahms's F-Minor Viola Sonata, Piston's Duo for Violin and Cello, and Schubert's Piano Trio in E-Flat Major. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 7:30: Chamber music for flute, harp, and viola. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061.)

Summergarden—This summer, the outdoor concert series in the Museum of Modern Art's Sculpture Garden is presenting music by composers who came to the United States from other countries. "Immigration," writes Joel Sachs, the artistic director of the series, "has become the hottest of political potatoes. Endless studies investigate whether immigration is or is not to a country's advantage, and provide no conclusion except the need for more studies." But the highly selective roster of forty-six composers represented in these programs, ranging from Victor Herbert to young up-and-comers, makes one emphatic point: without the contributions of immigrant composers, the tapestry of twentieth-century American music would be thin indeed. The series continues as Adam Kent performs piano works by Joaquín Nin-Culmell (born in Berlin to Cuban parents, schooled in Barcelona and Paris, and established in the United States since 1936), Leonardo Balada (from Spain), Chou Wen-Chung and Chen Yi (both born in China), Virko Baley and Leo Ornstein (both from Ukraine), and Ernest Bloch (of Swiss origin). (14 W. 54th St. Aug. 15-16 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Ju Percussion Group—The twelve-member ensemble, which performs on traditional Chinese as well as Western instruments, presents music by contemporary Taiwanese and Japanese composers. (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. 373-1850. Aug. 16 at 7:30 and Aug. 17 at 2.)

Spuyten Duyvil—The early-music ensemble presents works by Marais, Frescobaldi, Tobias Hume, and others. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 718-885-2478. Aug. 17 at noon.)

Makiko Hirata—Pianist, performing two evenings of free recitals. Aug. 17 at 6 and 8: Several of Debussy's Études, Chopin's Ballade No. 2, and Mompou's Variations on a Theme by Chopin. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St.) . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 8: The Debussy and Mompou works as above, plus a sonata by Haydn. (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St.)

OUT OF TOWN

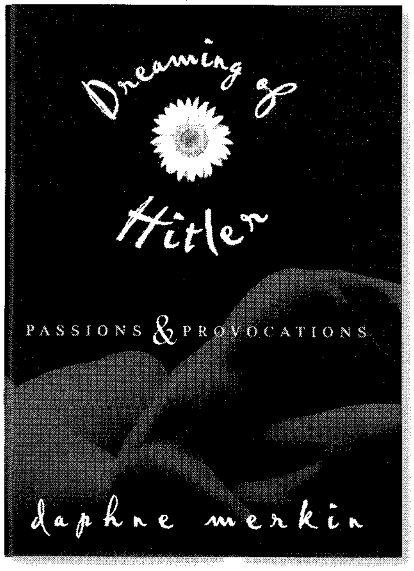
Bridgehampton Chamber Music Festival—Aug. 14 at 8: Rorem's "Mountain Song," Mozart's C-Major Piano Concerto (K. 415, with a string quartet serving as orchestra to Anne-Marie McDermott's solo piano), and Schubert's C-Major String Quintet. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 6:30: Mozart's D-Major Flute Quartet, Jonathan Kramer's "Atlanta Licks," and Schubert's B-Flat-Major Piano Trio. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 8: Works by J. S. Bach and Vivaldi, as well as P.D.Q. Bach's "Schleptet." (Bridgehampton Presbyterian Church, Montauk Highway. 516-537-3507.)

Bard Music Festival—The concluding weekend of concerts, lectures, and discussions focussing on the life and works of Haydn. Aug. 15 at 10 A.M. and 1:30: An interdisciplinary roundtable doubleheader on eighteenth-century taste. . . . At 8:30: A production of Jean-François Regnard's 1697 play, "Le Distrait," in a new English translation, with the six movements of Haydn's Symphony No. 60 ("Il Distratto") played as overture and entr'actes—the use for which the composer intended them when he wrote them, in 1774. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 10 A.M.: A panel discussion about Haydn and his patrons. . . . At 1:30: The Ken Pierce Baroque Dance Company performs to minuets and other dances by Haydn. . . . At 4: A concert of late works

LOOK WHO'S COMING TO BARNES & NOBLE

Daphne Merkin

Tuesday, August 19th, 8:00-9:00 PM
Upper West Side
2289 Broadway at 82nd Street
Reading • Signing



Meet *New Yorker* contributor Daphne Merkin when she reads from and signs copies of *Dreaming of Hitler.* This provocative collection of personal essays covers such subjects as shoplifting, tanning and losing one's religion.

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by Haydn: his F-Minor Variations for Piano, several of his arrangements of Scottish folk songs, his C-Major Piano Trio (Hob. XV/27), and his string quartets in G Major (Op. 76, No. 1) and D Minor (Op. 103). . . . At 8: Leon Botstein leads the Festival Orchestra in Haydn's Symphonies No. 86, No. 99, and No. 100, as well as in the Sinfonia Concertante in B-Flat Major. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 10 A.M.: Haydn's "Seven Last Words of Christ," in its string-quartet version. . . . At 2: Chamber works for diverse combinations of instruments. . . . At 5: Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Mr. Botstein directing. (Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. 914-758-3226. Pre-concert lectures begin a half hour before most performances.)

Tanglewood—Aug. 15 at 8:30: Kent Nagano conducts the Boston Symphony in the Symphonic Fragments from Debussy's "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastian," Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (with Cho-Liang Lin), and Stravinsky's "Petrushka" (in its 1947 version). . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 8:30: Hans Graf leads members of the Boston Symphony in Bach's Orchestral Suite No. 3 and Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" Suite, as well as in vocal works by Gluck and Handel (with mezzo-soprano Paula Rasmussen). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 2:30: Mr. Nagano and the Boston Symphony perform Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3, Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Emanuel Ax), and Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé" Suite No. 2. (Lenox, Mass. 413-637-1600.)

Maverick Concerts—The Borromeo String Quartet performs quartets by Mozart (in E-Flat Major, K. 428), Kirchner (his Second), and Debussy. (Woodstock, N.Y. 914-679-8217. Aug. 17 at 3.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Major Challenge—The winners of the three major golf tournaments played so far this year—Tiger Woods (Masters), Ernie Els (U.S. Open), and Justin Leonard (British Open)—head the field for the fourth and final one, the P.G.A. Championship, at the Winged Foot Golf Club, in Mamaroneck, New York. Winged Foot has a classic, gorgeously contoured layout, so lovely that even the white-sand bunkers and the fluffy rough look inviting. But don't be deceived. "When the fairways get tight, when the rough gets up and the greens get hard, these guys are going to be out here hacking and thrashing and puking," the iconoclastic CBS Sports commentator Gary McCord said at a recent press gathering. "When it gets like that, it's not about golf. It's survival." (Through Aug. 17. For more information, call 800-742-8258.)

"Island Fever"—The Brooklyn Botanic Garden celebrates the thirty-fifth anniversary of Jamaica's independence with a weekend festival of island-related events, including cooking and sugar-sculpture demonstrations; lectures on the gardens of Jamaica; steel-drum concerts; and hair-braiding, cigar-rolling, and straw-weaving workshops. (Washington Ave. at Eastern Parkway. Aug. 16-17, from 10 to 6. For more information, call 718-622-4433.)

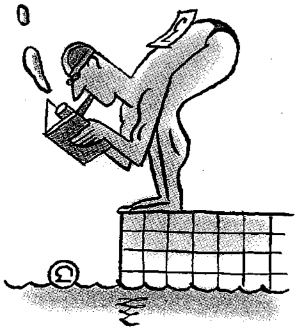
Readings—Aug. 13 at 7: Short-story writer Akhil Sharma reads some of his latest work. (Asian American Writers' Workshop, 37 St. Marks Pl. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2: Margaret Mittelbach and Michael Crewdson read from their recently published book, "Wild New York: A Guide to the Wildlife, Wild Places, and Natural Phenomena of New York City," and then corroborate their observations with a brief tour of Central Park. (Barnes & Noble, Broadway at 66th St. No tickets necessary.)

Walk—Aug. 13 at 7:30: Naturalist Jocelyn Hubbell wields a bat detector (a sensitive electronic listening device) through Brooklyn's Prospect Park, in search of the flying mammals. For more information, call 718-788-8549.

BOOK CURRENTS

Waterworlds

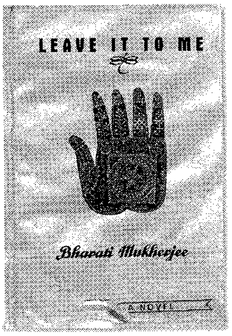
SWIMMING has long been linked with the idea of escape. For the boys in Günter Grass's **Cat and Mouse** (Harcourt Brace), it meant escape from the austere life of postwar Danzig. For the hero of John Cheever's "The Swimmer," the notion of swimming across all the pools in Westchester County seemed to offer escape from an overwhelming sense of loss, helplessness, and failure. And for the writer Annette Kellerman, who had polio in childhood, it was an activity in which the limbs that failed her on land could come into their own. Cheever's story and some of Kellerman's work are included in **Splash!** (Ecco Press), Laurel Blossom's recent anthology of swimming lit. Blossom sees the escapism of swimming as sensual—"You're being touched all over your body, like in amniotic fluid"—and she finds that sensuality gorgeously evoked in the "spectacular" photographs of international swimming pools in Kelly Klein's **Pools** (Knopf). Blossom is also a great fan of Charles Sprawson's cultural history of swimming, **Haunts of the Black Masseur** (Pantheon), which she calls "one of the great books."



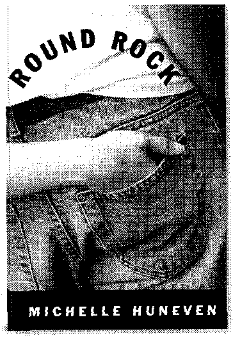
Sprawson himself draws our attention to the passage in Gide's novel **The Immoralist** (Vintage) "where swimming in a pool marks the turning point." Through swimming, the narrator comes to love his own body, which had previously disgusted him: "My whole being surged up into my skin." But it can also be frightening. Doris Lessing's story "Through the Tunnel" (also in "Splash!") describes a boy's terrifying attempt to swim through an underwater tunnel that turns out to be longer than he had bargained for. The dangers of underwater eros are vividly illustrated in Christopher Marlowe's poem "Hero and Leander." Swimming the Hellespont to reach his lover, Leander is pulled under by Neptune, who has fallen in love with him and who drowns him in a watery embrace. For Laurel Blossom, water remains an "alien element"—and that is precisely its attraction.

EVER MEULEN

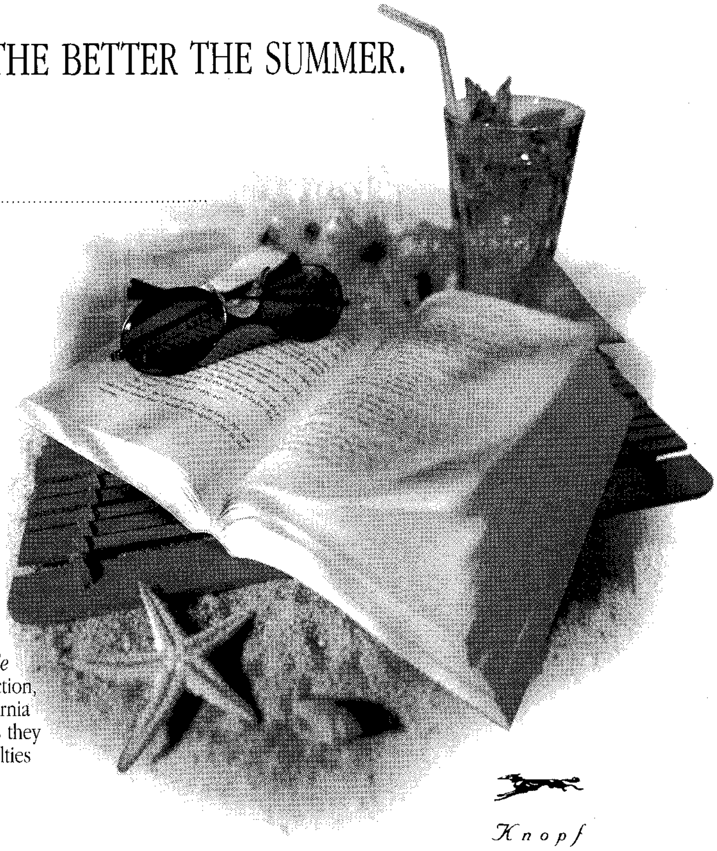
THE BETTER THE BOOKS, THE BETTER THE SUMMER.


LEAVE IT TO ME
Bharati Mukherjee
A NOVEL

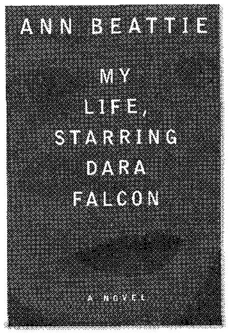
Leave It to Me
by Bharati Mukherjee
India-born, Schenectady-raised adoptee Debby DiMartino journeys to San Francisco, changes her name, and prepares to change the life of the woman who may be her real mother.
Pub. Price $23.00
B&N Price $20.70


ROUND ROCK
MICHELLE HUNEVEN

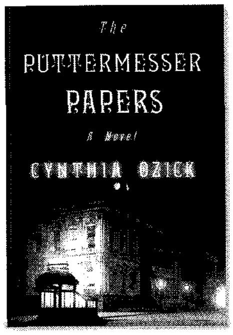
Round Rock
by Michelle Huneven
This first novel, a *Barnes & Noble Discover Great New Writers* selection, paints a picture of a small California community and its inhabitants as they struggle with both their own frailties and the town's unique history.
Pub. Price $24.00
B&N Price $21.60



Knopf


ANN BEATTIE
MY LIFE, STARRING DARA FALCON
A NOVEL

My Life, Starring Dara Falcon
by Ann Beattie
As Jean Warren grows more and more fascinated by strong-willed seductress Dara Falcon, she finds that no part of her life remains unchanged.
Pub. Price $24.00
B&N Price $21.60


The
PUTTERMESSER PAPERS
A Novel
CYNTHIA OZICK

The Puttermesser Papers
by Cynthia Ozick
Ruth Puttermesser, a low-level New York City bureaucrat, finds her life complicated when she inadvertently creates a golem—a supernatural being—out of potting soil.
Pub. Price $23.00
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The
AGÜERO SISTERS
a novel
CRISTINA GARCIA

The Agüero Sisters
by Cristina García
Two Cuban sisters, estranged physically and emotionally for 30 years, explore their past and present while moving towards a shared future.
Pub. Price $24.00
B&N Price $21.60

WOMEN WITH MEN
RICHARD FORD

Women with Men
by Richard Ford
In this collection of three long stories about matters of the heart, men and women struggle with love and all its mysteries, consolations and complications.
Pub. Price $23.00
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THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Cop Land—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening August 15. (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Village Theatre VII, and Ziegfeld.)

The Delta—Writer-director Ira Sachs's drama centers on the gay romance of a young Jewish Southerner and a half-black, half-Vietnamese refugee. Opening August 15. (Quad Cinema.)

Event Horizon—A science-fiction space adventure set in the year 2046, starring Laurence Fishburne, Sam Neill, Kathleen Quinlan, and Joely Richardson. Written by Philip Eisner. Directed by Paul Anderson. Opening August 15. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Waverly.)

The Full Monty—Reviewed below in Current Films. Opening August 13.

Mon Homme—Bertrand Blier's new film explores the relationship between a prostitute (Anouk Grinberg) and the homeless man (Gérard Lanvin) who becomes her pimp. In French. Opening August 15. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

Paperback Romance—A romance novelist (Gia Carides) who merely puts her fantasies on paper meets a jewelry broker (Anthony LaPaglia) who wants to live them out with her, in a comedy written and directed by Ben Lewin. Opening August 15. (Carnegie Hall Cinemas and Village East Cinemas.)

Steel—Shaquille O'Neal stars as the DC Comics armored hero who fights the forces of evil on the streets of Los Angeles. With Annabeth Gish, Judd Nelson, and Richard Roundtree. Written and directed by Kenneth Johnson. Opening August 15.

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 22.)

Air Force One—In Wolfgang Petersen's ludicrous thriller, Harrison Ford plays a red-blooded, two-fisted President who, when Air Force One is hijacked, turns into a business-suited guerrilla, foiling the plans of the ruthless, goateed head terrorist (Gary Oldman). The picture's attempt to satisfy the aggressive fantasies of a graying white-male audience is weirdly fascinating. It's something you don't see every day: a geriatric comic book.—T.R. (7/28/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII.)

Box of Moonlight—It's intended as a journey of discovery, but it isn't much of a journey and hardly anything gets discovered. John Turturro looks uncomfortable in the leading role of Al Fountain, an orderly, not to say boring, construction manager who finds himself at loose ends in the middle of nowhere. He hires a car and drives around, searching for a scene from his childhood but finding only weirdos. One of them is called the Kid (Sam Rockwell), a throwback in buckskins, and, for some reason, Al stays with him and gets stuck in the woods. The same thing happens to the movie; Tom DiCillo, the writer and director, makes the curious decision to dull the quick-witted rhythms of his previous picture, "Living in Oblivion," in favor of something more loping and whimsical.—A.L. (8/4/97) (Lincoln Square and Village East Cinemas.)

Brassed Off—Mark Herman's surprisingly enjoyable study of the effect of brass-band music on a depressed mining community in the North of England. Pete Postlethwaite stars as the bandleader, Danny. The miners' main reason to keep playing is the arrival of the bewitching Gloria (Tara Fitzgerald), who is actually working for the people who are planning to shut the pit down. The movie emerges, to Herman's great credit, not as stiff dialectic but as kindly, flexible farce. Also with Ewan McGregor.—A.L. (5/26/97) (First & 62nd Cinemas.)

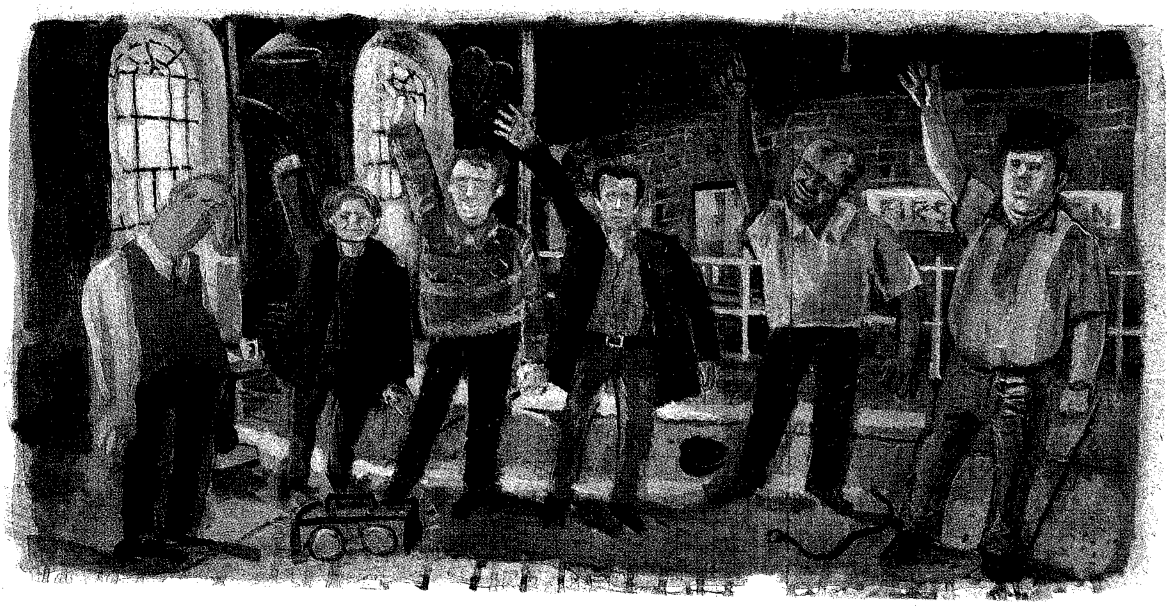
Career Girls—Mike Leigh's new picture, about a pair of former college roommates seeing each other for the first time in six years, is appealingly modest. At the beginning, Annie (Lynda Steadman), a quiet young woman who lives in the North of England, arrives in London for a weekend with her old friend Hannah (Katrin Cartlidge); at the end, less than an hour and a half later, Annie heads home, and neither she nor Hannah is obviously changed. Nothing momentous, really: Leigh, using frequent flashbacks, appears content simply to alternate the heroines' shared past with their briefly shared present, and to elicit a few casual comic observations from the contrast. The film is generally amiable, but the retrospective approach to character and narrative somehow makes Annie and Hannah less interesting than Leigh's usual people, who are so busy being where they are that they just can't bother worrying about where they've been. It's hard not to suspect that in this case Leigh's experimental, semi-improvisatory moviemaking process failed to produce the results he was hoping for—that he went to work with an idea that was too thin for a feature film and with actors who lacked the versatility to flesh it out. Also with Mark Benton, Andy Serkis, and Joe Tucker.—T.R. (8/11/97) (Angelika Film Center and Regency.)

Conspiracy Theory—Richard Donner's thriller stars Mel Gibson and Julia Roberts, as a conspiracy-crazed cabdriver and an attorney attempting to find out who or what is trying to control their lives. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Chelsea West, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Olympia, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Contact—Jodie Foster plays Ellie, a scientist of nervous disposition who spends her days listening for radio signals from space. One day, space calls and leaves a message. There's barely a smile, let alone a good laugh, in Robert Zemeckis's boggy movie, unless you count Matthew McConaughey in the richly ridiculous part of a religious thinker.—A.L. (7/21/97) (Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, State, and Village East Cinemas. . . . ¶ Coronet Cinemas; through Aug. 14.)

Def Jam's How to Be a Player—A comedy in which a ladies' man (Bill Bellamy) gets his comeuppance when the women in his life band together. Directed by Lionel C. Martin. (Art Greenwich Twin, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, Manhattan Twin, 19th Street East 6, State, and 34th Street Showplace.)

Face/Off—In John Woo's latest action extravaganza, the good guy (John Travolta) and the bad guy (Nicolas Cage) literally exchange faces and voices. Incredibly, Woo seems not to have recognized that this story can be treated only as a joke. He takes a full hour to plod through the exposition and after that portentous buildup the high-concept gag produces no more than a tiny, disappointing spark, like a damp firecracker.—T.R. (7/14/97) (Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Waverly.)



Opening August 13, Peter Cattaneo's "The Full Monty."

RUSSELL CHRISTIAN

The Full Monty—An amiable light comedy about six unemployed British steelworkers who mount an all-male strip show for cash. The script, by Simon Beaufoy, is clean and well-developed. Each character is given his bit to do, and when the motley crew comes together the actors all work wonderfully with one another, finding a sexy, warm performance rhythm as they gyrate to some classic seventies disco. (One reason the film succeeds so charmingly is that the director, Peter Cattaneo, has cast actors who look like people you'd see at a local beach.) There are two sensational performances. Mark Addy plays an overweight, insecure worker who fears that his wife finds him unattractive. And Robert Carlyle (he was Begbie in "Trainspotting"), as the ringleader, gives the film an explosive center. He's like Tim Roth in his best character roles: a little guy who packs a lot of heat.—B.D. (Angelika Film Center and Coronet Cinemas; starting Aug. 13.)

George of the Jungle—An old animated cartoon is the very scant basis for this live-action Disney movie, which consists essentially of George (Brendan Fraser) talking to the animals and swinging around on vines, smashing into trees. The director, Sam Weisman, keeps it easygoing. Fraser is adorably clumsy, but the real scene-stealer is George's pet elephant, Shep, who thinks he's a dog—computer-generated imagery allows him to fetch sticks, scratch behind his ears, and bound happily around.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 4, Gotham Cinema, and Lincoln Square.)

Guantanamera—Juan Carlos Tabio and the late Tomás Gutiérrez Alea teamed up to direct this picaresque road trip across present-day Cuba, and it's a charmer. Riding in one car are a sad, beautiful woman (Mirtha Ibarra) and her awful husband, a Communist-toadie undertaker (Carlos Cruz) who's devised a grotesque scheme to transport corpses cheaply; riding in a truck nearby is a farmer (Jorge Perugorria) who once knew the beauty and still carries a torch for her. It's a given that these two will get together, but the best shots simply look out through the windshield and capture life along the Cuban highway: people begging for rides, bartering with bananas, eating in clandestine cafés. In every transaction there's a haunting combination of wit and despair. In Spanish.—S.K. (Cinema 3rd Avenue, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Quad Cinema.)

In the Company of Men—In Neil LaBute's audacious first film, two executives (Aaron Eckhart and Matt Malloy), feeling humiliated by their girlfriends, come up with a plan to date a deaf secretary (Stacy Edwards) and then dump her. If LaBute's sole purpose had been to show off these two misogynists, the film would be a pretty tasteless affair, but the twists of the plot turn it into a black-hearted examination of power and manipulation, as dark and as uncomfortable to watch as the best of Mamet. The static presentation—rare camera movement and minimal editing—makes the audience co-conspirators: you feel as though you're right next to the characters, eavesdropping. In many ways the movie is the evil twin of last year's boys' story, "Swingers," and the handsome Eckhart's performance is so horrifically, convincingly soulless that it may bring him the kind of attention Vince Vaughn received for that sunnier film. This one is a cold, precise, unshakable tour de force.—B.D. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Kiss Me, Guido—A dumb lug (Nick Scotti) from Arthur Avenue, in the Bronx, goes to Manhattan and, through a series of mishaps, moves in with a gay man (Anthony Barrile). Tony Vitale's blunt attempt at lighthearted comedy tries hard to sell itself as a slice of New York life, but only Craig Chester, in the role of Barrile's hip, take-action friend, gives a performance out-there enough to enliven the tired script.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Village Theatre VII.)

Men in Black—Barry Sonnenfeld's science-fiction comedy is indolent, confident, and shy of risks. Tommy Lee Jones (very cool) and Will Smith (speedy and high-spirited) play government agents who spend their days policing the activities of resident aliens; whenever the camera wanders away from them, your attention goes

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Edited by

Salman Rushdie and Elizabeth West

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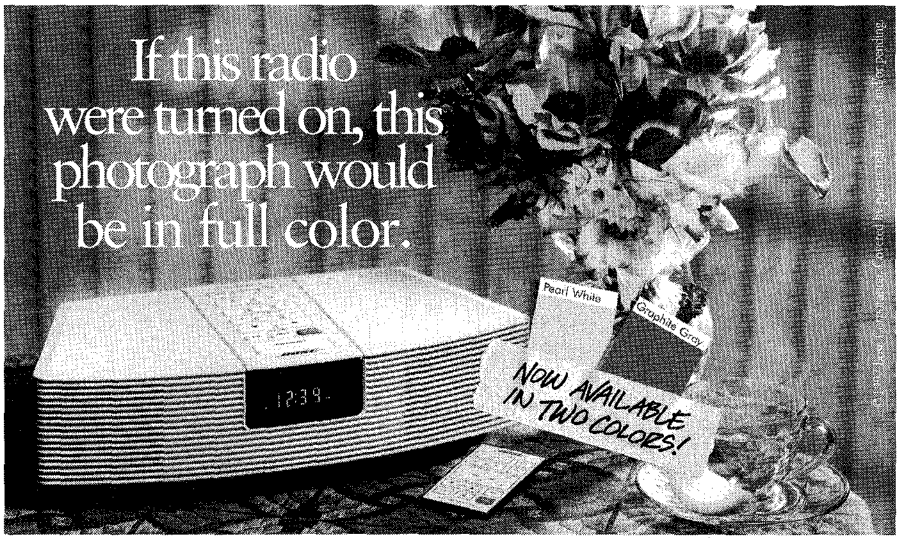
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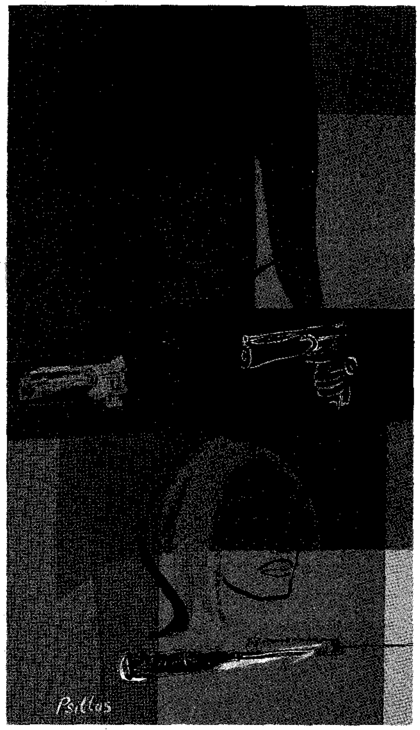
with it. Even Linda Fiorentino, as a horny medical examiner, feels irrelevant to the action.—A.L. (7/7/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

Mrs. Brown—You never find out whether the lovers in director John Madden's new movie really are lovers; like most of the people in the film, you have to keep guessing. The tale begins with Queen Victoria (Judi Dench) in mourning for her husband, Albert. She is reassured, and then comforted, by John Brown (Billy Connolly), who had worked for Prince Albert. Over time, the Queen's private secretary (Geoffrey Palmer) and her Prime Minister, Disraeli (Antony Sher), become alarmed by the growing intimacy between monarch and manservant, and by the damage that it is inflicting on the royal reputation. Madden could have set this up as a minor tragedy, but he has the wit, especially in the first half, to play it cool and droll, and he is helped no end by a series of finely gauged performances. Dench is stern but not wholly invulnerable; Connolly offers a portrait of devotion so fierce that it verges on the mad; and Sher is a riot: he has the air of a man who finds the whole affair vastly entertaining. And he's right.—A.L. (8/4/97) (Angelika Film Center, Cinema I, and Lincoln Square.)



Mel Gibson and Julia Roberts in "Conspiracy Theory."

My Best Friend's Wedding—In P. J. Hogan's romantic comedy, a writer (Julia Roberts) learns that her former lover and current best friend (Dermot Mulroney) is engaged to be married; she suddenly realizes that she's in love with him and resolves to sabotage the nuptials by any means necessary. For the first hour or so, Roberts's enthusiastic, sexy clowning energizes the picture, but then the filmmakers spoil our enjoyment: they allow dull good sense to triumph over their star's outsized appeal. Also with Cameron Diaz and Rupert Everett.—T.R. (6/16/97) (Criterion Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and 19th Street East 6.)

Nothing to Lose—A buddy comedy starring Martin Lawrence and Tim Robbins. The writer-director, Steve Oedekerk, starts off with an unfortunate odd-couple-on-the-run story, then slows down the wacky road adventure with a platitudinous racial subplot. Oedekerk gets some real comic brilliance out of his actors, but he can't seem to find a rhythm to sustain a film.—B.D. (84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas.)

Picture Perfect—Jennifer Aniston plays Kate, a workaholic advertising executive with a crush on an office Casanova (Kevin Bacon). For reasons we never really understand, her boss pressures her to get married, so she asks a sweet cameraman (Jay Mohr) to pose as her fiancé; the result, of course, is that they fall in love for real. Glenn Gordon Caron's romantic comedy is a sort of Doris Day movie in reverse, with the dewy-eyed young man domesticating the selfish bachelorette. Aniston and Mohr display real charm, but the cluttered, meandering, feeble script, by Arleen Sorkin, Paul Slansky, and Caron, works overtime to hide it. With Olympia Dukakis as Kate's hysterical mother, a figure who, like Bacon's character and several others, is utterly gratuitous.—S.K. (Art Greenwich Twin, Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, National Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and 34th St. East.)

Shall We Dance?—A middle-aged Japanese businessman (Koji Yakusho) sees a young woman standing at a high window; in an act of admirable folly, he tracks her down and finds that she is a dance teacher. He therefore learns to dance—initially in order to be near her, and then, more surprisingly, because he starts to enjoy himself. Masayuki Suo has written and directed a comedy that exerts a cool and slightly mysterious charm. In Japanese.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 72nd Street East.)

Soul in the Hole—Danielle Gardner's documentary about a New York City playground basketball team. (Embassy 2, Manhattan Twin, and Village East Cinemas.)

Spawn—Yawn. New Line Cinema has turned Todd McFarlane's popular comic-book series—a hyperviolent roam through city streets by a living-dead superhero who has to choose between leading Satan's armies and avenging his own murder—into a bleak and bland try for a PG-13-rated franchise. The over-all design, considering its source, isn't particularly accomplished—it's too dark and rainy, sludgy instead of gothic. And the acting is hammy and humorless, with only John Leguizamo's clown character (he's supposed to egg Spawn on to triumph for the Devil) providing any of the dirty energy the movie needs. Even Industrial Light and Magic's computer-generated imagery looks cheap and unimaginative. It's all a surprising disappointment, especially since McFarlane himself was an executive producer. (True *Spawn* fans should check out HBO's late-night animated series—it has the gory, amoral zip that makes the comic book so special.)—B.D. (Astor Plaza, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

Star Maps—This dysfunctional-family melodrama—a first feature by writer-director Miguel Arteta—tells the story of a young Angeleno, Carlos (Douglas Spain), whose father, Pepe (Efrain Figueroa), recruits him for the family business: prostitution. As the picture goes along, Pepe's behavior just gets worse and worse, and the malevolence finally becomes monotonous.—T.R. (7/28/97) (Angelika Film Center and 62nd & Broadway.)

Ulee's Gold—In Ulee Jackson, a widowed beekeeper living in the Florida panhandle, Peter Fonda has a role that makes virtues of his expressive limitations. The movie, written and directed by Victor Nunez, is designed to draw this lonely, quietly embittered man out of his emotional hibernation, and for once Fonda's very deliberate style feels appropriate: there's pain in it, and fear, and an awful kind of resignation. Also with Patricia Richardson.—T.R. (6/16/97) (Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Eastside Playhouse, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Waverly.)

When the Cat's Away—A timid girl returns from a short holiday to find that her cat has disappeared. As she canvasses her Paris neighborhood, she meets a number of people who help her break out of her solitude and enjoy the promise of her surroundings. At the start Cédric Klapisch's movie seems merely lightweight, but in time it begins to flutter like a butterfly, and it lands just as delicately. In French.—B.D. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

ALSO PLAYING

ADDICTED TO LOVE: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **AIR BUD:** 84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 3, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **ALIVE & KICKING:** Quad Cinema. . . . **BREAKDOWN:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY:** The Screening Room. . . . **CHASING AMY** (reviewed in our issue of 4/7/97): 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **DAY FOR NIGHT:** Paris. . . . **THE DAYTRIPPERS** (3/24/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE FIFTH ELEMENT:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **4 LITTLE GIRLS:** The Screening Room. . . . **FREE WILLY 3: THE RESCUE:** Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **GOOD BURGER:** First & 62nd Cinemas and Waverly. . . . **HAMSUN:** Film Forum. . . . **HERCULES** (7/7/97): Guild, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **LIAR LIAR** (3/31/97): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **LIFE APART:** Quad Cinema. . . . **LOVE SERENADE:** Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **MOLOM:** Quad Cinema. . . . **NIGHT FALLS ON MANHATTAN:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **187:** Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **OPERATION CONDOR:** National Twin. . . . **TEMPTRESS MOON:** Cinema II.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy 1, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

DEMETRIOS PSILLOS

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Terrence Rafferty and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

The Big Combo (1955)—Joseph H. Lewis ("Gun Crazy") directed this rabidly amusing B movie from a Philip Yordan script. The word "combo" refers to "the Combination" (read: Mob), here headed by one of movie gangland's old reliables, Richard Conte. Cornel Wilde stars as the police lieutenant determined to topple him. Wilde's real-life wife, Jean Wallace, plays a cultured blonde who's Conte's moll and Wilde's obsession. Lee Van Cleef and Earl Holliman, as hit men, and Brian Donlevy, as Conte's ex-boss and current flunky, form a generational study of film thughood.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; Aug. 15.)

Light Sleeper (1992)—John LeTour (Willem Dafoe), the main character of Paul Schrader's dreamlike but tough-minded film, is a forty-year-old New York drug courier who knows he has to change his life, yet doesn't quite know how. He glides through the night streets in the back of a limo, carrying small amounts of cocaine to upper-middle-class customers and then carrying their money back to his employer, a chic dealer named Ann (Susan Sarandon), who pays him a modest salary. It's an unexciting, shockingly routine existence. The movie is anything but routine. This is an absorbing, superbly confident piece of filmmaking, and the acting is sensational. Schrader's theme is the role of chance in contemporary life, and for most of the picture his writing and direction daringly embody the idea of unpredictability.—T.R. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Aug. 16.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2 and 3, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—**theatre 2:** Aug. 13: "Little Big Horn" (1951, Charles Marquis Warren) and "The Raid" (1954, Hugo Fregonese). . . . Aug. 14: "3:10 to Yuma" (1957, Delmer Daves) and "Valerie" (1957, Gerd Oswald). . . . Aug. 15: "The Big Combo" (†) and "Thieves' Highway" (1949, Jules Dassin). . . . Aug. 16-17: "The Line-Up" (1958, Don Siegel) and "Riot in Cell Block 11" (1954, Siegel). . . . Aug. 18: "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" (1918, Marshall A. Neilan; silent) and "The Hoodlum" (1919, Sidney A. Franklin; silent), both with Mary Pickford. . . . Aug. 19: "Lost, Lonely and Vicious" (1959, Frank Myers) and "Teenage Doll" (1957, Roger Corman). . . . **theatre 3:** "Contempt" (1963, Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films written (alone or with others) by their directors. Aug. 14 at 2:30 and Aug. 16 at 5: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974, Louis Malle; in French). . . . Aug. 14 at 6 and Aug. 15 at 2:30: "A Perfect Couple" (1979, Robert Altman). . . . Aug. 15 at 6 and Aug. 16 at 12:30: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971, Altman). . . . Aug. 15 at 8:15 and Aug. 18 at 2:30: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941, Preston Sturges). . . . Aug. 16 at 3 and Aug. 19 at 2:30: "Rashomon" (1951, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese). . . . Aug. 17 at 12:30 and Aug. 18 at 6: "Badlands" (1973, Terrence Malick). . . . Aug. 17 at 2:30: "La Grande Illusion" (1937, Jean Renoir; in French). . . . Aug. 17 at 5: "Rules of the Game" (1939, Renoir; in French). . . . Aug. 19 at 6: "Partner" (1968, Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—A program of recent films from Latin America. Aug. 13 at 2 and 6:15: "Sotto Voce" (Mario Levin; Argentina). . . . Aug. 13 at 4 and 8:15: "Landscapes of Memory" (José Araújo; Brazil). . . . Aug. 14 at 2 and Aug. 16 at 4:30: "The Frontier" (Ricardo Larraín; Chile). . . . Aug. 14 at 4:15 and 9: "Dezesseis Zero Sessenta" (Vinicius Mainardi; Brazil). . . . Aug. 15 at 2 and 6:15 and Aug. 17 at 4:30: "Love in the Time of Hysteria" (Alfonso Cuarón; Mexico). . . . Aug. 15 at 4 and 8:15 and Aug. 17 at 8:30: "Ilona Arrives with the Rain" (Sergio Cabrera; Columbia and Italy). . . . Aug. 16 at 6:30 and 10: "A Question of Faith" (Marcos Loayza; Bolivia). . . . Aug. 16 at 8:15 and Aug. 17 at 6:30: "Between Marx and a Naked Woman" (Camilo Luzuriaga; Ecuador). . . . Aug. 18 at 2, 6, and 9:30: "Out in the Open" (Luis Armando Roche; Venezuela). . . . Aug. 18 at 4 and 8: "At Your House at 8 O'Clock" (Christine Lucas; Chile). . . . Aug. 19 at 2, 6, and 9:45: "Believe Me" (Bia Lessa and Dany Roland; Brazil). . . . Aug. 19 at 3:30 and 7:30: "Fallen from Heaven" (Francisco Lombardi; Peru). . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 6:30: "States of Control" (1997, Zack Winestine). . . . ¶ Aug. 16-17 at 2: "Yentl" (1983, Barbra Streisand).

Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.—Mondays, starting at dusk: free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes and coming attractions. The feature on Aug. 18 will be "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich). (Rain date is the following night.)

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Aug. 16 at 2: "Union City" (1980, Mark Reichert). . . . Aug. 16 at 4: "Light Sleeper" (†). . . . Aug. 17 at 2: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (1988, Robert Zemeckis). . . . Aug. 17 at 4: "After Dark, My Sweet" (1990, James Foley).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—A program of films by Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian, with English subtitles. Aug. 13-14 at 6: "The Gospel According to Matthew" (1964). . . . Aug. 13-14 at 9: "Hawks and Sparrows" (1966). . . . Aug. 15 at 8 and Aug. 16-17 at 4: "Pigpen" (1969) and "Saló" (1979). . . . Aug. 18-19 at 8: "Teorema" (1968) and "The Grim Reaper" (1962). . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 5 and Aug. 16-17 at 9: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976, Nicolas Roeg). . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 9:30, Aug. 16 at 8, and Aug. 17 at 7:30: "The White Sheik" (1951, Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)—Through Aug. 14: "Score" (1972, Radley Metzger). . . . ¶ A program of films from Hong Kong, all in Cantonese. Aug. 15: "Hard-Boiled" (1992, John Woo) and "The Big Bullet" (1996, Benny Chan). . . . Aug. 16: "Miracles" (1989, Jackie Chan) and "The Young Master" (1980, Jackie Chan). . . . Aug. 17: "City on Fire" (1987, Ringo Lam) and "The Big Heat" (1988, Andrew Kam). . . . Aug. 18: "Naked Killer" (1992, Clarance Fok) and "Full Contact" (1992, Lam). . . . Aug. 19: "God of Gamblers III" (1991, Wong Jing) and "Legend of God of Gamblers" (1996, Jing).

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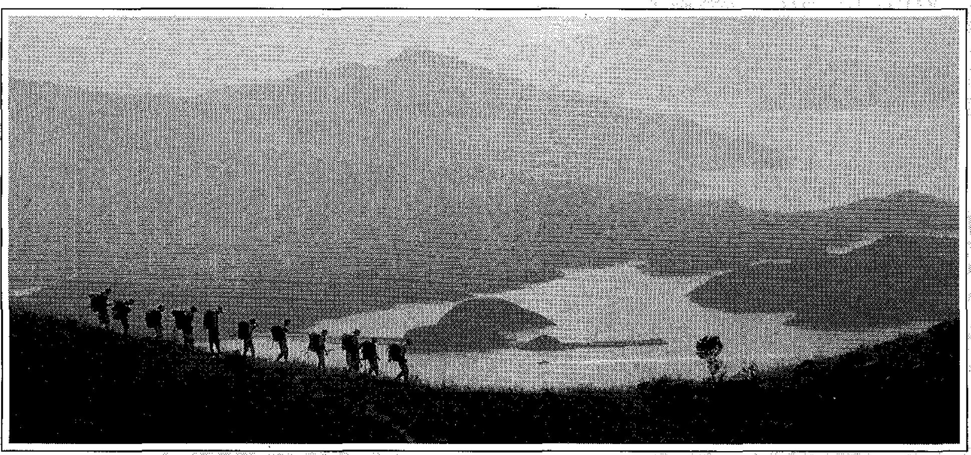

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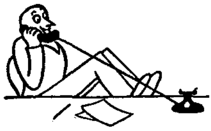
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

DEPT. OF MISSED OPPORTUNITIES

The White House-Graceland connection that might have saved Elvis.



THOUSANDS of devoted fans around the country will gather this week to mark the twentieth anniversary of Elvis Presley's death, but it is unlikely that any of them will feel that perhaps they might just have been able to save the king of rock and roll. That distinction—sort of—belongs to former President Jimmy Carter.

"When I was first elected President, I got a call from Elvis Presley," Carter told me recently. "He was totally stoned and didn't know what he was saying. His sentences were almost incoherent." It was the summer of 1977, and Elvis, in a rage fuelled by barbiturates, had telephoned the White House from Graceland (among the two most visited residences in America) seeking a Presidential pardon for a sheriff he knew who was in some legal trouble. "I talked to him for a long time, and I finally extracted that from him," Carter recalled. In a scene weirdly reminiscent of the "Saturday Night Live" sketch in which the thirty-ninth President (played by Dan Aykroyd) used the White House hot line to talk a teen-ager down from a bad acid trip, Carter said he patiently tried to ease Presley out of his paranoid delusions, calming his fears that he was being "shadowed" by sinister forces and that his friend was being framed.

PHOTO BY WANDA DAVIS LEWIS/JIMMY CARTER LIBRARY

Carter was no stranger to rock stars. Throughout the 1976 Presidential campaign, his friendships with the Allman Brothers and Bob Dylan helped loosen up his image, and he once told an audience that his understanding of "what's right and wrong in this society" came from listening to such Dylan numbers as "The Times, They Are a-Changin'." The former Georgia governor was also an unabashed admirer of Elvis Presley's music. Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter went to see Elvis perform at the Atlanta Omni in 1973. They went backstage afterward, and Carter embraced the King, despite his sheen of sweat and makeup. "And then I declared Elvis Presley Day in Georgia," Carter said. "I noticed in Graceland they have got that declaration signed by me on the wall."

Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter with Elvis in 1973.

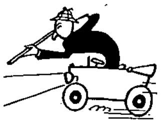
Given this history—and considering Presley's familiarity with Richard Nixon, who had made him an honorary U.S. Drug Enforcement Agent in 1970—it wasn't so far-fetched for the King to telephone the Oval Office with a personal problem. Carter recalled, "I asked him what the sheriff's sentence was, and he said that he hadn't been tried in court yet. Well, I said, 'Elvis, I can't consider a pardon until after a trial and sentencing and everything.' I don't think he understood that." (It was never clear that Elvis's friend was in trouble anyway.) But he didn't stop: though Presley's desperate calls to the White House continued unabated, Carter never spoke to him again.

A few weeks later, on August 16th, Elvis Presley died, at the age of forty-two. There was a debate within the White House over whether a Presidential condolence statement was appropriate, given that the star was a known drug abuser. Elvis's importance was beyond doubt: his death was such a big story that both ABC and NBC led their newscasts with it. CBS opted to go with Gerald Ford's support of the Panama Canal treaties. The executive producer of CBS News, Burton Benjamin, Jr., later lamented that his tombstone would read, "This is the man who did not lead with Elvis Presley."

Carter himself was never in doubt, and the White House released the following statement: "Elvis Presley's death deprives our country of a part of itself. He was . . . a symbol to people the world over of the vitality, rebelliousness, and good humor of his country." As Elvis's funeral procession wound its way through the streets of Memphis, Jimmy Carter, at home in the White House, mourned along with countless other fans. "It was a sad day for the Republic," the former President now says about the pop icon he wonders if he could have saved. —DOUGLAS BRINKLEY

INK

For Nate Thayer, ten years of living dangerously led to Pol Pot.

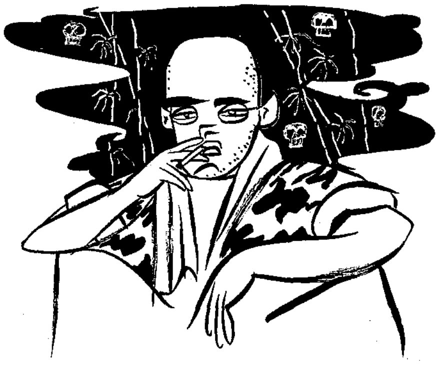


ON Friday, July 25th, Nate Thayer, a thirty-seven-year-old Boston Brahmin with a shaved head and teeth blackened by chewing tobacco, emerged from the Cambodian jungle, having witnessed and recorded on film the Khmer Rouge trial of Pol Pot. Being the first Western journalist to see Pol Pot in nearly two decades was, he said over the telephone from Bangkok last week, the fulfillment of a "life objective." A few years ago, in Phnom Penh, the Cambodian capital, he had given me some indication of what he had endured along the way. By Thayer's reckoning, over the past ten years he had been the object of several assassination attempts and countless death threats; been taken hostage twice by the Khmer Rouge; seen eight of his personal security guards killed; been hospitalized sixteen times for cerebral malaria; been detained more than ten times by Thai intelligence and Cambodian government troops; and lost hearing in one ear when his vehicle was blown up by a land mine.

Thayer's appetite for the extreme, his gift for shucks-it-ain't-nothin' self-dramatization, his readiness to meet armed adversaries with what he calls "superior firepower," and his anti-hair style have won him the nickname Kurtz among the increasingly pampered ranks of contemporary foreign correspondents. Thayer, who speaks Khmer, has said that he feels more attuned to life in Cambodia than in America. Of New York, where he lived, and was mugged, as a teen-ager, he says, "Man, I can't control my perimeter there. It's the crazies that I can't deal with." Thayer rarely talks about his family—moneyed New England; Harvard's Thayer Hall; his father, Harry Thayer, a former Ambassador to Singapore—except to note that there were Thayers aboard the Titanic who lived to tell the story, and to recall Judge Webster Thayer, who sentenced Sacco and Vanzetti: "Whenever they call me the black sheep of the family, I say, 'What about this fucking guy?' "

Whether Thayer's gnarly macho bluster is more of a gag or a pathology, it has served as a useful foil for his intense seriousness as an investigative reporter and political analyst. Since he first turned up, with no journalistic experience, in the refugee camps along the Thai border in 1988, Thayer's muckraking exposés of Camodia's Jacobean politics have made him not just a chronicler of events but a significant factor in their development. (In a typical story, he found himself alone in a hotel room with a coup plotter, ringed by troops with orders to kill.) His principal employer is the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, but he also contributes to *Soldier of Fortune*, a magazine which he calls "by far the finest publication of its genre."

"Let's show Mr. Steinbrenner what you can do."



Nate Thayer

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM BACHTELL

In 1992, Thayer trekked up the old Ho Chi Minh Trail near the border of Vietnam, where he discovered a lost army of anti-Communist Montagnards, still loyal to their Saigon and American commanders; he convinced them that the war had been over for seventeen years, and many of them later resettled in America. A more recent "scientific" expedition, in search of the kouprey—a nearly extinct Indochinese bovine species—ended in fiasco, after Thayer and his cohort rode into the jungle on elephants, heavily armed and wearing Donald Duck and Ronald Reagan masks on the backs of their heads to scare off tigers (the cats tend to attack from the rear).

In June, when Khmer Rouge radio announced that Pol Pot had been imprisoned, Thayer saw an opportunity to get "the last great interview in Asia." He was broke, so he borrowed the plane fare and set about convincing his Khmer Rouge contacts that they needed to bring a credible witness to Anlong Veng, the jungle redoubt where Pol Pot was being held. With his old friend the cameraman David McKaige, Thayer proceeded through an elaborate underground railroad—"meetings at gas stations, coded phone messages, hotel rooms, waiting"—into the bush. "I wasn't the first to get into Anlong Veng," he said. "I was the first to get out." Three Westerners had disappeared after venturing into the Khmer Rouge headquarters in the past year or so.

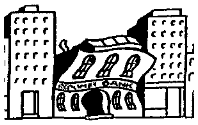
Thayer never got his interview. Pol Pot, seventy-two years old, and visibly weakened by disease, could not stand on his own, much less speak, when the two-hour trial was over. "Every ounce of his being was struggling to maintain some last vestige of dignity," Thayer said. "You could see his cheeks shaking." And Thayer, who choked up himself during an interview with Ted Koppel afterward, told me, "It was a tragic thing to watch any human being have to go through that, regardless of what he did to others. I felt great sympathy—and not just for him. My mind raced with the millions of people whose lives were destroyed."

Still, Thayer seems almost to regard the accomplishment of this life goal as old news. The leaders of this summer's coup in Phnom Penh are themselves old Khmer Rouge cadres. "Pol Pot is in jail; the rest of them are in leadership," he said. "They're executing people, and the American government doesn't have the balls to call it a coup, because that would mean cutting off aid, and that's a scandal." To hear him talk, Pol Pot's demise was not the end of the story but the starting point of a new one.

—PHILIP GOUREVITCH

ART AND COMMERCE

A bit of Leo Castelli's past turns up in a Swiss bank.



JUDITH GOLDMAN was absent-mindedly drifting through the list of 1,756 dormant Second World War-era Swiss bank accounts published by the *Times* a few weeks ago when she pulled up short before the name "Leo Krausz." Goldman is writing a biography of the art dealer Leo Castelli, who, she knew, had been born Leo Krausz, in Trieste in 1907. Castelli's family had adopted his mother's maiden name after the First World War. What piqued Goldman's curiosity was that this Leo Krausz was listed as a resident of the fashionable Paris suburb of Neuilly, where Castelli and his wife, Ileana Sonnabend, were living in 1940. Goldman called Castelli to report her find.

"I didn't have a Swiss bank account," Castelli said flatly.

"It has to be you," Goldman said. "You've probably forgotten."

"I'm sure I didn't," Castelli insisted.

Goldman then went back to the paper and discovered a separate list of those who held power-of-attorney over accounts. There she found the names of Ernesto Krausz-Castelli, Leo's father, and Giorgio Krausz-Castelli, his younger brother. That cinched the case, though it raised another strange question. Goldman called Castelli back and said, "Did you ever change your name legally?"

"I don't know," the dealer said.

Goldman says that Castelli is famously nonchalant about the daily details of living; perhaps, in fact, he never legally changed his name. Nevertheless, Castelli phoned his little brother, who lives in California. Giorgio confirmed that their father, a wealthy banker, had opened accounts for his children. Giorgio had closed his account and spent the money; Leo, apparently, had ignored his altogether.

The whole incident helped the biographer confirm a pet theory about her subject—"Leo doesn't care about money, and that's part of what has made him who he is." Indeed, Castelli has always lived according to the dictates of his *beau idéal*—the prewar ideal of the aristocratic man of culture, the sportsman and aesthete. The art historian Robert Pincus-Witten observes, in a biographical essay, that "Castelli's debonair image is an act of will and conscious self-creation." For Castelli, he notes, discussing money or his Jewish background would be " 'inaesthetic' and ultimately vain." Castelli may be one beneficiary who wishes the Swiss had kept his bank account a secret.

—JAMES TRAUB

SUMMER NOTES, WELLFLEET, CAPE COD

SUNSETS: Summer visitors insist that, rain or shine, the sun sets gloriously and colorfully every evening in the east, owing to the Cape's odd configuration: sticking out into the Atlantic and winding around to face itself. Tell a visitor that the sun sets in the west and sparks begin to fly. Never argue with these people. They are dangerous, especially when racing east to catch a sunset.

DIPS: An essential accompaniment to an Art Opening, and there is an Art Opening every twelve minutes. Summer people occasionally, and inadvertently, glance at the pictures, but they concentrate on the dip: salsa, with crackers, or sour cream, chives, seaweed, and Elixir of Vincent, a stimulant designed to induce the purchase of paintings. Art dips, of course, are not to be confused with dips in the ocean, an entirely different situation, without crackers.

BEACH TALK: Juvenile Beach Talk—toddler to ten—is this summer almost exclusively confined to dinosaurs. Urchins who cannot add or subtract, read or write, discourse with authority about the distinctions, habits, and history of the huge, funky lizards.

Peggy (*five*): Tyrannosaurus, a carnivorous biped, is much nicer than a hyena.

Sam (*four*): The duck-billed iguanodon hates the armored stegosaurus. That's *my* shovel! (*Uncontrollable wailing and removal from the beach.*)

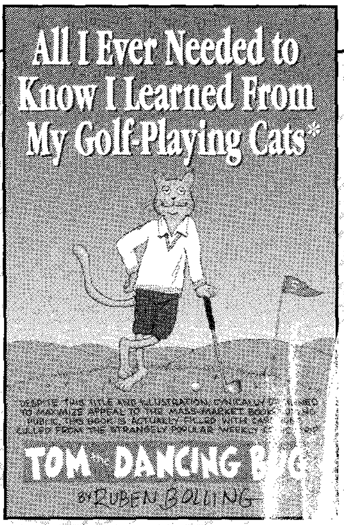
BIRD LIFE: Impatient, family-oriented catbirds sit on the edge of the picnic table waiting for you to finish lunch. Keep a catbird waiting and she does not disguise her irritation. Soft meows become strident, and the birds abandon politesse, jump over, stand beside your plate, and start to eat. This makes summer people feel that they are part of an eternal life chain, worth the entire trip.

TRAFFIC: Unbearable.

SIGNS AND PORTENTS: Old-time residents of the Cape (no summer people involved) are convinced that someone has been fiddling with the moon. "I can't find it anymore," a woman who has lived seventy-six years in Wellfleet told me the other evening. "And when I finally do it's in a strange part of the sky. Most unsettling." These same people often report that they have spotted Henry Thoreau walking along the back sand roads, hoping to have lunch with his mother.

Henry James probably had it right when he said that the two most beautiful words in the English language are "summer afternoon."

—PHILIP HAMBURGER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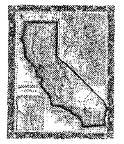

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LETTER FROM THE REPUBLIKA SRPSKA

HIGH NOON AT TWIN PEAKS

In what may be its last chance, NATO *weighs getting serious about the warmongers in Bosnia.*

BY LAWRENCE WESCHLER

"IT'S as though we'd become intent on running history backward around here, at hyperspeed," the independent Bosnian Serb journalist Perica Vucinic said to me one recent afternoon as we shared a few cups of the sort of mud-thick black coffee that the locals used to call Turkish, though not anymore. We'd been talking about life in the Republika Srpska, the ethnically cleansed Serb component, or "entity," of the Republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina. The Bosnian Serbs had splintered off from the wider Bosnian Republic at the very moment it had declared its own independence, in the spring of 1992, provoking a horrible three-and-a-half-year war. That war culminated in a peace conference in Dayton, Ohio, in late 1995, from which emerged a tortuous agreement that yoked the Serb entity, the Republika Srpska, ever so tenuously to its counterpart, the Muslim-Croat Federation.

Vucinic laughed bitterly and went on, "In less than a decade, we've managed to go from a seedy variation of twentieth-century post-Communism through an exceptionally florid version of nineteenth-century romantic nationalism into a full-fledged rendition of deep medieval feudalism. Look at us. We've become a land consisting of a few spectacularly rich warlords and their legions of pampered vassals, with everyone else reduced to something between indentured servitude and wretched peonage."

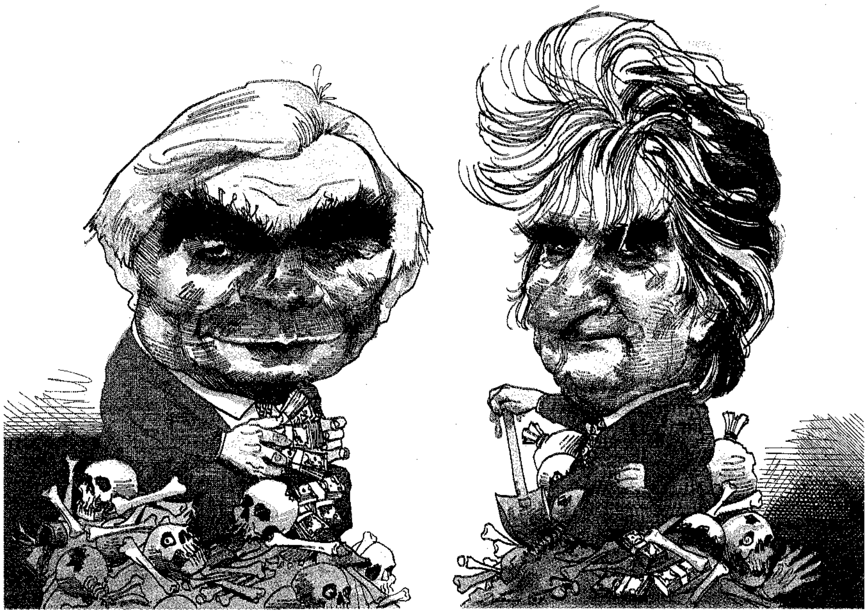
Drawing on their beloved medieval epics, the Serbs of Bosnia had just about managed to forge for themselves an ethnically pure medieval fate. Terrorized by visions of being enslaved to rampaging Turks (as their leaders had taken to characterizing their longtime Muslim neighbors), they had instead become subjugated to those very leaders who had inflamed and then purported to defend them.

Vucinic's comment haunted me throughout my recent stay in the Republika Srpska, especially late one afternoon as I was returning from a visit to the cemetery on the outskirts of Bijeljina, a medium-sized country town in the northeastern corner of the Serbian entity. The cemetery itself had been an overwhelming experience, its acre upon acre of fresh graves reminding one that hundreds of thousands of Serbs had also suffered in the recent Bosnian fighting.

It's worth recalling, too, that at the war's outset the Bosnian Serbs had had a constitutional case just as strong as that of their Muslim and Croat neighbors; in fact, the two cases were virtually identical. Once the former Yugoslavia began breaking up, in the early nineties (setting aside, for a moment, the question of who bore principal responsibility for that disastrous sequence of developments), the Muslims and the Croats and the cosmopolitan nonnationalists of Bosnia had had every right to declare that they didn't care to participate in the remaining Yugoslav state, suddenly dominated by a Serb majority at least momentarily in the grip of a truly scary hypernationalist rapture. So they had opted for independence.

But, by the same logic, the Serb third of that new Bosnian state had had every right to assert their own misgivings—and they'd have been in a position to bring a powerful moral weight to those arguments, having been principal victims of German and Croatian Fascism fifty years earlier. At the time, they had responded heroically, emerging from that war with the aura of one of the century's more valiant peoples. Drawing on that legacy, today's Bosnian Serb leaders could have marshalled a singularly compelling nonviolent struggle on behalf of maximal national autonomy. But, because of the appalling viciousness of the war upon which they instead chose to embark, those same leaders recast themselves and the people they represented as among history's moral pariahs—a remarkable achievement.

And in the process they had squandered the lives of thousands of their own people, as I was reminded that afternoon in the Bijeljina cemetery, with its row upon row of gray granite tombstones. Photo-realist likenesses of the deceased (casually posed, often in military fatigues) had been etched into the polished stone. Born 1975, dead 1992. Born 1971, born 1965, born 1952, born 1940, born 1980. Two teen-age brothers born within a year of each other, slain within a month. Eight male members of one family killed on the same day. A two-year-old girl. Another child, born 1991. And another. And another. A whole swath of the cemetery had been given over to the relatives of the refugees routed from western Herzegovina and the Croatian Krajina during the closing days of the war. These particular graves were marked by rickety wooden crosses, and there were scores of them.



The twin capos of corruption: Momcilo Krajisnik (at left) and Radovan Karadzic now feed off the people they once led into war.

DAVID LEVINE

The area around Bijeljina is flat and bountifully fertile. But, driving back toward town, one couldn't help noticing how many of the fields now lay idle, overgrown with weeds. Almost all the original farmers—prosperous Muslims, many of whom lived in town and headed out to their fields early each morning—had been systematically removed during the war: murdered, terrorized, or evicted en masse (many ending up, now landless, of course, and bereft of occupation, wedged, with their families, into squalid one- or two-room apartments in Tuzla, about thirty miles to the south, in the Muslim-Croat Federation). They'd been replaced, for the most part, by Serbs from the scrabbly, rocky hill country to the south and west—accomplished shepherds and goatherds, who had also been victims of cleansings, and who hadn't the faintest idea how to plant crops or manage fields. Somehow, the nationalist ideologues who had blithely advocated the redrawing of borders and the shuffling of entire populations had failed to anticipate the difficulty of transferring the entire fabric of lives and livelihoods. The new arrivals either milled about in public squares, abject and shiftless and bored out of their minds, or scraped by on what they could earn hawking cheap goods at the ubiquitous flea markets.

Not that the town's economy had become entirely cratered. For one thing, those who had actually engineered the cleansing had made handsome fortunes in the process—initially by confiscating virtually all the possessions of those they were evicting but then by turning such new-honed skills on their remaining countrymen. One of the principal figures involved in the cleansing of Bijeljina, for instance, had become a specialist in security services and real estate, shaking down local businessmen and offering incoming Serb refugees their pick of "abandoned" homes, provided that they could come up with the requisite sweetener.

Bijeljina's geographical location—wedged right up against the border with Serbia proper—had also made it an ideal center for smuggling and contraband activities, especially after punitive embargoes started getting imposed on the Republika Srpska as the war dragged on. The same leaders who had managed the town's cleansing and in the years since had taken up positions of authority in its civilian, police, and customs establishments—"the mob," or "the mafia," as everyone else started referring to them in hushed tones—took charge of this fleecing as well, skimming tidy cuts off the top of every shipment of gasoline, cigarettes, alcohol, or anything else attempting to come in over the border.

It's no wonder that on the way back into town from the cemetery one could spot, scattered among desolate and dilapidated housing blocks, several improbably opulent dachas and villas, in various states of completion, and often already expansively outfitted with the toniest of furnishings and accoutrements (many of them procured through the thriving Gianni Versace boutique in Belgrade). The town's factories were virtually idle. They'd been replaced by ludicrously extravagant gasoline stations—petrol palaces, 7-Elevens on steroids, framed by kitsch-slender Corinthian columns—and by a veritable cornucopia of brothels. A town of about fifty thousand, Bijeljina now has eight such emporiums. ("Dodge City," as a friend of mine mutters.) The second most luxurious of them used to be owned by the former chief of police (who recently cashed out); the most luxurious is said to be controlled, through relatives, by the head of the local branch of the ruling S.D.S. Party.

Meanwhile, my friend's father, a longtime schoolteacher, hasn't received a paycheck in more than six months: the town's coffers are desperately depleted, he has been begged to understand.

Much the same situation exists throughout the rest of the Republika Srpska. Prijedor, in the northwest corner, was the site of some of the most vicious fighting at the outset of the war, in which fifty-five thousand local Muslims and Croats were ethnically cleansed, many by way of the notorious concentration camps at Omarska, Keraterm, Trnopolje, and Manjaca: stripped of their possessions, the victims were forced at knifepoint to sign over deeds to any real property before being expelled—those who survived, anyway—into desperate exile. The police chief who played a leading role in that bloody operation, Simo Drljaca, managed to retain control over the resulting purified *opstina*, or district. Locally, he was known as Mr. Ten Per Cent, because of the kickbacks and extortion payments he squeezed from almost every commercial enterprise in town.

What's more, four of the seventy-six people publicly indicted as war criminals by the War Crimes Tribunal in The Hague had retained plum positions in the Prijedor police force. And several of Drljaca's old colleagues from the so-called Crisis Staff, which oversaw the district's ethnic cleansing, had retained high civilian offices in the cleansing's aftermath. For example, Milan Kovacevic, an anesthetist who is reported to have managed the transport of thousands of his neighbors and colleagues to the concentration camps—from which many did not emerge alive—had in the meantime become the director of the Prijedor Hospital, and in that position, according to a Human Rights Watch report earlier this year, he'd been siphoning off hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of international relief assistance.

Here, as elsewhere, the international forces assigned to the town to monitor compliance with the Dayton agreement have tended to gaze on indifferently. The tribunal in The Hague has regularly registered pleas that they go after at least those indictees whose whereabouts were known to everyone. (The tribunal, like most judicial-prosecutorial organs, can't lay claim to any real police force of its own, and has to rely on others to make the actual arrests.) But the international forces, under orders from their commanders (who, in turn, have been taking their lead from the civilian commanders of the various contributing NATO countries), were entertaining the narrowest possible reading of their Dayton "mandate": they were technically authorized to make an arrest if they came upon a suspect during their daily rounds, but they were taking every possible precaution to avoid doing so.

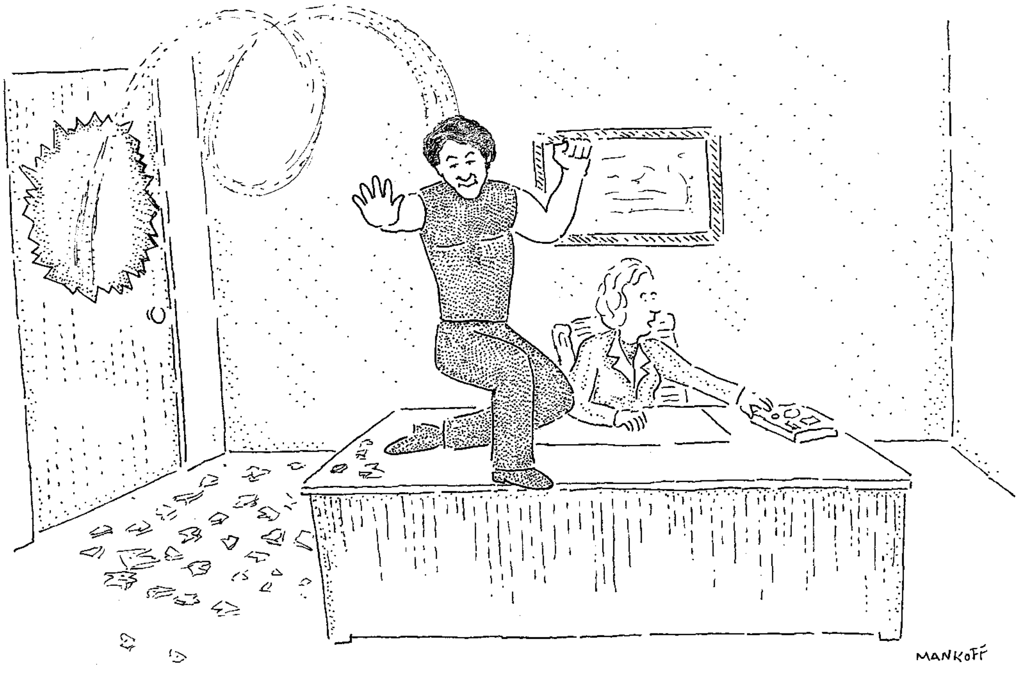
At the time I arrived in the Republika Srpska, the entire place seemed to have become criss-crossed with corruption, with all the lines converging on the wartime capital of Pale, the former ski resort in the mountains above Sarajevo. Pale had been the site of many of the premier events in the 1984 Winter Olympics but had since degenerated into a sort of down-market Berchtesgaden—or, rather, as some of the locally based international correspondents and peacekeepers had joked during the war, each time they'd had to undertake the dangerous climb out of besieged Sarajevo, "Well, time to be heading back to Twin Peaks."

The epithet perfectly captured the spooky, vaguely creepy aura of the place, crammed as it was with urbane Sarajevo politicians and businessmen who had skipped town one fine spring day in 1992, convinced that they would be returning home in triumph within the week. They'd hardly even bothered to pack any bags. But one week passed and then another, and then the weeks dragged into months, and on into years, and they all began going a little stir-crazy.

With time, the epithet began to take on additional shadings, evoking the two leaders who clearly commanded the place—the twin *capi di tutti capi* at the top of what had become a double pyramid of extravagant corruption: Radovan Karadzic, the former psychiatrist, would-be poet, and President of the Republika Srpska; and Momcilo (Momo) Krajisnik, the onetime contractor who had become the Speaker of the Bosnian Serb Parliament. The two (the former known for his awesomely big hair, the latter for his awesomely thick eyebrows) had known each other for years. They had even spent time together in prison back in the mid-eighties, though not for political crimes. Rather, they had been convicted in a shady business scheme involving the illicit transfer of funds into a chicken-farming operation.

Karadzic had twice been indicted as a war criminal by the tribunal in The Hague, for his command responsibilities in the massacre of as many as eight thousand disarmed Muslim prisoners following the collapse of the supposed safe haven of Srebrenica, in July, 1995, and, before that, for the ethnic cleansing in general and, in particular, his role in the bombardment of civilians in Sarajevo, where close to ten thousand died during a three-and-a-half-year siege. In those days, he had regularly visited his troops overlooking the city, in order to serenade them—accompanying himself on the single-stringed gusla—with bloodcurdling passages from the Serb epics, evoking heroic martyrdoms wending all the way back to the Battle of Kosovo, in 1389.

Karadzic wasn't even supposed to be in Pale anymore, let alone in power there. Dayton specifically forbade the continued tenure of indicted war criminals. But NATO personnel tended to ignore the situation. Even after he was finally forced to resign the Presidency in the lead-up to the parliamentary elections of Sep-



"A Mr. Jackie Chan to see you, sir."

THE TICKET

The poet saw the moon dimglimmering
through the dewy windowpane.
It was a nineteenth-century moon, soft as moths.
And he was on laudanum or opium.
Only yesterday when I asked her on the phone
why she sounded so happy, she replied,
“I'm on psychopharmaceuticals and in the country.”
Ah, that's the ticket.

—HARVEY SHAPIRO

tember, 1996, everybody in the Republika Srpska knew that he retained complete control over the Serb entity and its still thriving black market and smuggling operations. After all, his personal enforcer, Interior Minister Dragan Kijac, had twenty-five to thirty thousand police agents under his command.

As for Momo Krajisnik, who had not been indicted at The Hague, he was able to secure the Serb seat on the tripartite coöperative Bosnian State Presidency, whose effective functioning he immediately started attempting to bollix. But everyone knew that such machinations absorbed only so much of Krajisnik's time. For one thing, he had to monitor his family's lumber monopoly, the spectacularly lucrative foundation of his own illicit empire. Not only was Krajisnik neglecting to pay taxes on any trees he cut but he didn't seem to have to pay for the lumber itself: his people were able to chop away pretty much at will anywhere in the Republika. Who was going to stop them, and who else was going to try to compete? Meanwhile, the lumber trucks, barrelling noisily and often perilously through the narrow streets of Pale at all hours of the day and night, lent the place another of its Twin Peakish aspects.

EVERYONE knows where Radovan Karadzic lives—in the vast compound on the outskirts of Pale, ringed by security agents. Everyone knows when he cruises around town in his chauffeur-driven sedan, unmolested by NATO. Everyone knows his kids, perennially draped in ill-matched designer clothes and tooling about in flashy cars. Everyone knows his legion of bodyguards, each of whom appears to have grown rich in his employ. “Those guys,” a longtime resident of Pale commented to me one morning, dismay spreading across her face as one of them went racing by in his spanking-new roadster. “They change their cars almost as often as they change their undershorts.” The car careered around a bend and on out of sight. “More often,” she corrected herself.

The Serbs are not the only Bosnians afflicted with corruption among their leaders. Things are almost as bad among the Croatians, and though perhaps not quite as bad yet in the Muslim sector, they're getting worse there, too. In fact, the ethnic mafias exist in a state of near-perfect equilibrium.

“Dayton is functioning well at the level of the mafias,” another independent journalist, this one in Bijeljina, told me. “I mean, take the car mafias. Each of the entities has its own car mafia, and they're in continuous touch with one another, sometimes even by walkie-talkie. A car gets stolen in Croatia, it's driven to the Republika Srpska border, where it gets traded for one stolen on this side. The police on either side claim they can't follow up on the thieves, because their respective forces don't communicate on an official level. But some of the same police are often themselves the mafia guys, or anyway they have been paid off by the mafia to provide phony documents or else to turn a blind eye. It's a whole elaborate system.”

It's a system whose roots go back to the war, perhaps even to before it started. One afternoon, a United Nations monitor, a veteran of almost five years in Bosnia, shook his head dispiritedly, saying, “With that war, when you got down to the ground level, when you got under the skin of it, all the high-blown ideology and the nationalist rationales just seemed to melt away, and all you were left with was mad savagery and greed, and it was enough sometimes to make you sick. And that was true on all sides. Whenever you sat the leaders down in a room—the heads, as I came to think of them, of the various heart-of-darkness constituencies—they all understood one another perfectly well, and they got along famously.”

The journalist in Bijeljina, after describing the stolen-car rackets for me, said he wondered who was using whom. “Did the mafias promote the upsurge of nationalist feeling from the outset, banking on a war that they'd all subsequently be able to cash in on?” he asked. “Were the nationalists, for their part, relying on mafia types to help spread the sort of terror that alone could provoke the kinds of mass exodus that their doctrine of ethnic cleansing required? Were mafia types masquerading as nationalists, or did they maybe authentically believe all that stuff, or was it, rather, that the nationalists—or some of them, anyway—only gradually succumbed to the criminal temptations all around them? I don't know. I do know that the nationalist parties maneuvered the country into war, and that the minute it started the common people on all sides were drafted and sent off to the front, while the mob operated behind the lines, trading among themselves, stealing and profiteering and cross-dealing. It was behind the lines that the fortunes were being made. And it goes on to this day. Those idled factories. Towns with employment rates of twenty per cent—that's *employment*, not unemployment. It's in the leaders' interest: an idle factory's market value continues to plummet, and now, of course, with the call for market reform and privatization, the same two or three guys are going to be able to buy up the whole economy of the Republika Srpska. It just goes on and on.”

THE question I kept coming back to was *why* did it go on and on. Why did the common people of the Republika Srpska, for example, continue to put up with such shabby and life-sapping corruption instead of rising up in revulsion?

Well, for one thing, the relentless pauperization of the general population tended to undercut the potential for defiance. What's more, this war waged on behalf of the Doctrine of Serbian Unity had ended up producing almost unprecedented disunity among the Serbs. When an entire village was uprooted, individuals from that village were often scattered among several widely separated receiving points; the separated refugees were far easier to manage, far more vulnerable, and, hence, far more deeply in thrall to the whims of the local officials. Meanwhile, fissures opened up in those newly constituted townships. After all, what did Herzegovinian peasants have in common with Bijeljina townsfolk? Time and again, in Bijeljina and Banja Luka and Zvornik and Vlasenica, I heard townspeople characterizing their new neighbors in terms dripping with bigoted contempt ("those yokels," "those illiterate slobs," "those shiftless, lazy petty thieves")—indeed, in terms nearly as bigoted as any they reserved for their supposed ethnic enemies. In fact, not infrequently, although in a more circumspect tone of voice, I heard expressions of nostalgia for the old Muslim neighbors, with whom one at least shared a certain literacy and sophistication and humor, a frame of reference, a certain history.

However, if the immediate experience of daily life was one of atomization, the crushing weight of public pressure was toward an enforced homogenization: the surrender of any sense of self to the vast collective; the endlessly repeated need for continued vigilance and the continuing unity of all Serbs behind their leaders. After all, in each of Bosnia's entities, the principal media were still in the hands of the same parties and mafias whose hypernationalist exhortations back in the early nineties had set the stage for war in the first place.

Over the years, I've repeatedly heard accounts of how age-old and intractable ethnic hatreds in the Balkans made the recent war inevitable; it's a theory prized with almost equal fervor by local hypernationalists and foreign hesitationists, but I don't buy it. I've heard too many times that five years or two years or six months before the actual outbreak of the war nobody could have imagined that things were going to come to that—not here in this town, with these neighbors. The trouble is that, notwithstanding such mild sentiments, these same people, in overwhelming numbers, had voted for their respective nationalist parties in the crucial elections of 1990. They'd done so largely out of propaganda-induced fear—specifically, fear that their neighbors would be voting for *their* nationalist parties, and so one had to support one's own, if only in prudent self-defense.

The same mass psychology that animated the descent toward war five years ago continues to predominate today: leaders on all sides are able to intone that if you think you had cause to fear and hate the other before this war, just think of all the cause you have now, after everything that's happened since—at which point the axiomatic life-and-death necessity of falling in behind those same leaders is meant to become self-evident.

It's a psychological gambit that tends to work. (Among Karadzic's specialties as a psychiatrist was paranoia.) Or, anyway, this is how I came to understand a subsequent remark by the woman who had been complaining so bitterly about how the Pale bodyguards seemed to change their cars more often than their undershorts. "Doesn't that annoy people?" I had asked her. "Why don't they rise up in rebellion?" She smiled, and said, not entirely self-deprecatingly, "Ah, we Serbs tend to respect successful corruption. You know, the Big Man—that sort of thing." If our leaders can treat us, whom they purport to love, in this way, she seemed to imply, just imagine what they'll do, if necessary, to those we hate in common.

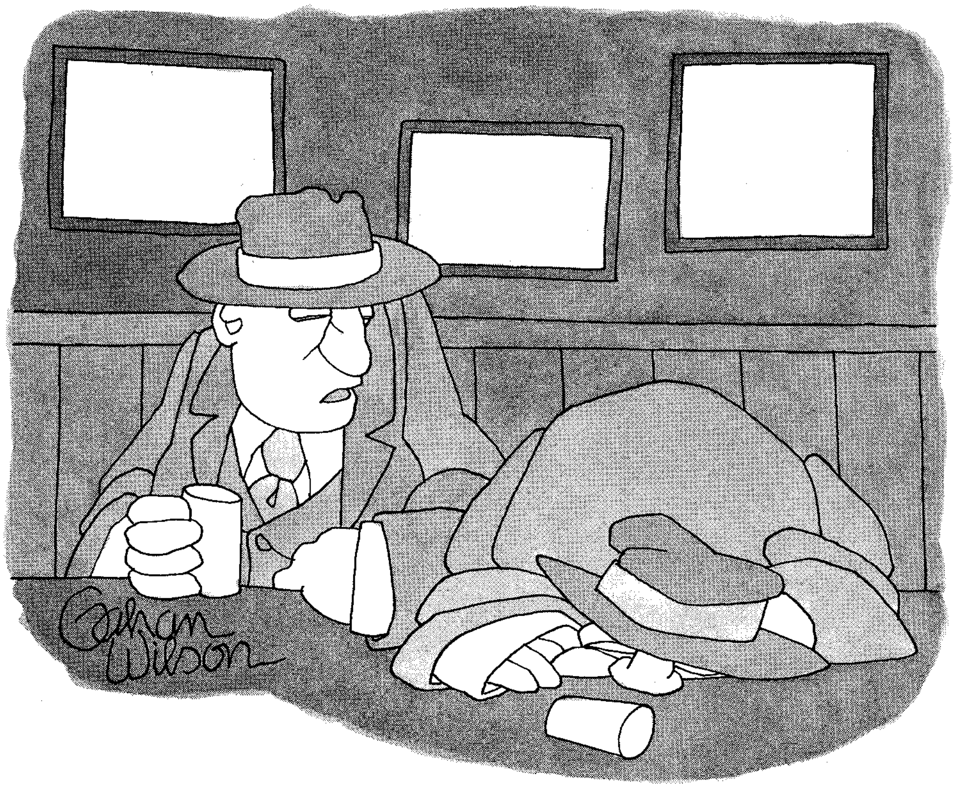
And then there's the tribunal factor. It has been lost on no one that many of those indicted in The Hague emerged from the war as the leading mafiosi or security or political figures in the new order, whereupon they took to feasting on their own. One might think that, among the victims of their current depredations, this would have lent credence to the tribunal's charges against them, but just the opposite has tended to occur. The indictments get portrayed as an aspersion against all Serbs—an especially ironic charge, since the tribunal has repeatedly insisted that it is endeavoring to establish individual criminal culpability precisely as a way of dispelling imputations of collective guilt. That message is clearly not getting through. Even more chillingly, the indictments are repeatedly cast as a potential personal threat to each and every individual Serb.

So the blockage within seemed total: the leaders entrenched, the populace entrammelled. Among the international players, everyone seemed to favor arrests—often vociferously and somewhat self-righteously—only on the condition that someone else do the actual arresting and, in the end (after considerable furrowing of brows and poring over mandates), that the leaders of the various Balkan entities themselves be the ones to do it. And that, of course, wasn't about to happen. Meanwhile, the economy of the Republika Srpska lay mired in corruption so thick that neither international investment nor international assistance seemed likely to come flowing in anytime soon in anything more than a trickle. History seemed to have got stuck at high feudalism.

Everything had come to a standstill, and then—history being history—suddenly everything began to move again. The catalytic agent behind this lurch forward seemed most improbable: Biljana Plavsic, a sixty-seven-year-old biology professor, late of the University of Sarajevo, who had been one of the most fervently hypernationalist bulwarks of the wartime regime in Pale, where she had been serving as one of two vice-presidents under Karadzic. At the time, she was dismissed by most observers as an unmitigated wacko. For instance, she often contended, speaking professionally as a biologist, that Serbs were genetically superior to Muslims; one day, she even claimed that Bosnia's Serbs were genetically superior to their metropolitan Serb counterparts, since for generations they had been required to survive amid their predators. In a similar vein, she had proposed that Sarajevo should eventually be divided into two sectors, with most of the city going to the Serbs, since it was well known that Muslims liked to live on top of one another—it was part of their nature—whereas Serbs had more normal spatial requirements.

Plavsic was, in sum, from Karadzic's point of view, a truly useful idiot, and, for that reason, in the summer of 1996, when he was finally forced to relinquish the Presidency, he had had her installed in his place, as a delegated puppet. This proved to be a big mistake, for he did not take into account two salient features of her personality: she was, by all accounts, personally uncorrupted, and when it came to Serb nationalism she was a true believer. She really was doing all this for her people, however quaintly naïve that may have seemed.

No sooner had Plavsic been ensconced in the Presidency than, to hear her tell it, she suddenly became aware of all sorts of shady dealings. During the winter of 1996-97, Serbia proper erupted in demonstrations against President Slobodan Milosevic. Alone among the Bosnian Serb leaders, Plavsic sent public messages of support to the Belgrade rallies. She had come to hold Milosevic responsible as the great archtraitor of modern Serbian history, both for his own pervasive corruption and for his betrayal of the Bosnian Serbs at Dayton, where, in a mad scramble to reinvent himself as the indispensable Man of Peace, he heedlessly sacrificed their claims to, among other things, Sarajevo. (It's worth noting here that, just as the initial upsurge of Bosnian Serb nationalism before the war had been but a side manifestation of Milosevic's own grotesquely opportunistic lunge for power back in Belgrade, so the Twin Peaks of Bosnian Serb corruption during and after the war were but foothills to the veritable Himalaya of such venalities that constitute the essence of Milosevic's regime.)



"Of course, you see everything from a very special perspective."

• •

In the months that followed, Plavsic made a few tentative attempts at curbing the excesses of the security police tied to Karadzic's enforcer, Interior Minister Kijac, but then pulled back in the face of his manifestly superior power. After that, she seemed to disappear from the scene; indeed, she was seen less and less in Pale, having repaired to Banja Luka, the Republika Srpska's only real city.

In early June, the new American Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright, who had been a longtime proponent of more robust rules of engagement for international forces in Bosnia, and had probably grown tired of Washington's endless bureaucratic seesawing on the subject, set off on a whirlwind tour of the former Yugoslavia—in part, apparently, to see if she might be able to stir things up on the ground. As one element of that trip, she met with President Plavsic, in her Banja Luka office, for almost an hour and a half. Albright appears to have warned Plavsic that the Republika Srpska existed, to the extent that it existed at all, only by virtue of the umbrella provided by the Dayton agreement, and that American and NATO patience was fast running out.

Four weeks later, on July 2nd, Plavsic, taking full advantage of the prerogatives of her office, delivered a televised address to the nation, which the nation absorbed, drop-jawed in amazement. At last, somebody was saying what everyone had been thinking but hardly anyone else had dared speak of in anything more than a whisper behind closed doors. And over Pale television, no less! Having described the Republika Srpska as "a state in which the budget actually does not exist, where police are involved in smuggling and stealing from their own state, and where a majority of the population is living in abject poverty," Plavsic went on to note that, while bribes and illicit profits coursed regularly into the pockets of a few individuals, the state, bereft of revenue, was unable to pay its teachers or its doctors, or even to bankroll the proper upkeep of its Army. Then, rehearsing the history of her Interior Minister's blatant insubordinations, she noted how he might well be "receiving instructions from somebody else, who, according to the constitution, has been barred from such activities since the September elections"—a direct jab at Karadzic. In any case, she continued, "I am insisting on Minister Kijac's resignation."

After alluding to the warnings she had clearly received from Secretary Albright, she reminded her listeners that "seventeen thousand young people gave their lives for this state," further insisting that its current course could lead only to catastrophe. "Dear people of the Republika Srpska," she concluded, "all that is being asked is respect for the law. All that is being asked is that responsible people behave responsibly toward the state. An end has to be put to the gray economy, to crime, and to the habits of the past. We do not have much time."

On that last point, at least, Karadzic and Krajisnik and Kijac all seemed to be in full agreement. Kijac announced that he would ignore his dismissal, while Karadzic and Krajisnik rushed to mobilize their allies in parliament for a special session, aimed at securing the President's removal. Plavsic was not without options of her own, however, at least on paper. Taking advantage of the remarkable constitutional prerogatives assigned to the Presidency (an office that had been custom-designed to meet the commodious specifications of Karadzic himself), she preëmptively suspended parliament and called for new elections in September. "Oh, yeah?" the Twin Peaks seemed to reply. "You and whose police force?" They convened the parliament anyway—or as much of it as they could muster—and began moving toward her ouster.

Plavsic started addressing steadily growing rallies, but Karadzic and his forces retained control of the police and of state television, and they blanketed the airwaves with increasingly vitriolic attacks on the President, regularly charging her with having sold out the Republika to the Americans.

Meanwhile, if Albright had been intending to stir things up in the Balkans so as to shake them up back in Washington, she certainly seemed to have succeeded. As the NATO leaders gathered for a summit in Madrid, on July 8th and 9th, there were growing indications that, in the light of the perilously unfolding power struggle in the Republika Srpska, the famously constricted "mandate" might be due for expansion.

And indeed, just a few days later, on July 10th, NATO forces struck. Acting on a set of secret indictments, British special-forces teams swooped down on Prijedor, arresting the hospital director, Milan Kovacevic, in his office without a struggle, and engaging Mr. Ten Per Cent—Simo Drljaca, the notorious police chief who had helped oversee the cleansing of Prijedor—in a firefight, in which he ended up dead.

The action was a clear indication of a decided, if only momentary, change in NATO policy—but it was also somewhat problematic. For one thing, there was the failure to capture Drljaca alive. Granted, he had fired first, and the military commanders had all along complained that their people were never trained for this sort of police role. Still, he would have been an immensely important catch for the tribunal, especially when coupled with Kovacevic, who in several interviews over the last eighteen months has been showing signs of being as pickled in guilt as he is in alcohol.

At the end of July, Kovacevic was brought before the tribunal and pleaded not guilty. But if somehow, down the line, he can be caused to "turn," he could provide immensely detailed information on the horrific Prijedor cleansing. Command responsibilities for that campaign, however, led through Drljaca and from him on up to Belgrade and, possibly, to Milosevic himself. With Drljaca's death, yet another of the evidentiary trails that could have led toward Milosevic has been sundered.

"What's a nice guy like you doing in a persona like that?"

But even more problematic than the outcome of these arrests was the choice of targets. These weren't small fry, by any means. (Drljaca, in particular, would have been included in almost anybody's Top Five list.) Rather, the issue was whether, especially given the current political crisis, with Karadzic's popularity at an all-time low amid the charges of corruption, it might not have made more sense to go after him first.

At any rate, the raid proved a disastrous setback—in the short term, at least—for President Plavsic. Pale television went on the offensive, playing film clips of the Albright-Plavsic meeting virtually non-stop while intimating that the President was guilty of treason. The attack was portrayed once again as an attack on all Serbs, and they were once again enjoined to hunker down, themselves against the world—a struggle that Plavsic was clearly no longer in a position to lead.

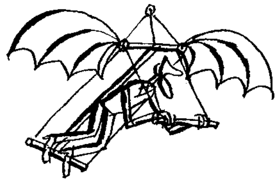
Posters went up all over the Republika showing photographs of a defiant Karadzic underscored by stark warnings—in English—to NATO forces: "Don't Touch Him" because "He Means Peace." A campaign of pinprick terrorism swept the region, ranging from midnight bombings of cars parked outside the homes of international observers to swipes at patrolling soldiers (by, variously, scythes and speeding Mercedeses). This was a game at which the Serbs were past-masters—the sort of thing that used to thoroughly spook Western leaders.

And yet it didn't seem to be working this time. The new Labour Foreign Secretary in Britain, Robin Cook, didn't seem the least bit fazed. The new American military commander on the scene, General Wesley Clark, seemed to be taking a decidedly broader view of his mandate than his predecessor, General George Joulwan, and so did the new civilian High Representative, Spain's Carlos Westendorp: he began making comments to the effect that not only would the war criminals have to be arrested in short order but corruption was going to have to be flushed out—perhaps by freezing foreign bank accounts. Even the old players were making new noises: NATO's secretary-general, Javier Solana, of Spain (a friend and former colleague of Westendorp's), was suddenly declaring that he wouldn't consider NATO's Bosnian mission complete until all the indicted war criminals had been delivered to The Hague. All these foreigners were converging on the region, and so was Richard Holbrooke, the architect of the Dayton agreement, whom President Clinton hauled out of retirement for one last arm-twisting tour in the first week of August, including yet another, and perhaps final, showdown with his old Dayton partner, the arch-villain Milosevic himself.

Whether the huffing and puffing would amount to anything remained to be seen. But there did seem to be a new sense of urgency—a sense that the next few weeks could decide the fate of the Dayton dream of a federated Bosnia, at peace, in which refugees might once again be able to return to their homes and ordinary people be allowed, finally, to take up the rebuilding of their communities.

NEVERTHELESS, even with all this new activism, it may be just too late to envision any sort of true ethnic reintegration for Bosnia. That's the reluctant conclusion toward which the Belgrade-based political analyst Aleksa Djilas—son of the great dissident Milovan Djilas, and himself an inveterate nonnationalist—has recently found himself tending. "I mean," he suggested hesitantly, "it's a little like a situation where a beautiful woman is walking down the street and a madman dashes up to her and slashes her face with a razor, exultantly screaming, 'Ha ha, ha ha, you'll never be beautiful again!' Sometime later, the woman goes to a plastic surgeon, and the doctor examines her carefully, tenderly, before sighing, 'Alas, alas, you'll never be beautiful again.' It's the same sentence but with two radically different connotations—the difference between advocacy and diagnosis." He was quiet for a few moments, then added, "And, alas, alas, maybe Bosnia never will be beautiful again."

Maybe. And maybe even worse. For if the international forces now hesitate again (and history affords small cause for confidence in this regard), and if Plavsic loses out—or maybe even if she wins (because, for all her daring, she remains an unreconstructed hypernationalist)—the Bosnian Serbs may continue obdurately refusing to coöperate in any meaningful way in the peaceful reintegration of the country, and at that point NATO may really give up in exasperation. If the Americans do pull out by July, 1998, as they are currently scheduled to do, everyone else will pull out as well.



Then, in all likelihood, the war will resume, and it could be a very short war. The Federation Army has been steadily building itself up, and the Serbs can no longer rely on the monopoly of heavy weaponry, upon which they based their spectacular early successes in the last war. In fact, the Republika Srpska Army is completely demoralized and gutted of effective leadership. The Muslims will be fighting to return to the idealized fantasies of their former homes, while the Serbs will only be defending the wretched wasteland that their leaders have made of their current ones. Their leaders, meanwhile, will very likely have skipped town, their wealth securely socked away in Cypriot bank accounts, their Belgrade villas handsomely outfitted—just as the Serb leaders did in the Croatian Krajina and in western Herzegovina before the outbreak of the final Bosnian-Croat offensive in 1995. The war, then, will be short and brutal, with perhaps a million Bosnian Serbs being forced from the lands their ancestors inhabited for centuries, and relegated to a life of abject desolation as refugees among the Serbs of Belgrade, who will have at last achieved the dark realization of the dream that Milosevic originally sold them on ten years ago: all Serbs in one state, indeed. The metropolitan Serbs will despise these new refugees (just as they despise the current crop) as the persistent mirror of their own onetime folly, and they will make the refugees know it. And that will be that. Except that, of course, it won't be. Those desolate shantytowns will doubtless incubate the next batch of history's aggrieved Serbs, avid for revenge and just itching for the next Fascist crusade to come along.

Or, then again, maybe not. There's a field alongside the road between Tuzla and Brcko, near the place where the highway crosses over from the Muslim-Croat Federation into the Republika Srpska. It was once the site of pitched battles, salted with trenches and mines, and, in fact, it marks the place where the war came to an end. Once the Americans arrived, they cleared the minefields and established a frontier checkpoint, and, little by little, merchants from either side of the divide started coming to trade. Nowadays, by eight or so in the morning the place is swarming, with tens of thousands of merchants and customers trading everything from cassette tapes and batteries and detergents and vegetables to stoves and cars and cattle—everything, they like to say, from pins to locomotives.

There are claptrap bars and outdoor cafés, and at one of those cafés, one afternoon, I happened upon a group of about eight merchants, relaxing after a busy day, joshing and ribbing and laughing up a storm. Two of the guys were Serbs, another was a Croat; there were two Muslims, a Montenegrin, and even a Hungarian, from the Vojvodina. I asked if any of them had fought in the war. "Oh, sure," one of the Serbs said, laughing. "In fact, I was stationed right up there." He turned, indicating the hills behind him. "And you were firing at me over there," one of the Muslims chimed in, pointing in the other direction and laughing just as hard. "A pathetic shot!" A waitress brought a round of drinks, and everybody toasted everything. I asked whether it felt strange for them to be gathered together like this after so much killing. The other Serb fixed me with his eyes. "Look," he said. "The thing you have to understand is that for eight hundred years around these parts, going all the way back to the Middle Ages . . ." Oh, no. I felt myself deflating. Here it all comes again: the Battle of Kosovo, the massacres during the Second World War, the endless endlessness of it all. "For eight hundred years," he repeated, "people around here have lived with each other *in peace.* Catholics, Muslims, Orthodox, Jews. In peace. No one anywhere else has been able to pull such a thing off. Sure, every once in a while some crooked politicians come along and muck everything up, but eventually they leave, and we're all still here. And people here know how to get along." ♦

PERSONAL HISTORY

LAST WORDS

He was the dark prince of American letters—druggy, dangerous, and poetically bleak; the granddaddy of the Beats; and the author of "Naked Lunch" and twelve other novels.

BY WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

May 3, 1997, Saturday

The caviar arrived. Now, son, when a man gets on the Beluga Caviar, well there's nothing he won't do to satisfy the Caviar hunger eating at his breadbasket. He'll lie, he'll cheat, he'll even kill for a gob of it. He'll get where he isn't even human anymore. Just a vessel for the vile Russian Trojan whore deploying her deadly cargo.

I can imagine someone bankrupting himself buying best Beluga at twenty-eight dollars an ounce. He comes home one day and his fifteen-year-old daughter and a bunch of teen chums are eating his Beluga and washing great gobs of it down with milkshakes.

"Come on in and join the party, Pop." Holds up an empty jar. "Too late." He would have killed them all had he not dropped down dead for the Timely Want of Caviar.

May 5, Monday

Allen died April 5, 1997.

Is it not fine to
Dance and Sing
While the bell of
Death do ring:?
Turn on the toe
Sing out Hey Nanny
Noo

If I should die think only this of me. That there's some corner of a foreign field that is forever: Tangier; Mexico, D.F.; St. Louis, Mo.; Paris; London; New York City; 202 Sanford Ave., Palm Beach, Fl.; Lawrence, Ks.—and a soupçon of Athens, Albania, Dabrovkirh, and Venice. So why bother? You are old, Father William. Why stand on your head?

May 12, Monday

Remember in the dream that I was young with all life ahead of me in 1890, small town, full of nice folk. Nice ignorant folk. I wasn't in any hurry. Silver dollars jingling in my jeans. Back when a dollar bought a feast of a meal with fresh Walleye, and grouse, and venison, *and a real steak* (not an endangered or extinct species). Washed down with the best French vintage, oh yes, and, of course, best Beluga caviar, to start with ice-cold vodka. Or could buy you a good piecea ass. Any size, race, or color.

So where did we go wrong? Well, I figure the wrongness was always there. "Security the friendly mask of change. At which we smile not seeing what smiles behind" (Edwin Arlington Robinson).

I feel chilly and grown old. I feel like Teiresias, fortnight dead and the waves pick his bones in whispers—the old, old words. So many terrible scenes with—forget it, deactivate it, let it go, it is only in your memory now, remove it. You have the power to do it.

May 24, Saturday

Great day Wednesday with the ME TOO [U2] Band in Kansas City. I love these public appearances—like an injection of sincere, reciprocal good will.

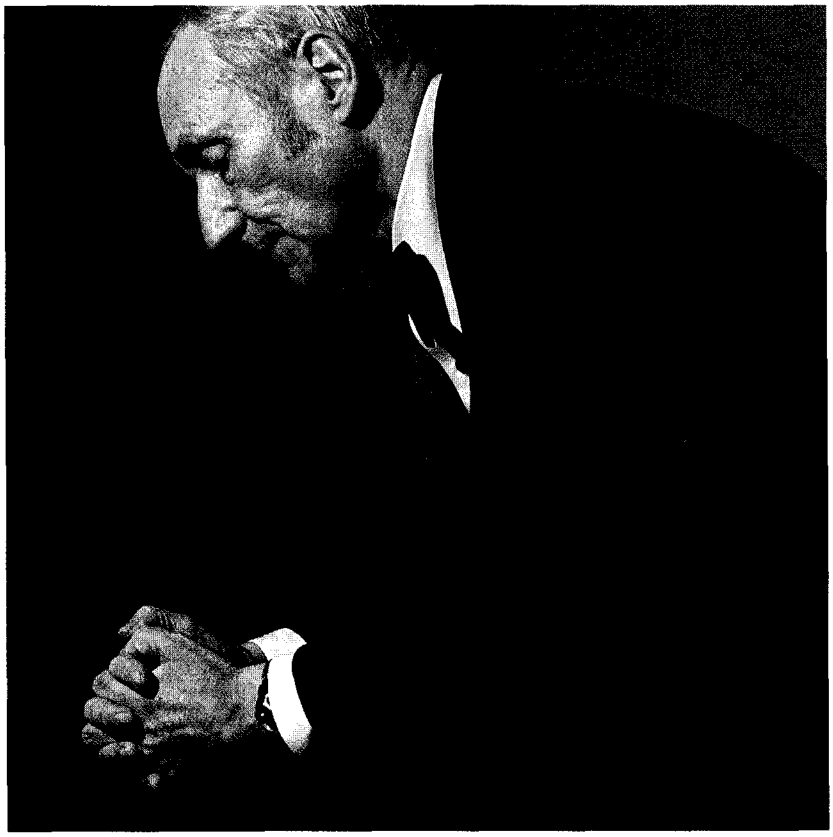
I'll go right back where
the bullets fly and
stay on the cow
until I die.

Here I crack up laughing. Trying to come up with a really *new* reading would put across who I am and why I am here. I have to do this.

So we start with the big, ugly American lie. Allen Ginsberg, according to George Will, made his career on the dysfunctions of American Society. Allen gnawed a hole in the Lie; his was the Howl heard round the world, from Mexico City to Peking, the Howl of distorted, suffocating youth. Allen's worldwide influence was unprecedented. He, with the courage of his total sincerity, charmed and disarmed the savage Fraternity Beasts.

May 25, Sunday

All governments are built on lies. All organizations are built on lies. Lies can be harmless, like the lie of miracle drug, methadone, that is meant to remove the desire for heroin. (Sure, like gin relieves the need for whiskey.) The drug emerged in a fog of lies explained to me by one of the early doctors. "If we had used the word 'morphine,' "



William S. Burroughs, photographed by Robert Mapplethorpe in 1980. Toward the end of his life, the author was writing only in his journal.

© 1980 THE ESTATE OF ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

he said, "we could never have gotten 'official approval.' " Methadone is the first completely successful synthesis of the morphine molecule—three times the strength of morphine by weight. I know. In Tangier I had a two-year habit on injectable—biseptom or whatever name—methadone which was just plain junk.

But it was the only way to get the methadone clinics started.

Who are these anti-drug freaks? Where do they come from for Chrisakes?

"Marijuana decreases short-term memory, interferes with coordination, causes lung cancer. (And rots the brain and moral values.)" Fact: Cannabis is one of the best anti-nausea drugs and increases appetite and general well-being. Also stimulates visual centers in the brain. I have gotten so many excellent images from cannabis. I used nothing else in my salad days and "quelle accomplishments!" (And "What coupling!" as an admiring French critic exclaimed.) A few drags on the green tit and I can see multiple ways out and beyond. So why all this heat on this harmless and rewarding substance?

Who are you to whom truth is so dangerous? What is truth? Something immediately seen as truth. (It may appear only once; it may not be repeatable.) We make truth. Nobody else makes it. There is no truth we don't make. Punch a hole in the Big Lie. Punch a hole for me. Punch a hole for "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn" (Keats).

Allen made holes in the Big Lie not only with his poetry but with his presence, his self-evident spiritual truth. Last words "Two to five months the doctors said," Allen said, "but I think much less." Then he said to me, "I thought I would be terrified, but I am *exhilarated!*" His last words to me. I recall talking on the phone with him *before* the deadly diagnosis and it was there in his voice—remote, weak. I knew then.

Leary was another. I talked to Tim the night of his death. He said: "Why not?"

MAY 26, MONDAY

The search for a final answer—the Holy Grail, Philosophers' stone. A receding mirage. In any case, who wants a final answer? I asked a Japanese physicist: "Do you really want to know the secret of the universe?" He said "Yes." I thought a fraction of that secret would have you climbing the walls. Me, I only want to know what I need to know to do what I need to do. "Just a Tech Sergeant, me."

Do I want to know? I have tried psychoanalysis, Yoga, Alexander's posture method, done a seminar with Robert Monroe, taken journeys out of the body, an est in London, Scientology, sweat lodges, and a Yuwipi ceremony. Looking for the answer? Why? Do you want to know *the secret*? Hell, no. All is in the not done.

Where is the cavalry, the spaceship, the rescue squad? We have been abandoned here on this planet ruled by lying bastards of modest brain power. No sense. Not a tiny modicum of good intentions. Lying worthless bastards.

MAY 30, FLIDAY

A review of life is not an orderly account from conception to death. Rather it's fragments from here and there. A telephone call. A message, my eyeglasses are ready. "You can keep quite comfortable on codeine." A comment, "He looks like a sheep-killing dog." Said about me by Pollet Elvins, Kells's father, who later went nuts with paresis.

MAY 31, SATURDAY

That vile salamander Gingrich, squeaker of the House, is slobbering about a drug-free America by the year 2001. What a dreary prospect! Of course this does not include alcohol and tobacco, of which the consumption will soar. How can a drug-free state be achieved? Simple. An operation can remove the drug receptors from the brain. Those who refuse the operation will be deprived of all rights. Landlords will refuse them housing, restaurants and bars will refuse them service. No passport, no benefits from Social Security, no medical coverage, no right to buy or own a firearm.

How I hate those who are dedicated to producing conformity. For what purpose? Imagine the barren banality of a drug-free America. No dope fiends, just good, clean-living, decent Americans from sea to shining sea. The entire area of dissent exorcised like a boil. No slums. No areas of vague undercover operations. No nothing. There in the pitiless noon streets. No letters.

How good will it be to have total conformity? What will be left of singularity? And personality? And you and me?

JUNE 4, WEDNESDAY

"*J'aime ces types vicieux, qu'ici montrent la bite.*" I like the vicious types who show the cock here. Anonymous, outside pissoir in Paris.

"Is it not fine to dance and sing while the bells of death do ring to turn on toe and sing hey nanny noo." Yes I love life in all its variety but at last the bell ringeth to eventide.

JUNE 6, CLOM FLIDAY

I wonder about the future of the novel or any writing. Where can it go? After Conrad, Rimbaud, Genet, Beckett, Saint-John Perse, Kafka, James Joyce, and—these two in a special category of doing one thing very well—Paul Bowles and Jane Bowles. With Paul there was a sinister darkness like underdeveloped film. With Jane? How do her characters move about, and what motivates them? It's just too special to formulate. What is left to say? Oh, I forgot Graham Greene. "The Power and the Glory." Maybe there was just so much "juice," as Hemingway used to call it, but not quite enough to get him in with Joyce and the selected few. Not quite enough, Pa. He killed himself from vanity and self-inflation and then the balloon ruptured. He knew he was finished. "It just doesn't come anymore." He just wasn't there anymore.

Back to writing—"*revenons à ces moutons.*" Maybe, on the basic level of truth, there just isn't any more to say. Conrad said a lot of it in "Under Western Eyes" and "Lord Jim" and Genet said it on the Spanish coast. I can feel his hunger, going down by the docks where the fisherman might throw him a fish that he then cooked over a brush fire and ate without salt. Why go on? "The tram made a wide U-turn and stopped; it was the end of the line." Paul Bowles at end of "Sheltering Sky." Sky. Sky. I can't even write the word sky. I guess I feel—why go on?

AUGUST 1, FLIDAY

Love? What is it? Most natural painkiller. What there is. LOVE. ♦

William S. Burroughs, born February 5, 1914, died August 2, 1997.

THE SKY LINE

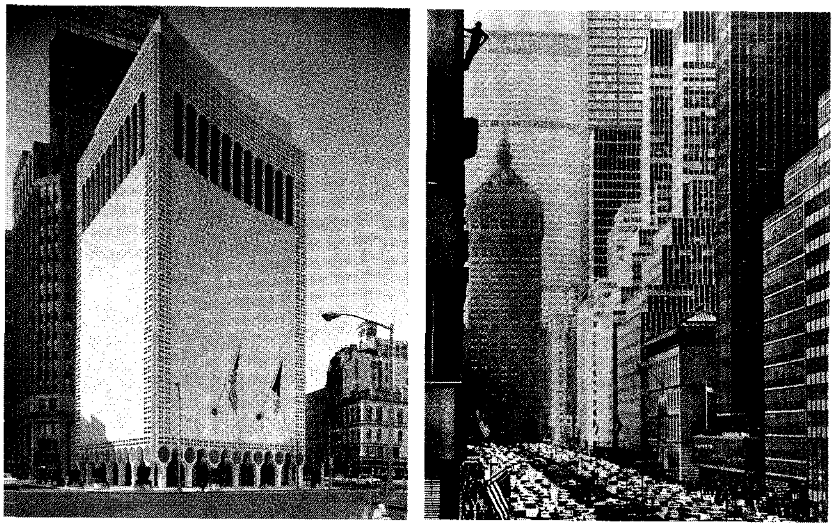
LANDMARK KITSCH

A new generation of architects tries to save the city's ugly ducklings.

BY PAUL GOLDBERGER

JOHN KRAWCHUK'S view of New York City was formed by the television shows that he watched growing up in California in the early nineteen-seventies: "The Courtship of Eddie's Father," "Family Affair," and the PBS documentary "An American Family," in which Lance Loud, the gay son, resettles in Manhattan. Krawchuk's idea of architecture was shaped by "The Jetsons" and "The Brady Bunch." So it is not altogether surprising that his favorite building is the old Huntington Hartford Gallery of Modern Art, on Columbus Circle—the confection of white marble designed by Edward Durell Stone, which less generous souls have likened to a Hollywood version of a Persian whorehouse. Krawchuk, a thirty-one-year-old landscape architect with a degree in historic preservation from Columbia, is one of the leaders of a movement to save the building. He also likes Stone's General Motors Building, on Fifth Avenue—a white marble skyscraper with forty-eight stories of bay windows—which is despised by most architects who were around when it was built, in 1968. Krawchuk was three years old then. He doesn't know a New York without the GM Building—or without the glass boxes of Sixth Avenue, or the Pan Am Building, or Lincoln Center, or the white brick apartment blocks on Second Avenue. To him, those buildings define the city, just as the Art Deco skyscrapers epitomized New York for a previous generation, and the Beaux-Arts monuments and brownstones for earlier generations still.

But is the former Gallery of Modern Art, now known as 2 Columbus Circle, the equivalent of the Frick Collection in the greater scheme of architectural history? If so, Kennedy Airport belongs on the list that begins with Grand Central Terminal. That is precisely what Krawchuk and plenty of other young architects and historic preservationists are saying. And they have been increasingly successful in persuading their elders, the people who grew up hating the buildings of the postwar era, to go along with them.



Modernist chic or schlock? 2 Columbus Circle (left) and the glass boxes of Park Avenue.

That tastes change, and have always changed, is the premise on which landmarks laws are based: they are intended to protect worthy architecture from the whims of fashion. In the fifties and sixties, there were few things lower on the scale of aesthetic values than Victorian and Edwardian architecture, and all kinds of buildings that would be cherished today were summarily demolished, often to make room for the very buildings that are now the subject of anguished debate. That paradox has not gone unnoticed. "A lot of the buildings that have to be preserved are the ones the preservationists came of age attacking, the ones they thought were the horrible buildings of the fifties and sixties," says Nina Rappaport, an architectural historian affiliated with DOCO-MOMO, an organization formed in the Netherlands in 1988 to preserve modernist architecture.

Still, even among those who believe that there is postwar architecture worth saving, 2 Columbus Circle has become the subject of controversy. "It's a flashy, vulgar building built by an architect who wanted to be elegant and original and failed miserably," Donald Oresman, the chairman of the Landmarks Conservancy, said the other day. "The thing looks like a stork whose legs were cut off at the knees."

"People talk about that building the way they once talked about the Jefferson Market Courthouse, in Greenwich Village," Krawchuk says, speaking of the once reviled 1887 brick-and-stone castle, by Vaux & Withers, whose rescue was one of the preservation movement's first triumphs, in the nineteen-sixties. "They say it's gawky and awkward. Well, so is the Jefferson Market Courthouse, and that's now an icon."

"If it weren't where it is, nobody would think twice about it," Oresman claims. So far, he has succeeded in preventing his colleagues on the Landmarks Conservancy board from adding the building to the list of structures they are recommending for official designation as landmarks.

The debate over the fate of 2 Columbus Circle began last year, when the city put the place up for sale. Given to the city by Gulf & Western seventeen years ago, it had been used as offices for the Department of Cultural Affairs and the Convention and Visitors Bureau. A private art collection, called the Dahesh Museum, expressed interest in buying it recently, but the Giuliani administration, considering the forthcoming redevelopment of the Coliseum, next door, decided that more money could be made by selling the building to a developer. It would be a preservation scandal—"CITY SELLS OFF MUSEUM TO DEVELOPER!"—if the preservation community weren't so deeply ambivalent about Stone's handiwork.

LEFT: EZRA STOLLER ©ESTO; RIGHT: ELIOT ELISOFON/LIFE MAGAZINE ©TIME INC.

Unfortunately for advocates of 2 Columbus Circle, no one has yet made a persuasive case that the building is much more than kitsch. And it's harder still to make a case for it as a historic artifact: it was put up in 1965 by a supermarket heir in a bizarre bid to overthrow the Museum of Modern Art's cultural power. The paintings in Hartford's collection, long gone, were undistinguished, and the building's vertically organized galleries, bereft of windows, would have doomed it even with better pictures. About the only thing that this eerily dumb building has ever done successfully is stand as a kind of amiable monumental presence at the foot of Central Park West. Its curved façade, dainty pillars, and porthole windows create a strangely innocent, fanciful quality, and perhaps the only argument for giving it landmark status is that it has become familiar, and hence a source of comfort. It's less like a building than like a Claes Oldenburg sculpture.

"I grew up thinking that everything modern was ticky-tacky and all the same," Peg Breen, who is the president of the Landmarks Conservancy, said recently. "Well, to me these buildings are a lot less huggable than older ones, but I'm learning that there is architecture there, too, and we need to include them in our definition of landmarks." To that end, the conservancy sponsored a lecture by the architect Robert A. M. Stern last October, in which Stern, best known as a designer of traditional houses for the rich, listed thirty-five modern buildings in New York that he deemed worthy of designation as landmarks, and proclaimed that the time had come to treat modern architecture as reverentially as the architecture of the distant past, for, after all, modernism now *is* the past. The Gallery of Modern Art is No. 26 on Stern's list. "People of a certain age think I'm out of my mind," he said. "But it's the only building on Columbus Circle that actually honors the idea of a circle: it was built to be a monument."

There is a real difference between modern buildings that are lovably eccentric, like 2 Columbus Circle, or Morris Lapidus's curving blue brick Summit Hotel, now Loews New York, on Lexington Avenue (the one that everyone said was nice but a little far from the beach); those that are dreary and banal, like the office towers of Park Avenue;

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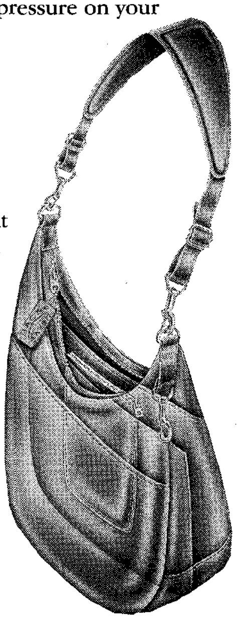

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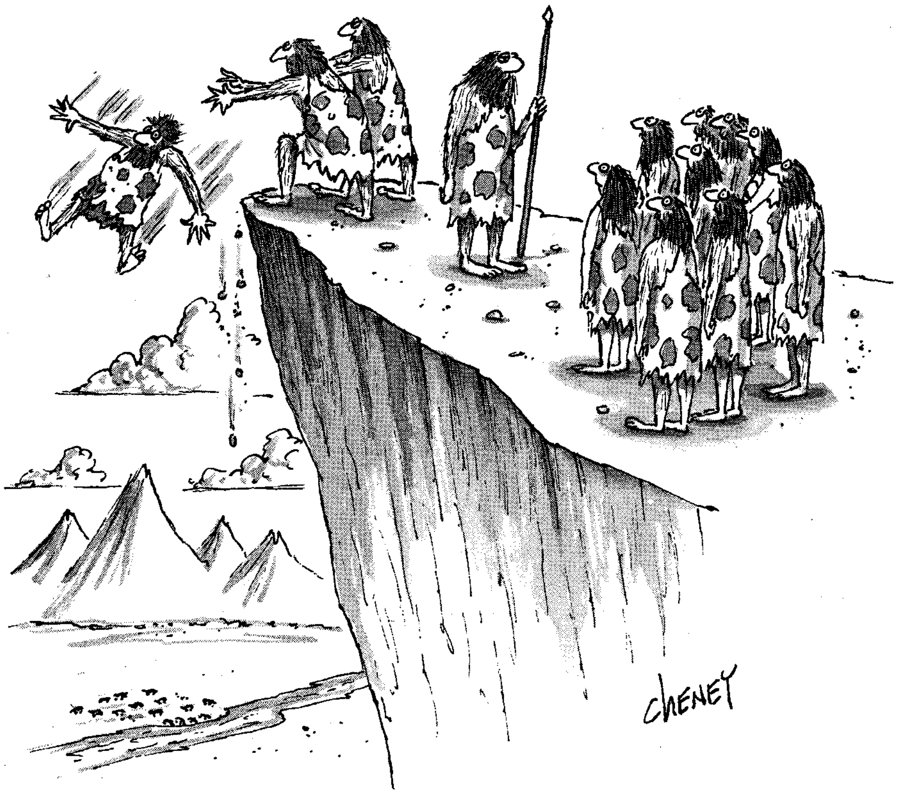

"So, does anyone else feel that their needs aren't being met?"

• •

and those that achieve a more profound degree of architectural experience, like the sumptuously elegant Seagram Building, on Park Avenue, or the Ford Foundation headquarters, built around a glassed-in garden on East Forty-second Street. The Landmarks Preservation Commission is as conscious of these distinctions as anyone. And it has remained, so far, solidly on the side of the modernist icons, declining even to hold a hearing on 2 Columbus Circle but enthusiastically designating Lever House, the green glass slab on Park Avenue that was among the city's first glass buildings, the Seagram Building, and the old Pepsi-Cola headquarters, at 500 Park Avenue. This fall, it will consider three more: the Ford Foundation, the black granite CBS Building, and the Chase Manhattan Bank on Fifth Avenue at Forty-third Street, the glass box built in 1954 for the Manufacturers Bank. These buildings were all acclaimed when they were new and have never gone entirely out of fashion. To have a problem with them, you would have to believe that architecture stopped with Stanford White. As for the eccentric modern buildings and the banal ones—the architecture that the critics never liked but that a younger generation clings to as part of the texture of the city it has inherited—Jennifer Raab, the chairman of the commission, says only, "I'm very open to learning, but I do not think we have to rush."

Every generation enjoys embracing what the previous one disdained, of course, but in architecture the tension may be more acute. If modernism failed at anything, it was at creating a workable, comfortable vernacular—a design vocabulary out of which appealing everyday buildings could be made. Ordinary modern architecture was about making things quick and cheap, not about making civilized cities. Robert Stern recalls hearing an executive of one of New York's biggest builders of office towers in the fifties and sixties say that the glass-and-metal boxes his company erected were intended to last for the life of their mortgages, and no longer.

So why preserve buildings that even their creators thought so little of? You sometimes hear high-flown talk about the importance of postwar modernism to the "narrative" of New York, but the real reason a lot of these buildings are going to be saved is that people have got used to them. Like John Krawchuk, architects under forty view them as having always been there. No thirty-year-old remembers McKim, Mead & White's Savoy-Plaza, which once stood on the site of the GM Building, or the vista that existed on Park Avenue before the Pan Am Building blocked it, or the lower Manhattan skyline before the World Trade Center tipped it toward New Jersey. You don't regret the loss of what you never had.

As for the rest of us—people like me, who remember staring down into the hole that was to become the Time-Life Building in 1959, when I was nine—well, you get used to anything. Architecture, because its presence is constant, has a strangely benign effect over time: even the ugliest buildings become tolerable—and actually comforting. We expect to see them, and thus in some small way we come to value them. It is an odd irony that modernism, an architectural style that was anything but sentimental, has come to be the object of considerable sentiment.

Modern architecture was invented to obliterate history, not to make it. When the modern style evolved—in Europe, in the early decades of this century—its goal was to sweep away the clutter of the past, including classical columns and Gothic arches. Modernists were going to invent the world anew and, through the clean simplicity of their buildings, create a better life for all. It worked for a few years—the modernist buildings of the twenties and thirties almost always seem to wear a halo of utopian idealism—but by the end of the Second World War the dream had disintegrated into a kind of corporate dullness. Modern architecture meant the new American corporation, not a new way of living. Treating quick, cheap modern buildings as permanent presences requires a lot of rethinking on the part of preservationists. "We know what to recommend for a limestone building with a deteriorating façade," Jennifer Raab says, "but what do you do with a glass-curtain wall? We're not yet experts in how to preserve modern buildings."

The commission faced its first such situation earlier this year, when the owners of Lever House decided to replace the green glass façade that gives the building its character. The glass had deteriorated badly after more than forty winters, and had always been problematic in terms of energy conservation. Engineers first proposed putting a new glass skin over the existing one, for added insulation. The Landmarks Commission was less than enthusiastic about the proposal, arguing that it would change the building's appearance, and urged the company to consult with Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, the original architects. Gordon Bunshaft, who designed the building, died in 1990, but David Childs, one of the firm's chief design partners, and a man who had made his reputation designing postmodern skyscrapers with classical details, came up with a new glass skin that will look, he says, exactly like the original. The glass is scheduled to be replaced later this year.

Lever House's face-lift brings up another paradox of modern landmarks: in the case of older buildings, authenticity is usually a matter of retaining genuine and original pieces that bear the patina of age, but modern buildings can often be made *more* authentic by having their parts replaced. Like the Bionic Man, they are truest to form when they are forever new.

Modern buildings need to be protected by a different set of standards. Most landmark designations cover only the exterior of a building. But what if a building is made of glass, and the exterior is transparent? Change the inside, and you have changed the outside, too. The former Manufacturers Bank at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street once had a pristine, simple interior that was entirely visible from the street. Now Chase has put colored signs with its logo everywhere on the second floor, and has rented out part of the ground floor as a showroom for office machines. From the outside, the bank is a different building altogether, even though not an inch of its original structure has been changed.

When there isn't much ornament, windows and surface mean everything. In the Look Building, the "wedding cake-like" pile of alternating horizontal ribbons of brick and glass at 488 Madison Avenue, the rhythm of stripes wrapping around curved corners makes a definite architectural statement—enough, at least, so that the building is on most modern preservationists' priority lists. All those setbacks and curves do confer a certain presence—a somewhat endearing combination of the flamboyant and the boring, sort of like a 1955 DeSoto.

I know that I once thought nothing of this building, and now I like it, and could even begin to make a case for it as a serious work of architecture. But do I like it because I am used to seeing it at the corner of Fifty-first Street—because it has become the architectural equivalent of comfort food? Isn't that the kind of criterion John Krawchuk would use?

Not a chance. He is actually quite tough. "I don't like everything," he said. "Sure, I like old things like the Pan Am Building and Lincoln Center. But some of this new architecture—I don't know about it. Take the Millennium, that apartment building on the West Side that just went up. I look at it, and I wonder how it could ever be a landmark. I just see a lot of glass and brick." ♦

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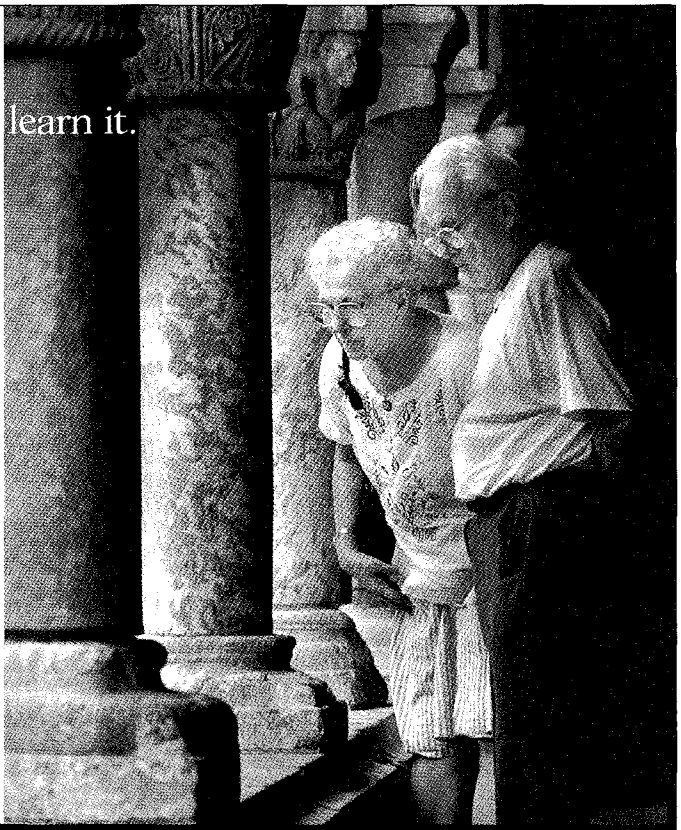


THE SPORTING SCENE

TACKLING THE COMPETITION

Football suddenly has major rivals—computers, skateboards, Michael Jordan. How will the N.F.L. sell itself to a generation that doesn't see the thrill of a full-body tackle?

BY JOHN SEABROOK

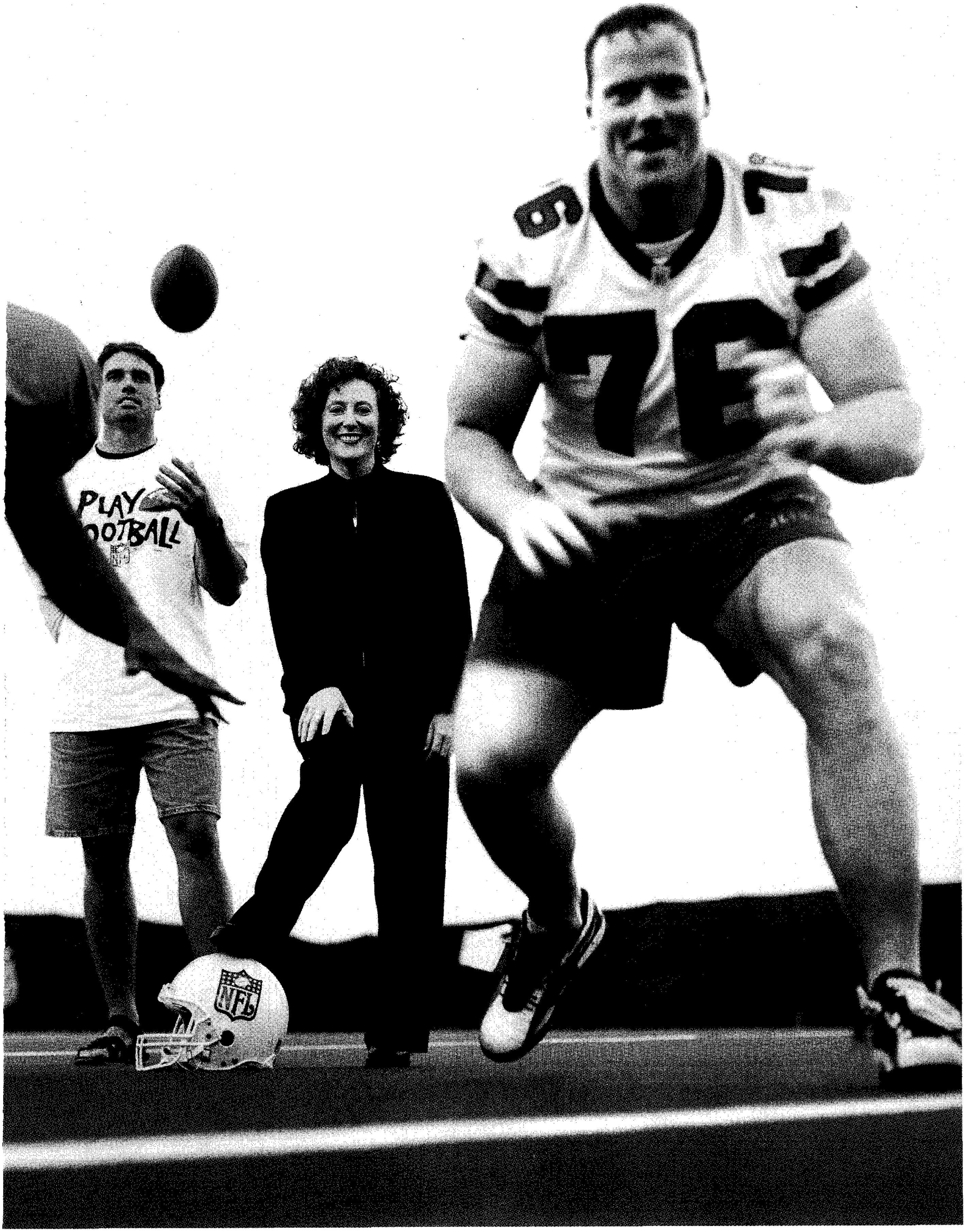
THREE years ago, Paul Tagliabue, the commissioner of the National Football League, decided that the league needed to become more "proactive" about marketing the sport of football, or "the product," as the newer owners call the game. The N.F.L. had severed its long relationship with CBS after the 1993 season, signing on with Fox, and Tagliabue wanted to take a forward-looking approach to marketing which would be more compatible with "the approach to sports television that ESPN and Fox brought to the table, that everyone else is emulating now." As he explained it to me, "It's really an attitude more than something you can quantify. It's more youthful. More iconoclastic." In recent years, the sports landscape in which the N.F.L. competes has been profoundly altered by other forms of media and entertainment. Video games provide some kids with the same sense of action, speed, and power that pro football used to supply; Nintendo, for example, is a major competitor of football that did not exist twenty years ago. On the modern media gridiron, it isn't Johnny Unitas vs. Bart Starr anymore; it's Brett Favre vs. Batman.

Although previous presidents of N.F.L. Properties, the licensing, sponsorship, and marketing arm of the league, had all come from within the league office, Tagliabue thought that the right person to lead a new marketing campaign, like the one the National Basketball Association has employed so successfully in recent years, might be found outside the N.F.L. He needed someone who could make football attractive to a new generation without disgusting the middle-aged bratwurst-and-beer types who enjoy going to games with their faces painted in the colors of their teams. The situation of the N.F.L. was a little like that of the high-school football star who has always had the girls flock to him and suddenly needs to go looking for a date for the first time: it would require the right touch. How do you preserve the unglamorous essence of football, which consists of men colliding with each other, while competing with all the cool new noncontact sports, from snowboarding to street luge?

Neither Tagliabue nor Neil Austrian, an investment banker and former advertising executive whom Tagliabue hired as president of the N.F.L. in 1991, was interested in "becoming a CBS"—that is, allowing the forces of change that had humbled its former network to erode the N.F.L. as well. Recently, polls have shown that football is losing kids to both basketball and soccer. Basketball is now twice as popular as football among twelve-to-seventeen-year-olds, according to a 1996 ESPN Chilton Sports poll, and all around the country not as many kids are going out for football as in the past. John Cistone, who coached the varsity team at St. Vincent–St. Mary's High School, in Akron, Ohio, for thirty-nine years, told me, "In the seventies and eighties, we would have seventy-two to eighty-two players on the varsity. Last year, we had forty-four. We've won four state championships, so we have quite a football tradition. But kids don't seem to be interested. The core athletes, they still play football, but the fringe, who were playing football ten or twenty years ago—today they do other things." Terry McBroom, the coach at San Marin High School, in California, said, "Back in the seventies, football was huge. But now we've fallen off. We play in an eight-team league—there've been eight teams for as long as I can remember. But last year Redwood High School and Drake High both suspended their varsity programs. Red-

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX VADUKUL

Will football ever have the glamour of rock and


PLAY
FOOTBALL
NFL
NFL
76

roll? Sara Levinson, formerly of MTV (photographed with three Jets starters), has taken over the marketing of the N.F.L.

wood has twelve or thirteen hundred students, and they couldn't field a football team. 'Course, their soccer is huge."

Football is not "on trend," as the marketers say. Very few girls play the contact version of the game—a serious liability in an era when the growth of women's participation has become "the biggest change in sports in the last decade," according to Dr. Richard Lapchick, the director of Northeastern University's Center for the Study of Sports in Society. And soccer moms don't want their sons playing football. Even though the rate of injuries to young soccer players is actually higher than it is to young football players, football has an unhealthy image: concussions, steroids, widespread use of painkillers, and the fact that pro careers last an average of three and a half years. Not only are the pros unable to play football when they retire; they often can't run, or even walk without limping.

After a search of the top marketers in various media businesses, the Commissioner settled on Sara Levinson, the co-president of MTV, to take over the job of marketing the pro game. This was an unconventional choice. MTV is the prototypical cable channel, "niche-marketed" to a small, well-researched "demo," while the N.F.L. represents classic network TV: it delivers the only mass audience left in television. Also, MTV sells exactly what my high-school football coach tried to drill out of his players. In the mid-seventies, football was defined as everything rock and roll was not: it was discipline rather than hedonism, showing team spirit instead of doing your own thing—a jock/stoner dichotomy memorably expressed in the movie "Dazed and Confused." What has happened in the intervening decades is that rock's values have triumphed on the media gridiron and football values have withered. The hedonists have ended up kicking the jocks' butts.

The arrival of Levinson, the first woman president at any of the Big Three sports leagues, was something of a cultural shift for the men of the N.F.L. The league's headquarters, at 280 Park Avenue, is a masculine place. Men occupy the windowed offices on the perimeter; female secretaries work in the bullpens inside, their work surfaces covered with brand-reinforcing giveaway products known in the industry as "glom." Everywhere on the walls are pictures of gritty, heads-up plays by American males. Recently, when one of the executives was dating Sharon Stone, he got high fives from the guys in the windowed offices whenever he walked down the row. One N.F.L. staffer, a former high-school football player, told me, "When Sara got here, some of my buddies called me up and said, 'You're working for a fucking woman?' "

"One thing I noticed was that in meetings guys would sit there, you know, throwing a ball," Levinson told me. "I'd say to myself, 'What the hell is going on?' They would just sit there in a meeting doing this." She made a throwing motion, then went out for her own pass and caught it in an ironically jocklike way.

Levinson is forty-six, and has red hair, freckles, and a five-year-old son who is currently into basketball. (" 'Michael! Michael!'—that's all I hear," she told me.) She was not a football fan before coming to the N.F.L. Growing up in Virginia, she had three brothers, but their mother would not allow them to play football. "Jews don't play football," Levinson joked. But one of her biggest projects now is to get women to become avid football fans. According to a fan survey that she commissioned on arriving at the league, forty per cent of the N.F.L.'s TV audience is women. When I expressed skepticism about this number, and about whether women could ever be persuaded to feel passionate about such a brutal game, Levinson gave me the impression that the game I knew and loved was not exactly the game she was planning to sell. At a meeting I attended, one of the men working on the Women's Initiative informed his boss, "Our research indicates that women like the tight pants on the players. They like, um, their butts."

"Go figure," Levinson said.

LEVINSON is iconoclastic—a trait that went over big at MTV but is not so big at the N.F.L. "At the N.F.L., authority and tradition are very important," she told me. "At MTV, when we had our tenth-anniversary specials, we would talk about whether we even wanted to call attention to the fact that we were ten years old. Whereas at the N.F.L. we bring out the throwback jerseys and celebrate our seventy-fifth anniversary." Football is the ultimate team sport—it's all about guys in huddles, accepting orders—and, as Levinson quickly learned, the league itself is a team operation. One of the day-to-day tasks at corporate headquarters is to persuade the thirty extremely competitive capitalists who own the pro teams to share almost all of their television and sponsorship revenues equally, in the interest of creating a competitive league and what amounts to a kind of exclusive socialism unlike any other in professional sports. In major-league baseball, the owners enjoy much more freedom to make deals with broadcasters and sponsors in their own markets, and there is no true salary cap to prevent rich owners from spending whatever it takes to get star players. (Albert Belle, the Chicago White Sox slugger, makes more money than all the players on the Pittsburgh Pirates combined.)

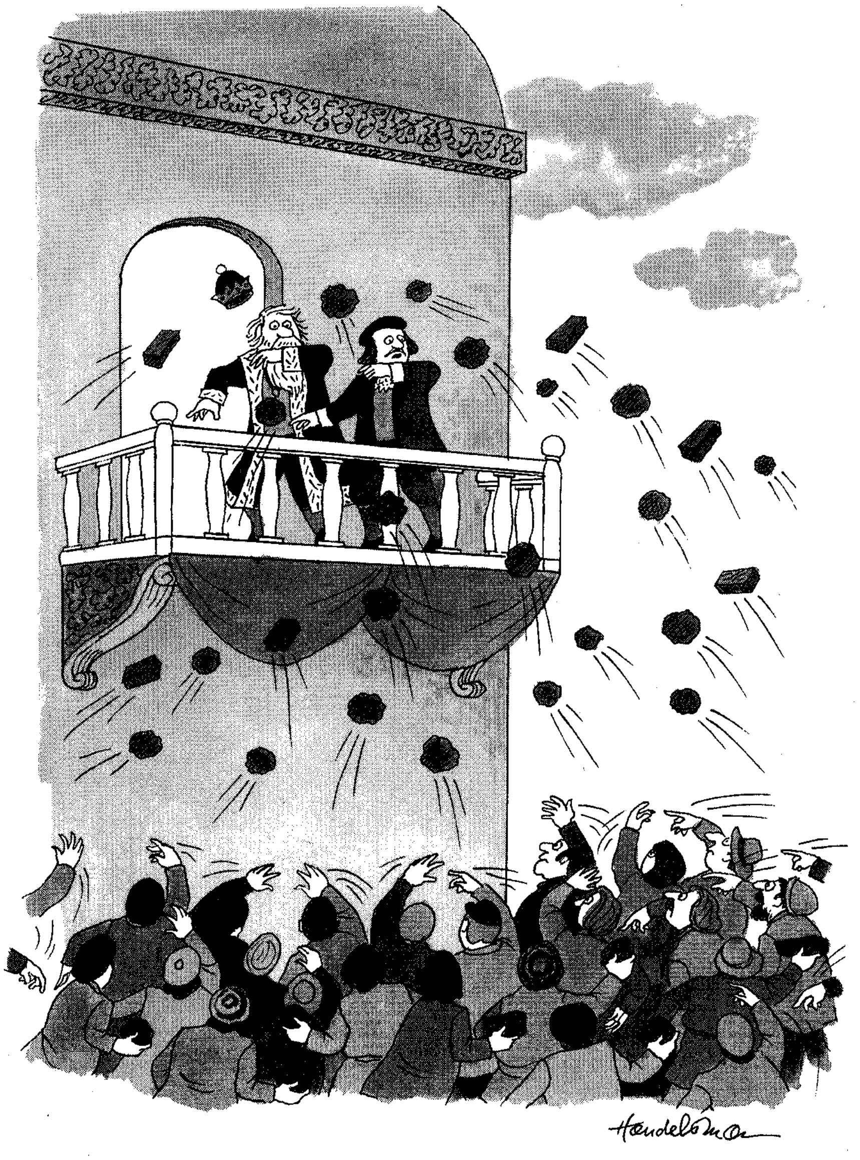
Today, however, economic and social forces are eroding both the team ethic of football and the team ethic of the league. Some of the new crop of pro players, like the New York Jets receiver Keyshawn Johnson, the author of a tell-all memoir of his rookie year entitled "Just Give Me the Damn Ball!," seem to think that they're playing in the N.B.A. Even more corrosive to team spirit is free agency, under which a player can declare himself on the open market four years after being drafted by a team. Free agency is the devil's bargain that Tagliabue made with the Players Association four years ago to insure labor peace in the league, and it has had a profound effect on both the league and the game. Young players now want to distinguish themselves as individual stars early in their careers, so that they can command higher prices in the open market, and fans risk losing their favorite players to other teams if the players' asking price is too high. (Eighty-nine players have changed teams this year under free agency.) Coaches of losing teams can no longer blame the luck of the draft, or the limited talent pool, for their teams' poor performance—"You don't survive without winning" is how Tagliabue puts it—and that is one reason that there are eleven new head coaches in the league this year. Each owner, in order to be liquid enough to have a twelve-million-dollar signing bonus sitting on the table when a superstar free agent visits his office, has had to search for new sources of revenue. This drives up ticket prices, which are rising at nearly three times the rate of working people's wages, and also makes the owners crave revenue-producing stadiums. (Nine new stadiums are set to open in the next five years.) Owners whose cities won't build new stadiums have the option of moving to cities that will, as Art Modell, the owner of the Cleveland Browns, did last year, whereupon the Browns became the Baltimore Ravens.

Sprint, the N.F.L.'s official telecommunications sponsor, pays twenty-four million dollars a year for the privilege, in part because the N.F.L. can guarantee Sprint exclusive rights to games in all local markets, where Sprint is trying to extend its business. Even if an owner believes that he can make more money doing his own sponsorship deal with a local carrier, the N.F.L.'s exclusive Sprint deal means his hands are tied. But this may be changing. It was a pivotal moment in the life of the league when Jerry Jones, the renegade owner of the Dallas Cowboys, walked onto the field two years ago during a Cowboys-Giants "Monday Night Football" game, accompanied by Phil Knight, the chairman of Nike, to announce a deal that included "stadium rights"—a hot new revenue source that would allow Nike to display its swoosh in the stadium.

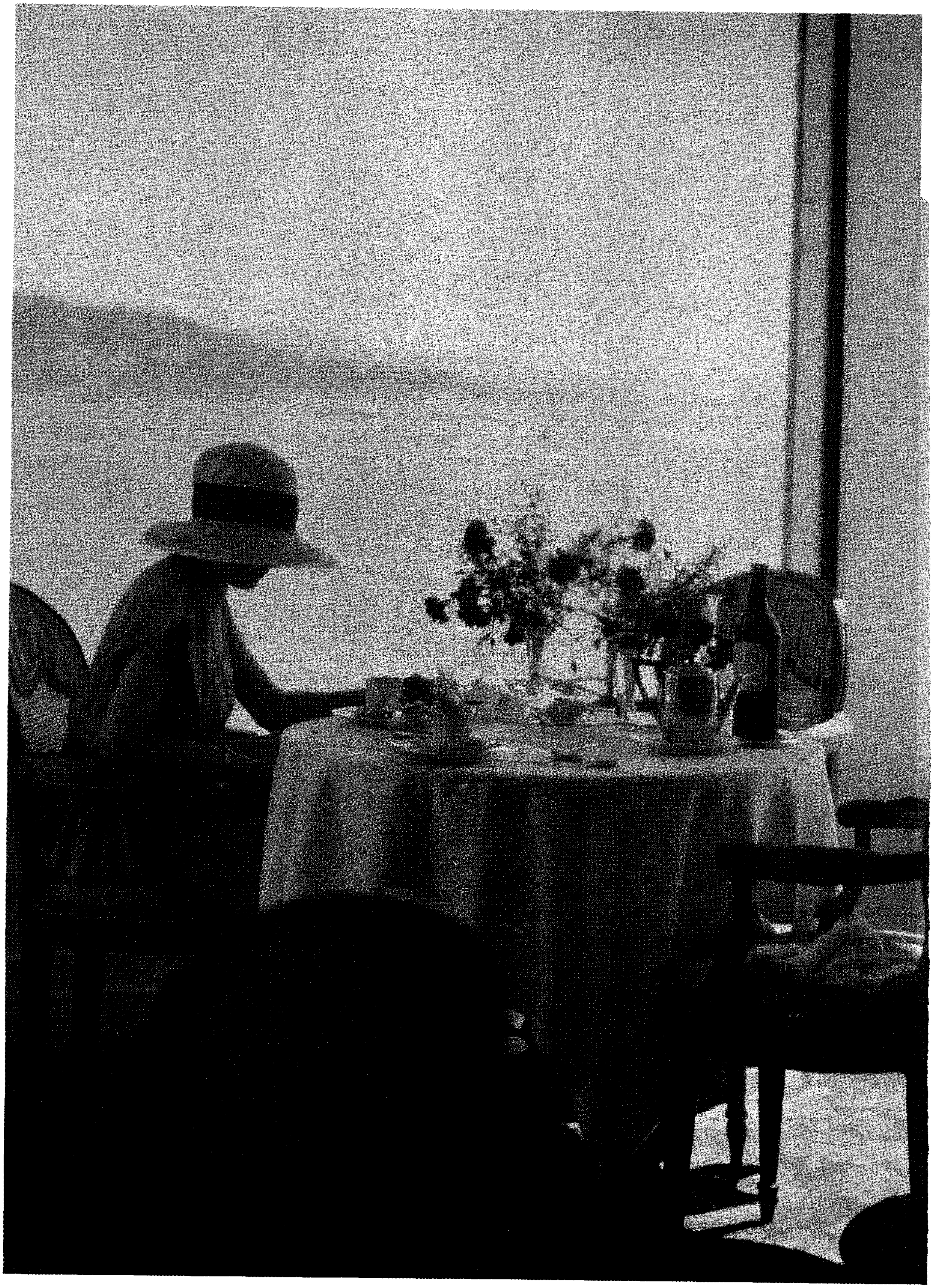
In the meantime, football's ratings remain high. A hundred and ten million people watch the N.F.L. on TV every week; a hundred and thirty million people watch the Super Bowl. Though the networks that made football the most popular sport in America are in decline, the N.F.L. remains the single largest content provider to network television. Of the top ten most-watched shows ever to appear on television, seven have been Super Bowls, and the ratings of an above-average "Monday Night Football" game, like the Dallas–Green Bay game last year, are higher than those of any N.B.A. playoff game ever. The N.F.L. guys cite these stats for the same reason that a three-hundred-pound lineman runs into you—to knock you over. But even while football remains the most popular sport on TV, its purchase on the national Zeitgeist has slipped. Paul Gardner, in his book "Nice Guys Finish Last: Sport and American Life," applied Charles Reich's theory of the three stages of American consciousness to sports. Baseball is the sport of Consciousness I, which was nineteenth-century, small-town rural America. Football is the sport of Consciousness II, spanning early-twentieth-century industrialism up through the postwar corporate society. Gardner, who was writing in the early seventies, wondered if basketball—a sport that values skill over force and improvisation over planning, shows the human body in its natural form rather than heavily armored, and, above all, allows its players to express what Reich called "the concept of full personal responsibility"—might become the sport of Consciousness III.

Today, Gardner's analysis looks prescient. The values of brute force no longer resonate as deeply with America as they once did. We are an entertainment and information economy: creativity and entrepreneurship have more currency in our lives than physical labor, and personal initiative means more to us than following orders. The men for whom football was a ticket out of the mines and the mills are now the grandfathers of lawyers or insurance salesmen or McDonald's employees, and the green fields that formed their vistas have been replaced by urban and suburban landscapes. The playing field of the contemporary urban kid's imagination is as likely to be a basketball court or a computer screen or an iron bannister in the park which he slides down on his skateboard as it is to be a football field.

"BASKETBALL is the MTV of sports," Sara Levinson told me in her office one day early in July. "The way TV covers basketball, with the quick cuts, the music overlaid—it's much more like MTV. So the N.B.A. skews young. Going to a basketball game—it's like being inside a video." At MTV, Levinson sold rebelliousness; indeed, she helped make rebelliousness and anti-authoritarianism a commodity. "Just Do It," the rallying cry of Nike, might not have been possible without the attitude blazed by MTV. In football, the message has long been "Just Do What the Coach Tells You to


Handelsman

"Perhaps Your Majesty should try governing from the center."

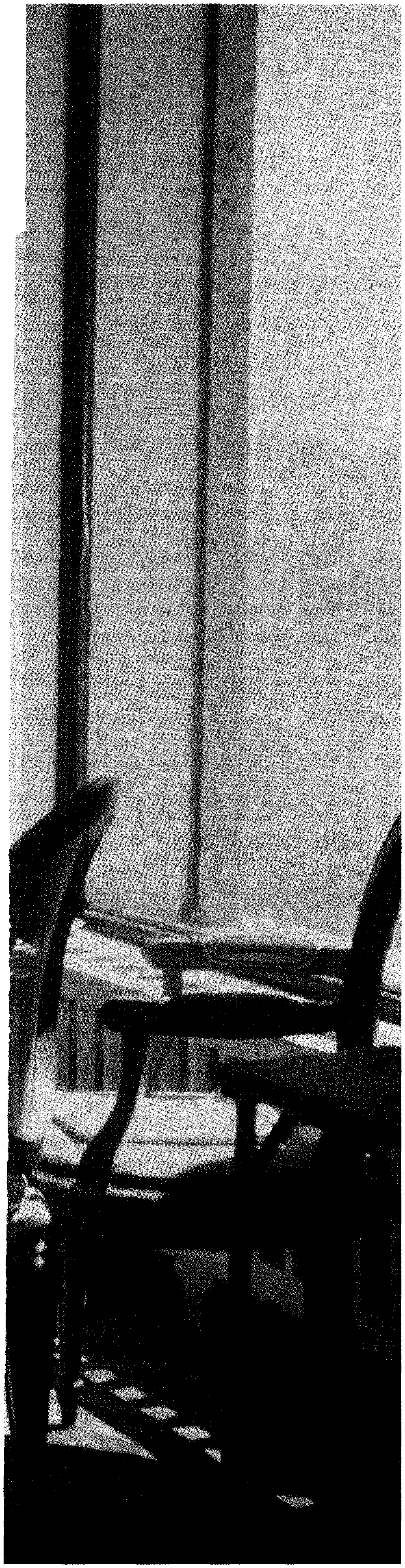


Do." Football players are not encouraged to do much creative thinking, which may be one reason that kids aren't so interested in playing the sport. "We have to be careful not to be MTV, because it would turn off our viewers at the older end of the demo," Levinson went on. Kids relate to rebelliousness, and the N.F.L. is "not a rebellious force. We need to get into kids' skins before the rebelliousness starts to get really loud."

In order to insure that football remains the game that teen-agers play on the lawn at Thanksgiving, the N.F.L. is in its second year of promoting several new pickup-style football games, all of which are variants of flag football. David Newman, whom Levinson worked with at MTV, and who is in charge of special events, told me, "It's all about getting a football, this unusual-looking object, into a kid's hands as soon as you can. Six years old, if possible. You want to get a football in their hands before someone puts a basketball in their hands, or a hockey stick or a tennis racquet or a golf club." Missionaries from the N.F.L. go out to youth organizations like the Y.M.C.A. and the Police Athletic League in various cities and try to get the counsellors to teach the new games to their kids. "The football infrastructure in the urban areas has declined so badly it's almost disappeared," Scott Lancaster, the director of the N.F.L.'s youth football program, said, adding that last year's New York City champion, Kennedy High School, in the Bronx, had its playing field condemned. It literally collapsed. (The team practiced in a parking lot and played all of its games away.) Unlike traditional high-school football, however, the N.F.L.'s new games are coed, and in designing them the league has taken from soccer and basketball elements that research shows kids like, such as continuous play, lots of scoring, and chances for everyone to stay involved in the action. In N.F.L. Ultimate football you can take only two steps before you have to get rid of the ball. Flag games are five on five, and no blocking is allowed, but downfield laterals are, thus creating more opportunites for everyone to score, or at least to touch the ball.

In reaching out to kids, the N.F.L. has to contend with the fact that Nike and Reebok have changed the way that kids see sports. From a modern sports-marketing perspective, football has two basic flaws: you can't see the players' faces and you can't wear their shoes. A Reebok executive estimates that the company spends eight to ten times as much money promoting basketball players as promoting football players, because it sells many more pairs of basketball shoes than pairs of "cleated footwear." Today's sports marketing is about the face, the individual, the personality. The shape of Michael Jordan's head is a brand. When Karl Malone's lips move at the free-throw line, millions wonder what he is saying. And basketball has adapted its own marketing efforts to the techniques of the sneakermakers. Rick Welts, the president of N.B.A. Properties, told me, "We decided in the early eighties that we were going to focus our marketing on the talent and personality of individual players, that what was different about our sport was that you saw the players so much. We would make an effort to develop them as individuals, figuring people would be drawn to their stories. That strategy wasn't designed for kids, but it turned out that kids in particular responded to the players as individuals." Football players, on the other hand—hulks behind helmets—are faceless performers for the team. Football is about character, not personality. A personality on a football field is like a target the other players aim at. As David Newman conceded, "It's a challenge. Some of our biggest stars, the fans hardly know what they look like."

WHAT, exactly, is Levinson selling, in selling football? People who like to watch the game—my wife, for example—tend to enjoy the ballet part of it: the perfect passes, the circus catches, the



MINISTÈRE DE LA CULTURE-FRANCE/A.A.J.H.L.

TEMPS PERDU

Each winter starting in 1906, the young Jacques Henri Lartigue and his family fled the motorcar bustle of the Bois de Boulogne for the lazy sunshine of the Côte d'Azur. Here the boy blossomed into a sensualist, and here and in Paris he spent the rest of his ninety-two years, painting, writing, and taking vibrant, uncontrived pictures. "Lartigue's Riviera" (Flammarion) accompanies a show of his photographs now on view in Paris. The artist returned to Cap d'Antibes in 1920 with Bibi, his new bride, and in the Eden Roc restaurant he made this color transparency, using the pioneering autochrome technique. The sublime wisp of a scene shows the couple's private corner, which he described in his diary as "virtually in the middle of the sea and all alone."

"Why not stay with your mother and me? The Feds will never find you here."

great breakaway runs. (She thinks that tackling should be banned from the sport, and that the pros should play flag football.) But my experience of playing organized football is that the essence of the game is hitting, not ballet. Especially if, like me, you weren't fast or agile, the way to excel at football was to hit people as hard as you could on every play. It was fun to run a "counter" (a misdirection play), in which I was the pulling blocker—to ram full speed into the blind side of some dumb lineman who had bought the fake, empty my body into his body, and knock him flat. But to be hit, that made you wonder. Suddenly there is impact, the solid *thwunk* of someone else's body smashing into yours, followed by a silence except for your own strangled-sounding "*unnngh*." You are flying through the air, not knowing yet what hit you; your head strikes the ground first, and a weird, smoky smell comes into your nose. You lie on the ground moving your head cautiously, because the impact has obviously torn your brain free from the webbing that connects it to the inside of your skull. Then you see your opponent standing over you, laughing at you, or maybe snarling at you—it's hard to be sure.

This is the least upbeat but perhaps most immutable aspect of football, and it's something that Levinson will have trouble selling: football is about hard work, pain, and losing. (Messages that the game is all about winning—such as "Just win, baby," which is the Raiders owner Al Davis's hipster re-statement of Vince Lombardi's famous remark "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing"—are actually less than half the story.) Football is the only common language we have in which to talk about the pitiless, hit-or-be-hit side of America. The game's origins lie in a hazing ritual that was practiced at Ivy League colleges in the eighteen-twenties, according to Benjamin G. Rader, the author of the 1983 book "American Sports." Freshmen would be summoned to a field to play a rugby-like game during which the upperclassmen would welcome them to school by beating the crap out of them. That impulse (often outlawed by school authorities) found its way into rugby football, which was popularized in the United States in the eighteen-sixties and seventies in part by the success of the novel "Tom Brown's School Days." The violence that had always been implicit in a game that involved men running into each other had never been fully expressed by the Englishmen who played it: their class and their decorousness stopped them from pushing the violence beyond a certain point. The American gentlemen who played the game were not so sporting. There was no rule that said you couldn't punch your opponents, for example, so in the American game there was punching.

The men who played this variant of rugby, which was to become football as we know it, lived in a society that was considerably meaner than ours. The array of safety nets and government programs that exists today to ameliorate, or at least disguise, the inequality of American society had not yet been designed. The poor immigrant had to contemplate in all its stark, Darwinian unfairness the wealth of railroad men like Jay Gould. It was a take-or-be-taken society, and football was a way of making a game out of that, a mean game for a mean world. The bruising union battles around the turn of the century were psychically revisited on the field—there was an undercurrent of brutality that is still very much part of the game. "Hey, baby, this movie is rated R," Bruce Smith, of the Buffalo Bills, said on the sidelines recently, his million-watt smile lighting up his handsome face. "Adult language and violence. Lots of it."

The pro game rose to supremacy among American sports in the nineteen-fifties, as the offensive machines increasingly mirrored the corporate ethic of that era: centralization, division of labor, doing what you're told. The greatest innovator in those corporate aspects of the game was Paul Brown, the coach of the Cleveland Browns: he invented the modern "pocket," which the quarterback stands in to throw; brought classroom methods to the game; put coaches in the press box; and was the first coach to call all plays from the sidelines, a technique now standard in the pros. (Today's quarterbacks all have radio receivers in their helmets.)

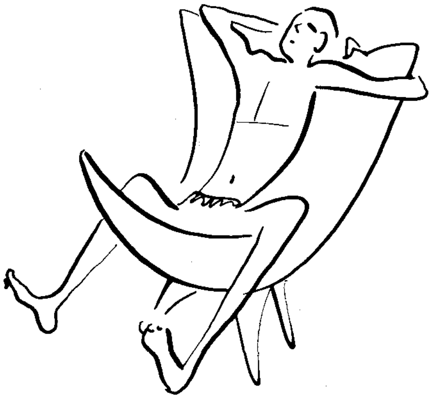
In the sixties, football overtook baseball as the country's most popular sport. (Baseball got to keep "national pastime" as a consolation prize.) It drew on the turbulence of that decade, both at home and abroad, and may have reached its peak as a national obsession in January of 1972, when Richard Nixon took time out from his "game plan" for ending the war in Vietnam in order to awaken Miami Dolphins coach Don Shula at one-thirty in the morning before Super Bowl VI and call in a play he was sure would work against the Cowboys—a down-and-in pass to Paul Warfield. (Shula ran the play late in the first quarter; it was incomplete.) In a nation seething with pinkos, longhairs, drug takers, and nonconformists, football was a sturdy bulwark, a blocking sled.

Just as offense expressed the Zeitgeist of the fifties and sixties, so defense is true to the spirit of the nineties, because in defense personal initiative is more important than following a preset plan. The "sack"—a term invented by Deacon Jones, of the L.A. Rams, to denote the play in which a single defender can cause the downfall of the whole offensive plan by tackling the quarterback behind the line of scrimmage—is the quintessential rock-and-roll play: it's about the triumph of the individual over the system. (Jones described the feeling of a sack as being "like you devastate a city, or you cream a multitude of people. It's just like you put all the offensive players in one bag and I just take a baseball bat and beat on the bag.") The growing importance of the sack in the pro game has created a new kind of athlete, whose body is an impressive combination of the strength and the speed necessary to get through the line to the quarterback quickly. The great defensive ends—like Bruce Smith, of the Bills, and Reggie White, of the Green Bay Packers, who stand six feet five or so and weigh two hundred and eighty pounds but are as quick as little scatbacks over short distances—are to me the most awesome athletes in pro sports.

Left to grow organically, football would naturally express the rock-and-roll impulse that values the individual over the group. Yet even in the age of MTV marketing, football is uneasy with this impulse. The touchdown dance, an eighties innovation, is rock and roll on the largest imaginable stage. (Dr. Harry Edwards, a sociologist at Berkeley and a consultant to the San Francisco 49ers, has described it as "the creation of a vehicle to express that joy for which there is no mainstream language.") But the league discourages these uppity displays of individuality. (In the college game, all touchdown dances are against the rules.) At the same time, in other areas the N.F.L. manages to court the game's potential for show. As defense has got better over the years, the league has made rules limiting what defensive players can do—like the rule that says the defensive backs cannot bump the receivers more than five yards from the line of scrimmage—in order to encourage scoring, because scoring is what people like to watch on television. This is one of the ways in which the value of the spectacle has taken precedence over the nature of the game.

On arriving at the N.F.L., Levinson set about drawing up a new marketing plan for pro football. Howard Handler, whom she brought with her from MTV, and who had begun his career as a brand manager for Quaker Oats, was the author of this document—called, of course, "Game Plan 1997." It begins by defining football as "the American essence of human competition," and attempts to put into marketing lingo the wordless passion of the gridiron. It includes, for example, a graphic representation of the N.F.L.'s six "Core Equities" and their "Key Symbols":

> Action/Power: Hitting, elusive running, circus catches, the N.F.L. Shield.
> History/Tradition: Leaves, N.F.L. legends, fathers and sons . . . tailgating.
> Thrill/Release: Fans laughing, screaming, frustrated, exultant. Players doing the same.
> Teamwork/Competition: Green Bay Packers in the '60s, '69 Jets, the Steel Curtain.
> Authenticity: The ball (pigskin), the field, grass, mud . . . sweat, blood.
> Unifying Force: The team, friends, families, communities, tailgating.



Also part of the game plan is the "N.F.L. Mission," which focusses on the importance of youth:

> Nothing can be more important than how we manage young people (particularly ages 6-11 . . .) into our fan continuum and begin to migrate them toward becoming avid/committed fans.
> Critical Action: Generate early interest and enthusiasm. Transform/convert their casual interest into commitment. Amplify to avidity.
> How?: Elevate/personalize players; Football education. . . . Increase N.F.L. intersection with pop culture/trends; Continue to give them products that allow them to build and express their loyalty.

Handler's game plan was slipped into a few of the slim folders that Levinson's nine vice-presidents brought to a meeting I attended at 280 Park on a very hot day in July. Three of the V.P.s were people Levinson had worked with at MTV; the rest were longtime N.F.L. guys. No balls were thrown, but there was much discussion of various ways to promote the N.F.L. "brand." Since Levinson's arrival, it has been O.K. to speak openly about the N.F.L. as a brand, and to conceive of the business as a national branding operation, in which the league tries to gain as much leverage as it can by sharing its "brand equity" with "partners." This meeting was a festival of brand names, from Starter to Bud, including Pert Plus, Hershey's, 7-Eleven, Coke, Visa, and Sports Authority. Jim Schwebel, who is in charge of sponsorships, reported that he had "an excellent meeting with Gatorade last week." And Coke's "The Red Zone" campaign, he said, had brought half a million new names to the N.F.L.'s database, which the league can now share with its partners, like Sprint.

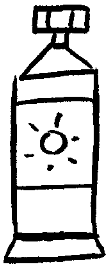
"That's good," Levinson said.

"I hope the owners are aware of who is bringing all these businesses to the party," Schwebel said. "It's us. Are we going to get the credit? No."

Jim Connelly, the head of licensing, which is N.F.L. Properties' basic and still most profitable business, spoke next. The retail sales of N.F.L.-licensed goods is a three-billion-dollar-a-year industry. Traditionally, the N.F.L. has sold merchandise in downmarket venues like J. C. Penney and K mart—not just clothes but sheets, stadium blankets, wastebaskets, Christmas ornaments, all kinds of "trash and trinkets." ("Stack it high and let it fly" was the unofficial N.F.L. motto.) But lately Connelly has been negotiating partnerships with high-end brands. "Would we talk to Tommy Hilfiger?" Connelly had asked himself out loud when we spoke earlier in his office. "Yes. We're planning on it. You see his nautical attire, or Ralph Lauren's Polo line—everybody is getting into sports to sell their stuff. Maybe we go in the direction of the understated casual look. You can't walk down the street looking like Joe Torre, in pinstripes, and you can't walk down the street in Armani, like Jeff Van Gundy, unless you're rich, but you can wear exactly what Ray Rhodes"—the Philadelphia Eagles coach—"wears on the sidelines."

Connelly concluded his presentation by noting the extent to which the N.F.L. was kicking the N.B.A.'s butt in the licensing business. "What's going on with basketball?" he asked.

"They got next," said Handler, sarcastically alluding to the clever turn on the neighborhood-playground line "We got next," which is the N.B.A.'s slogan for its new women's league. Earlier, Handler had repeated to me the N.B.A.'s marketing slogan, "I love this game," and asked, "What is that? The emphasis should be on 'this,' as in this particular game. Because after *this* game what have you got? The Mailman versus Sir Charles—what the fuck is that? What happens when they're gone?" His point, which I heard frequently at the N.F.L., was that the N.B.A. has achieved some fast and easy market share from Michael Jordan and a few other great individual players but has neglected to promote the game itself and will suffer when Michael retires.



SPORTS and entertainment may be growing ever closer together, but there is an important difference between them. Entertainment is an operation driven from the top down, by a few people who try to give the public what they think the public wants. Sports works the other way. A sport is born among the folk, in its relationship with a particular team. Thanks mainly to television, that relationship has turned into a commodity, which marketers try to "grow" into more money by figuring out how the love of a team can be shifted to the love of a product. But, no matter how much entertainment and marketing you can spin out of football, there's a part of the game that remains essentially unmarketable, and nonetheless accounts for football's mesmerizing appeal to its fans. Football players are the faceless heroes whose travails represent your travails; the fact that you can't see their faces actually makes it easier to feel their pain.

This visceral side of the game—the old, premarketing world of football—is on display each year at the Professional Football Hall of Fame, during Enshrinement, a week-long festival at the end of July in Canton, Ohio, attended by half a million people. Naturally, Commissioner Tagliabue appears at this event, and I joined him on a Friday morning as he flew out of the Million Air terminal in Teterboro, New Jersey, on board an N.F.L.-chartered jet. Last year, the Commissioner was loudly booed at Enshrinement weekend, mostly by Cleveland Browns fans who were angry at him for allowing Art Modell to move their team to Baltimore—an outrage that many fans saw as a symbol of what's wrong with the pro game, which is that the business and the spectacle have become more important than the relationship between the teams and their fans. But if the Commissioner was nervous about the reception waiting for him in Ohio this year, he didn't look it. He stretched his long legs in the cabin—tall and trim at fifty-six, he still has his basketball figure from the days, nearly forty years ago, when he was the Georgetown Hoyas' leading rebounder—and reflected on the state of the N.F.L. "For two decades, up through the nineties, you really had a period of status quo," he said. "And it was great. There wasn't a hell of a lot of change. Now we've got a lot of change." However, he preferred to see change as bringing "creative energy" to the league. He pointed out, for example, the positive side of free agency—that it has allowed the new expansion teams, like Carolina and Jacksonville, to be immediately competitive. "And this has been a big plus as far as bringing new fans to pro football," he said.

Tagliabue was met on the runway of the Akron-Canton airport by Hall of Fame volunteers in new Lincoln Town Cars, which had been lent by local car dealers. He was driven with appropriate pomp to the hall, to speak at an unveiling of new postage stamps depicting famous football coaches, and then to a country club, for a private lunch honoring this year's enshrinees: Mike Webster, Wellington Mara, Don Shula, and Mike Haynes—the Pittsburgh Steelers center, the New York Giants owner, the Miami Dolphins coach, and the Oakland Raiders defensive back, respectively. The invited guests were mostly Hall of Famers from years gone by: Gale Sayers, Paul Warfield, Terry Bradshaw, Deacon Jones, Joe Greene, Ray Nitschke, Joe Namath, Bob Griese. Almost all were wearing the special gold jacket that signifies their place among the hundred and eighty-nine players who have been blessed with the N.F.L.'s highest honor. Whatever force fields of irony I, a New York smart-aleck in Kitschville, had brought with me were instantly demolished, and I was left standing there with a huge grin on my face as I looked around the room at the heroes of my boyhood.

It was not a particularly healthy-looking group. Many of the players winced, clearly from joint pain, as, one by one, they rose to speak to the new enshrinees and to welcome them to "the greatest fraternity in the world," in the words of Kansas City great Len Dawson. Chuck Bednarik, of the Philadelphia Eagles, the last player to play both offense and defense, was sitting at the table behind me. His knuckles were hugely swollen, and the pinkie on his right hand was broken sideways; it veered away from his coffee cup like some grotesque parody of Emily Post etiquette. Frank Gifford, who, thanks to Bednarik, had been hospitalized with a deep concussion after the Eagles-Giants game in 1960, was seated a few tables away, with Wellington Mara. (The Commissioner wondered whether the guys were ribbing Frank over his recent extramarital escapades, but the presence of the eighty-year-old Mara, Gifford's former boss, seemed to keep things above that level.)

The Enshrinement ceremony took place the following morning, outside the hall, which has a huge football-shaped dome as its roof. Although the season doesn't start until August 31st, this was the invocation of it, the ritual arousing of Old Man Football from his sweaty, tormented summer slumber. It had rained earlier, and by the time the ceremony got under way the grass was starting to steam. Paying and credentialled guests were seated on the lawn in front of the hall, while "the people" were gathered on a hill to the right, between a Cyclone fence with barbed wire on top of it and a concrete retaining wall. Most of them were Steelers fans, who had made the two-hour drive from Pittsburgh to witness the beatification of Mike Webster: he had been the center on the great Steelers teams of the seventies, when they dominated pro football. To the left was a raised stretch of Interstate 77—high enough so that passing semis could see down into the scene. The speeches were punctuated with thundering blasts of solidarity from truck drivers on the job.

"When I listen to Mozart, the numbers just seem to crunch themselves."

The crowd did boo when the Commissioner was announced, but not as loudly as last year. Tagliabue kept his remarks brief, and then each enshrinee was "presented" by someone of his own choosing. Don Shula was presented by his two sons, Dave and Mike, who are both coaches in the league. Wellington Mara was presented by Gifford, who declared that Mara was the father any son would wish to have, the "most honest and decent man I have ever known." In a sign of the times, Mike Haynes was presented by his agent, Howard Slusher, who is now a special assistant to Phil Knight, of Nike.

Finally, Mike Webster was presented by Terry Bradshaw, who had been the Steelers quarterback and the so-called Blond Bomber during their golden age, and who now plays the football buffoon on Fox's N.F.L. broadcasts. Webster, known to fans as Iron Mike, is from Tomahawk, Wisconsin, and was the Class of '97 enshrinee who to me best represented the values of old football: with his bulging biceps, he was known for wearing cutoff sleeves in all kinds of weather; he was the rock, the anchor, the guy willing to play in pain, who went for ten years in a row without missing a game until he dislocated his elbow. Though football has evolved into high-tech aerial warfare over the years, the position of center—the one who snaps the ball—hasn't changed since the nineteenth century. It's still a "game" of pushing and shoving and being kicked and punched and bitten.

Bradshaw began by saying of Webster, "I loved him from the very first moment I put my hands under his butt," and he followed with an anecdote about how Iron Mike liked to drink a gallon of buttermilk and take liver pills before games, which meant that by the fourth quarter he was ripping eye-watering farts as Bradshaw squatted over him. (Bradshaw, who can attribute some of his good health to Webster's excellent protection of him, made the Hall eight years ago.) At the end of his speech, Bradshaw produced a football and hollered, "Jes' one mo' time!" Webster took off his gold jacket and squatted, and the Blond Bomber (now mostly bald) got up under his butt for old times' sake.

A few weeks earlier, I had seen a piece on ESPN's "SportsCenter" about Webster's troubles since he retired from football, in 1992. He had lost all his money and his home due to bad investments, and for nearly a year and a half he lived in the back of his car, occasionally sleeping in the Pittsburgh bus station. He has congestive heart disease, and may also be suffering from post-concussion syndrome. He has convulsions and spasms that keep him up at night, as well as a severe varicose-vein condition in his legs, which causes even the smallest cut to "squirt blood everywhere," according to his wife, Pam, who is currently suing him for divorce, and has taken their four children with her to live in Wisconsin. She said she and Mike would sometimes cover his veins with Super Glue, to prevent them from popping in the living room. Toward the end of the ESPN piece, Mike said, "Some things I think horrify me," and, indeed, he looked like a man who had peered into the abyss. He is forty-five, but he looks seventy, easily. Still, he was upbeat: "All I have to do is finish the game. . . . Like John Wayne said, 'I'll finish it, maybe not standing up, but I'll finish.' "

Now, speaking without notes, in a simple, sincere way, Webster asked everyone who cared about football to rise. I jumped out of my chair. Fucking A! I love football! Then he spoke for about twenty minutes, his remarks frequently interrupted by mournful-exultant wails of "Miiike!" floating down the hill from the "Braveheart"-like mass of faces painted black and yellow.

At one point, Webster returned to his semi-mystical theme of the finish. "You only fail if you don't finish the game," he said. "If you finish, you win. You have to measure by what you started out with and by what you overcome. In a lot of ways, we are the same."

The fans up on the hill bellowed savagely. "We love you, Mike! We're with you, Mike!"

"You're going to fail, believe me," he said. "But there's no one keeping score. All we have to do is finish the game and we'll all be winners."

I found myself joining in the din: "Miiike!"

It was a cry of pure American id. ♦

A REPORTER AT LARGE

WAR INSIDE THE PENTAGON

As the armed forces look for a mission in a world without the Cold War, can William Cohen, the Secretary of Defense, make peace between political Washington and the military establishment?

BY JAMES CARROLL

William S. Cohen, a former Republican senator from Maine, assumed the post of Secretary of Defense in January. Earlier this summer, I had arranged to meet him in his office, on the third floor of the Pentagon. It is an austere room by any standard except the Pentagon's—a shoebox, with a low, flat ceiling. The room's most notable feature is a bank of four large windows through which glimpses of the Jefferson Memorial, the Washington Monument, and, in the distance, the dome of the Capitol can be caught above a puffy screen of mature trees. In the office is a blue rug—the blank surface of a pond on which the stout office furniture seems to float. I stepped closer to Cohen's desk, eying the oversized telephone console, and looked for the red button. There was none. Next to the phone was a photograph of Cohen's wife, the striking Janet Langhart, an African-American television journalist.

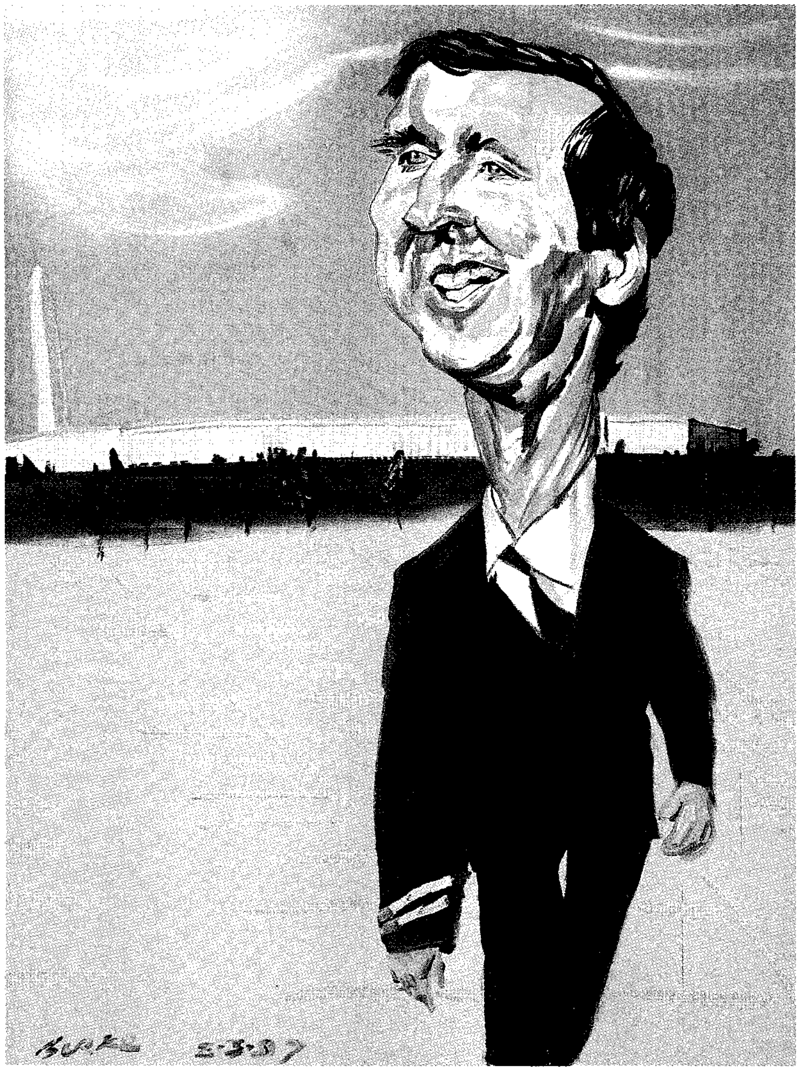
I had been in this office before, when its occupant was Robert S. McNamara, the Secretary of Defense under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. I had come here as a college student, usually at night, to fetch my father, an Air Force general, after his driver was dismissed. Dad's office was at the far end of the Secretary's suite. Now, as I looked out the window, I was ambushed by an imagined memory of what McNamara had looked out upon—a raging crowd of protesters in 1967, a nation come to spit at him. I still see his face—the rimless glasses, the slicked-back hair—when I hear the words "Secretary of Defense."

The portraits of Cohen's nineteen predecessors hang in a nearby corridor, and their presence underscores the fact that the office of the Secretary of Defense sits not only on the outer ring—the E Ring—of the Pentagon but on the forever stressed fault line of America's military-civilian divide. A warrior's purpose has nothing in common with a politician's, yet the Secretary of Defense—a Presidential appointment with a military role—has the impossible task of being both a warrior and a politician. He is the weakest link in the government's chain of command, and his office has been the venue where warriors and their mufti-clad superiors have repeatedly clashed. Perhaps the most remarkable American success is that mainly—even through the slow-motion emergency of the Cold War—the chain has held. On occasion, though, the weak link of this office has broken, and so has the man who occupies it.

The first Secretary of Defense, James Forrestal, lost his mind here. "The Russians are coming," he was heard to cry not long before he jumped from the sixteenth-floor window of his V.I.P. room at Bethesda Naval Hospital, in 1949. Not even Dwight D. Eisenhower's first Secretary of Defense, Charles E. Wilson, the former head of General Motors, had his way with the brass—a failure that once prompted Ike to rail against the very generals who had obeyed him in Europe. "By God, this has got to stop," Ike said. "Those fellows don't realize they have a boss." Melvin Laird, like Cohen, came from the Hill—he was the first member of Congress to take the job—and Cohen's supporters are quick to cite Laird as a successful Secretary. But on Laird's watch, according to Mark Perry, the author of "Four Stars," a history of civilian and military leaders, the Joint Chiefs of Staff planted spies inside the Nixon White House, and the White House itself, under Henry Kissinger and his National Security Council aide General Alexander Haig, bypassed Laird on key military questions. Richard Cheney was the second Secretary who came directly from the Hill, and he, too, is counted a success, in large part for his role in overseeing the Gulf War. But he served with Colin Powell, a chairman of the Joint Chiefs who trumped him at the White House in every way. One general told me, "The President did one-stop shopping with Powell: got his military advice, got his political advice, got his policy advice, got his public support." As for Cheney, Powell made it clear at the time that the Secretary of Defense was superfluous in the launching of the Gulf War.

Cohen and I are of the same generation. Born in 1940, he does not quite qualify as a boomer, but his status as a member of the decidedly boomer Clinton Administration stamps him in the Pentagon, and so does his air of being younger than his years. Military officers even of our age cohort have far more in common culturally with their parents than with their civilian siblings. For Cohen, the difference is emphasized by aspects of his history. He did not serve in the military. During Vietnam, he was, like Cheney, a beneficiary of the student deferment. Al Gore is the only first-team member of the Clinton Administration to have been in uniform—a circumstance that accounts, at least in part, for the missteps, insults, and defaults that are strewn along the road between "the Building," as the Pentagon is known, and the White House.

Since the moment Clinton took office, the job of Secretary of Defense has been defined largely by boomer preoccupations, with problems that are clumped too conveniently—and often inaccurately—under the derided category of "political correctness." The problems have ranged from the role of gays in the military and of women in combat to questions of adultery, sexual harassment, and inter-rank romance. As this summer's legal proceedings against Sergeant Major of the Army Gene McKinney went on, they revealed not only the sexual tensions in the military but the enduring American problem of race. The dispute over gays sank Clinton's first Secretary, former Representative Les Aspin, and the stresses that Aspin suffered on the job very likely contributed to his premature death, from a stroke, in 1995, at the age of fifty-six. The Scarlet Letter frenzy—the adultery charges brought against the female B-52 pilot Lieutenant Kelly Flinn, and then reports of past adultery involving Air Force General Joseph W. Ralston, the vice-chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Cohen's choice for the chairmanship—could yet be Cohen's undoing.



"I have finally come face to face with the white whale," Cohen says of the Building. "And I'm lashed to it."

PHILIP BURKE

Cohen's first real test as Secretary has not been one of management, arising out of such matters as budget pressures and procurement issues, or one arising from the Administration's push for an expanded NATO alliance. Nor, despite his so far unaccepted recommendation for a new round of base closings and other cuts in the military infrastructure, has Cohen had much of a problem with the Hill. Ever since he became Secretary of Defense, the Russians have coöperated, and, despite edginess over Hong Kong, so have the Chinese; North Korea has not imploded, and Bosnian Serbs have not mounted large-scale retaliation for NATO's decision to arrest war criminals.

Rather, Cohen's first test has come from the military itself, and is an expression of the clash of two cultures in which, when push comes to shove, one side always loses. A pointed instance of that conflict came to a head a few days after my visit, when the Air Force Chief of Staff, General Ronald R. Fogleman, abruptly sought to retire more than a year ahead of schedule, implicitly in protest against a decision of Cohen's. Fogleman would be the first Air Force Chief of Staff ever to do such a thing, and his act became the dénouement of a classic military-civilian power struggle.

Cohen, in his place on the E Ring of the five-sided building, finds himself at the center of what the author Gordon Adams called the Iron Triangle, whose three sides comprise defense contractors, a hawkish Congress, and the military establishment. The argument that Cohen presides over is fierce. On the one hand, there are warnings that, having, in Colin Powell's phrase, "cut our force thirty-five or forty per cent," we risk undermining our war-fighting capacity. On the other hand, Lawrence Korb—an Assistant Secretary of Defense under Reagan and now at the Brookings Institution—has, like others, pointed out, "We won the Cold War. . . . But we're still spending at Cold War levels," and asks, "How the hell did that happen?"

Army General John M. Shalikashvili, who has succeeded Powell as chairman of the Joint Chiefs, has compared the Pentagon to a monster: the Secretary's job is to tame it, without removing its teeth. Cohen offered a similar image not long ago, comparing himself to Captain Ahab. "I have finally come face to face with the white whale," he said of the Building. "And I'm lashed to it."

I recently asked Colin Powell to assess the tasks confronting Cohen. "He brings great strength in knowing how to work with Congress," Powell said, "but the Pentagon is not a congressional committee. When you move from the Hill to the Pentagon, you have to stop being a legislator and begin being C.E.O. of one of the largest, most complex organizations in the world." I heard similar doubts expressed by generals, usually off the record, and by policy critics. A hawkish marine and a dovish policy analyst both told me that a legislator's skill at compromise, which Cohen showed in twenty-four years on the Hill, is the opposite of what's required to run the Building. Cohen has never run anything larger than a Senate staff; he has no technical background in a job in which technical matters dominate; and he lacks a close relationship, or even a shared philosophy, with the President he must advise.

What's more, Cohen is temperamentally a contemplative, or, as one general put it, dismissively, "an introvert." Even a Cohen admirer wondered "whether his elegant, Zen-like strength will counter the brute force of daily life there." This person continued, "It doesn't compare with the Hill. The Pentagon is rude, brutal." And Cohen is, well, a poet. He is the author of two books of poetry and three novels. He has moved his personal library, consisting of some three thousand volumes, to an E Ring room down the corridor from his office, perhaps as a way of making clear the importance he places on the solitary life of intellect and imagination. I travelled with Cohen to Maine one weekend this summer, and noted that in addition to briefing books he had brought along Conrad's "Heart of Darkness." As the only Republican to cast a crucial vote against Richard Nixon during Watergate and the only Republican to vote against the G.O.P. budget plan in 1995, as someone who argued in favor of using sanctions against Iraq and voted for Desert Storm, who advocated basic military reform and kept his home state well supplied with defense contracts, Cohen has usurped Hamlet's reputation. Is he a man alone or a man around whom others coalesce? A man sworn, above all, to conscience or a man of inconsistent convictions? "The Double Man" is the title of a novel he wrote with Gary Hart, in 1985, and *The New Republic* used the phrase as the title of a recent story about him. "Doctrine of Doubt" was the headline on the magazine's cover.

WHEN we were seated, alone, at a small table at one end of Cohen's office, the first question I put to him was whether a man temperamentally inclined to doubt was suited to the job. He answered impatiently, as if this characterization had dogged him. "The role of doubt is to challenge basic assumptions, to see whether they stand up to intense analysis," he said. "That's a kind of doubt. I prefer to call it reasoned skepticism. . . . I see that as a positive role, on Capitol Hill or being over here as a civilian head of forces."

A case in point is the story of Khobar Towers, in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. Just before 10 P.M. on June 25, 1996, three United States Air Force sentries standing guard on the rooftop of Building 131 in the Khobar Towers complex, which housed three thousand United States military personnel of the provisional 4404th Air Wing, saw a fuel truck draw near the building and stop. The truck's occupants fled, and the sentries, suspecting a bomb, began to evacuate the multistory building by knocking on the doors of the uppermost floor and sending alerted airmen to knock on other doors—an ad-hoc alarm technique known as the waterfall. Before the building could be emptied by this method, the truck exploded, blowing away the north face of the structure. Nineteen American airmen were killed, and hundreds of Americans and other nationals were wounded.

"All I can say is that we'll do everything we can to find a donor."

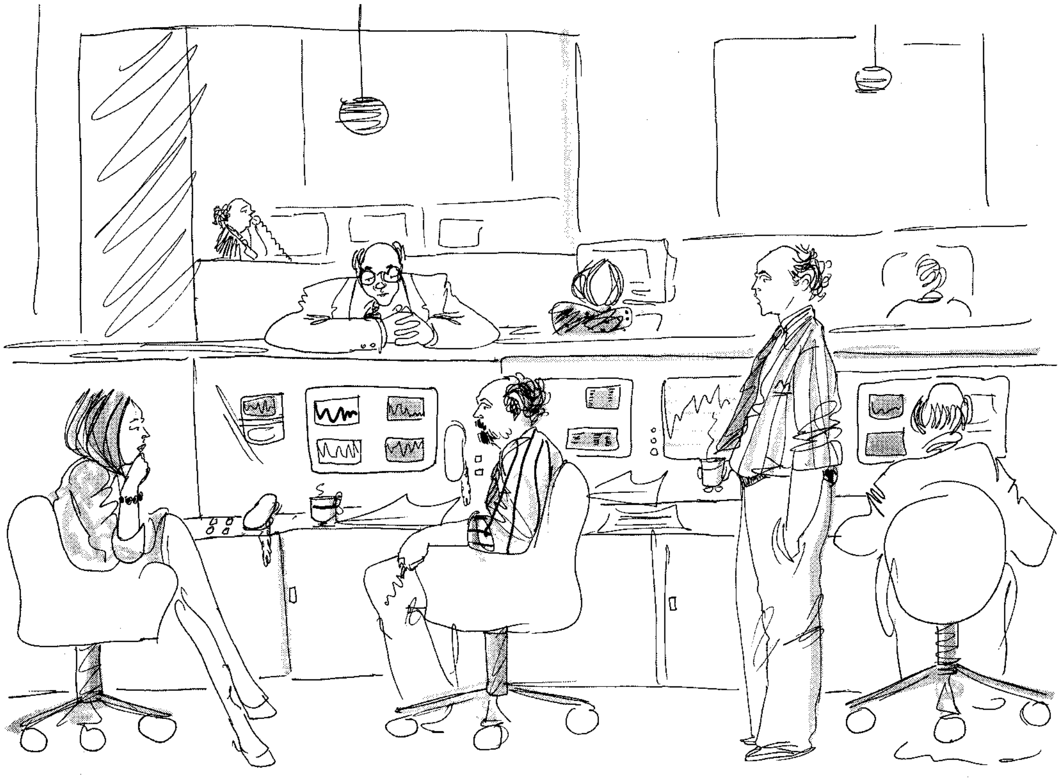
Almost three months later, on September 16, 1996, a Defense Department task force, chaired by retired Army General Wayne A. Downing, filed a report on the incident, finding that "the commander, 4404th Wing (Provisional), did not adequately protect his forces from a terrorist attack." And the recommendation reads, "Refer to the Chain of Command for action, as appropriate."

The commander was Air Force Brigadier General Terryl J. Schwalier. A fighter pilot, he had supervised flawless air operations in Saudi Arabia, but, as General Downing explained to me, "it was the ground threat from terrorists they were not prepared for." In addition to citing Schwalier, Downing's report found Schwalier's superiors at fault for not having given him the support he needed. When the report was released, Secretary of Defense William Perry, in an emotional appearance before the House National Security Committee, accepted "full responsibility" for any leadership failures that had contributed to the deaths of the airmen.

The Air Force launched its own investigation, but it was as if the service had taken Perry at his word. His acceptance of "full responsibility," offered in a magnanimous spirit, had the unintended effect of letting the commanders off the hook. In December, a report compiled by Air Force Lieutenant General James F. Record contradicted the Downing findings: it concluded that the responsible commanders had performed their duties as well as could be expected, and that no one—not even General Schwalier—should be punished.

By then, Perry's tenure as Secretary was drawing to a close, but senior civilian officials found the Air Force report inadequate, and pressed for a new investigation. General Record retired on February 1st, and a second Air Force investigation was launched, under the Air Force Inspector General, Lieutenant General Richard T. Swope. On February 25th, the Air Force Chief of Staff, General

Fogleman, testified on Capitol Hill and denounced as "criminal" the continuing attempt to hold Air Force officers accountable for the Khobar Towers disaster. Fogleman regarded General Record's report as sufficient, and resented the intrusion of civilian officials. In his testimony he made it clear that he thought the Air Force was being pressed because of "political correctness or because the media has created a frenzy." General Fogleman's record includes three hundred and fifteen combat missions during the Vietnam War, marking him as a member of the warrior élite. He is blunt, more a man of action than of words. His odd use of the phrase "political correctness" in this context suggests that what really galled him was being second-guessed by politicians. Indeed, as the military is more and more often held to civilian standards, its resentment is apparent not only at identity politics but at what it sees as the politicians' unprincipled readiness to yield before pressure groups and public opinion. There is a clash here, in other words, about the meaning of democracy.



"Yes, money talks—which means it can lie."

In April, the second Air Force report was issued, and, like the first, it rejected the Downing findings and exonerated all commanders, including General Schwalier. "The interesting thing now is what Cohen will do with it," an Air Force official said at the time. "It's going to be one of his first real challenges as Secretary."

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By the time I met with Cohen, the Khobar clock had been ticking for more than a year. Cohen's response to the April report had been delayed by, among other things, the controversies surrounding Lieutenant Flinn and General Ralston. As it happened, the Flinn case had been dramatically altered by General Fogleman, the self-appointed crusader against political correctness. On May 21st, breaking the rule of silence that ordinarily applies in such cases, he testified before the Senate Armed Services Committee on the matter of Flinn's court-martial and whether to grant her an honorable discharge. That night, televised footage of his testimony led the national news. "In the end, this is not an issue of adultery," Fogleman said. "This is an issue about an officer entrusted to fly nuclear weapons who lied. That's what this is about." Fogleman's testimony backfired on Cohen when, days later, the Secretary tried to "draw a line" on the adultery frenzy by recommending Ralston to be the next chairman of the Joint Chiefs, despite his long-past extramarital affair. But Fogleman had boxed Cohen into accepting an apparent double standard. Fogleman's rigid formulation, evoking the shadow of the mushroom cloud, finished Flinn, and that, in effect, finished Ralston.

Fogleman, however, was not finished. By the time Cohen turned his attention to a final disposition of the Khobar Towers attack, the Air Force Chief of Staff had let it be known throughout the Building that if the Secretary of Defense did not accept the Air Force report, and held Schwalier responsible, he, Fogleman, would resign in protest. "If Fogleman should resign, it would be the first time a senior general officer has resigned because of civilian authority," an Army colonel said to me in one of the Building's many windowless rooms. "There could be other resignations," the colonel went on, noting that, at the very least, "the Joint Chiefs are not going to like a Defense Secretary meddling in service affairs."

I now asked Cohen how he was going to make his decision. He said, "I've gone back and examined the reports that have been filed: General Downing's report, General Record's report, and the I.G."—General Swope's—"report, which I found wanting, to say the least. I found it to be more of an advocate's brief than an objective line of inquiry. I tried to examine these three separate reports that have been filed, to see where Downing may have overstated the case, where Record understated the case, where the I.G. tried to make the case. And then I've tried to come to an understanding of the role and responsibilities of a wing commander in this particular case of force protection. And

I tried to look at each of the issues that are raised, in terms of what was done, what he did not do. I'll give you an example: Mylar."

Mylar is a polyester sheeting that prevents fragments of glass from scattering; it protects people the way automobile safety glass does. Fragmentation of glass was one of the main causes of the deaths and injuries at Khobar. Blown-out windows sent shards into the bodies of the airmen, lacerating them severely. Of the nineteen who were killed, twelve had glass injuries that might have been mortal even without blast trauma; between eighty and ninety per cent of the injured suffered lacerations from glass. Cohen concluded in his formal report, released and sent to Clinton on July 31st, "Mylar would not have prevented the majority of fatalities at Khobar Towers." But, he reasoned, it *could* have reduced the fatalities and injuries, and therefore it was an issue. Before the attack occurred, General Schwalier had been urged by security experts "to put Mylar on all the windows," Cohen told me. "He declined to do that, saying that it could wait. It could be in the five-year plan. . . . Instead, he would rely on the curtains that were in the buildings, heavy drapes, to protect inhabitants from any flying glass." In his report Cohen cited Schwalier's decision on Mylar as "evidence that he did not give sufficient consideration" to force protection.

But in Cohen's view there were two more serious failures, for which the commander on the scene had to be held accountable. "The key factor had to do with the absence of an alarm system," Cohen told me. The British barracks, nearby, had a fire-alarm system. The Americans' barracks did not. All the sentries on the roof could do, once they saw the truck's occupants running away, was bang on doors. "There was nothing you could punch," Cohen said. "Nothing that would set off a ringing bell that would say, 'Get the hell out of this place!' And, second, there had been no practice evacuation exercises. That is required. The airmen in that building were not clear where they should go under any number of circumstances. A SCUD attack—what would you do? They were not prepared."

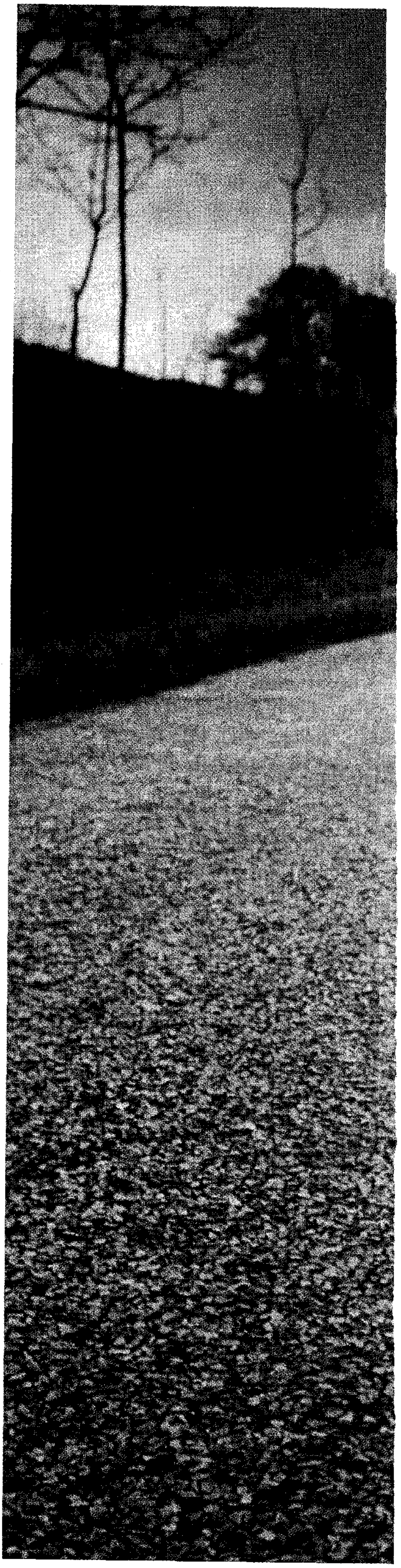
In addition to studying the Downing report, Cohen had interviewed Downing himself. Later, I asked Downing what he made of the Secretary. "I found him extremely informed," Downing said. "He has understood the Khobar Towers issues better than anybody I have talked to. He knew them in detail." I asked Downing what was at stake in Cohen's decision. He said, "This will have a subtle but important impact on how we view command responsibility. It is a fundamental issue. How he handles it will send a real message to the field."

For Cohen, the question of military accountability comes down to the prospect of a very personal encounter: "For me to have to face the parents of the nineteen who died, and to say everything that reasonably could have been done was done—and I don't believe that's the case."

Cohen also considered the Downing report's findings of broader responsibility up the chain of command, but he concluded that that was overstated. Schwalier had never been denied any requested support related to force protection. In the end, the local commander's responsibility for on-site

OFF THE LEASH

For the past ten years, the Belgian photographer Michel Vanden Eeckhoudt has ranged Nepal, Switzerland, Scotland, Mauritius, Japan, and Egypt, among other countries, documenting the dog's life. In "Chiens," the engaging result of his efforts—published in Paris by Marval—he manages the difficult task of depicting the first animal to be domesticated, fourteen thousand years ago, without lapsing into cliché or sentimentality. His images are occasionally forbidding, but mostly they're humorous—at once ironic and tender—and visually witty, like those of Elliott Erwitt. Daisy, the poodle at the right, is a circus dog Eeckhoudt photographed as she tottered down a road in France one afternoon. Eeckhoudt likes the idea that, as he says, "you don't have to tell everything in the picture. If you have part of a shadow, part of a dream, people can make up their own stories."



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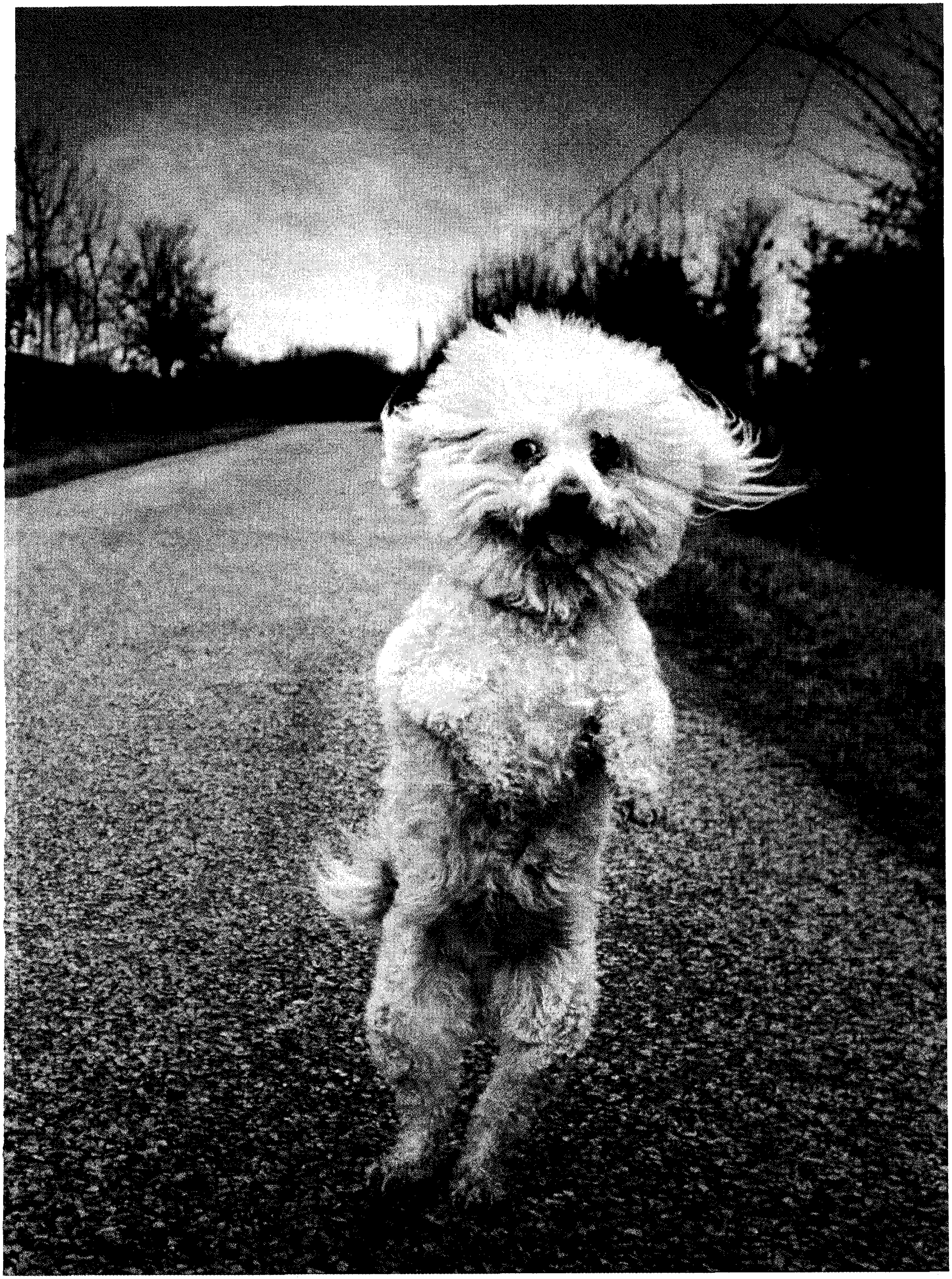


neglect seemed paramount, and Cohen therefore decided to recommend to President Clinton that General Schwalier be removed from the promotion list—that he be held accountable.

Before the bombing, Schwalier had been routinely approved for promotion to the rank of major general, but, again routinely, he had yet to receive his second star. Removing an officer from the list, while it was not a form of official censure, would freeze him in his present rank, effectively ending his career. Because Schwalier had already been approved for promotion, however, he could be removed from the list only by his Commander-in-Chief—in this case, Bill Clinton.

I asked Cohen if such an act of intervention in a quintessentially military matter could be a defining moment for a President who had not had a confident relationship with the military. Cohen quickly pointed out that the Joint Chiefs' chairman and vice-chairman supported the decision to remove Schwalier, and that their support "makes it not quite as high a climb for the President, or for me." The vice-chairman, General Ralston, of the Air Force, made no public statement on the matter, but when I spoke to him last week he told me that his support for Cohen's Khobar decision was "strong and without reservation." But another officer told me that that support may not be as meaningful as it appears. Ralston has been compromised by the adultery charges, and Shalikashvili, who had himself come under implicit criticism in the Downing report, retires in September. When Truman fired MacArthur, he had the unanimous support of the Joint Chiefs—something that Cohen and Clinton lack. Truman was also a veteran of the First World War.

There is no doubt that Fogleman was well aware of Cohen's decision. Having attempted to intimidate the Secretary of Defense by threatening to resign, Fogleman, confronted with failure, would finally have no choice but to do so. And Cohen, it seemed clear to me, was furious with Fogleman. When I saw Cohen in late July, he said, "There is genuine concern in this building that Fogleman is pushing this too far. I could say to him now, 'You're fired.' But I don't want to make a martyr of him. If he questions it"—Cohen's pending decision about General Schwalier's future—"I will relieve him of his duties."

Cohen said this with a cold matter-of-factness, and I thought of a conversation I'd recently had with former Senator Warren Rudman, of New Hampshire, who knew Cohen well in the Senate. In Rudman's Washington office, I asked him to characterize his friend. "This very open, friendly, and I guess, to some extent, warm exterior," Rudman said. "He just laughs a lot, smiles a lot, just a great sense of humor." Rudman was clearly reaching for something. "He's a warm, wonderful guy. He's a writer. He's a poet. What they don't understand"—Rudman leaned forward abruptly—"is that when you peel it back: stainless steel!"

On July 28th, Fogleman asked to retire, effective September 1st. It was a decision intended, he said, "to defuse the perceived confrontation between myself and the Secretary of Defense." Fogleman declined, through a spokesman, to be interviewed for this article, preferring, until the date of his actual retirement, to let his statement speak for itself: "After serving as Chief of Staff for almost three years, my values and sense of loyalty to the troops led me to the conclusion that I may be out of step. . . . I do not want the institution to suffer, and I am afraid that it will if I am seen as a divisive force, and not a team player."

On July 31st, Cohen went to the White House and presented for the President's signature the order removing General Schwalier from the promotion list. Clinton signed it. That afternoon, General Schwalier followed General Fogleman in announcing his retirement.

GENERAL FOGLEMAN'S complaint that the disciplining of the Air Force over Khobar Towers was being done out of civilian "political correctness" illustrates the basic and peren-

SMALL WATERFALL: A BIRTHDAY POEM

Maybe an engineer,
stumbling on this small, all-
but-forest-swallowed waterfall—
a ten-foot drop at most—
could with some accuracy
say just how much energy
goes unharnessed here.

Enough, is it, to bring light
and heat to the one-room hut one might
build here at its foot—where,
piecing together the *hush*
in the current's *hurl* and *crash*,
a lone man might repair
to fix a shopworn life?

Enough, anyway, to light
one image in my head: this mist-
laced column of water's
as slim as a girl's waist—
yours, say, narrow still despite
the tumble down the birth canal
of a pair of nine-pound daughters.

Well, there's nothing for it but,
sloshing my way across the pool,
I must set whimsy into fact—
which is how, one blazing, cool
August day in New Hampshire, I
come to be standing with my
arms round a cataract.

. . . Nothing new in this, it turns out—
for I know all about embracing
a thing that flows and goes
and stays, self-propelled and -replacing,
which in its roundabout route
carries and throws, carries and throws
off glints at every turn, bringing

all it touches to flower
(witness those flourishing daughters).
Your reach exceeds my grasp, happily,
for yours is the river's power
to link with liquid, unseen threads
the low, far, moon-moved sea
and the sun's high-lit headwaters.

—BRAD LEITHAUSER

nial clash between civilians and the military. One of Fogleman's predecessors as Air Force Chief, General Thomas D. White, said, in 1963, "I am profoundly apprehensive of the pipe-smoking, tree-full-of-owls type of so-called 'defense intellectuals' who have been brought to this Nation's capital." Army General George A. Joulwan, a former NATO commander, said upon his retirement, last month, "I only ask that whenever U.S. troops are placed in harm's way, please insure that we are not only politically correct but also militarily correct in our decisions."

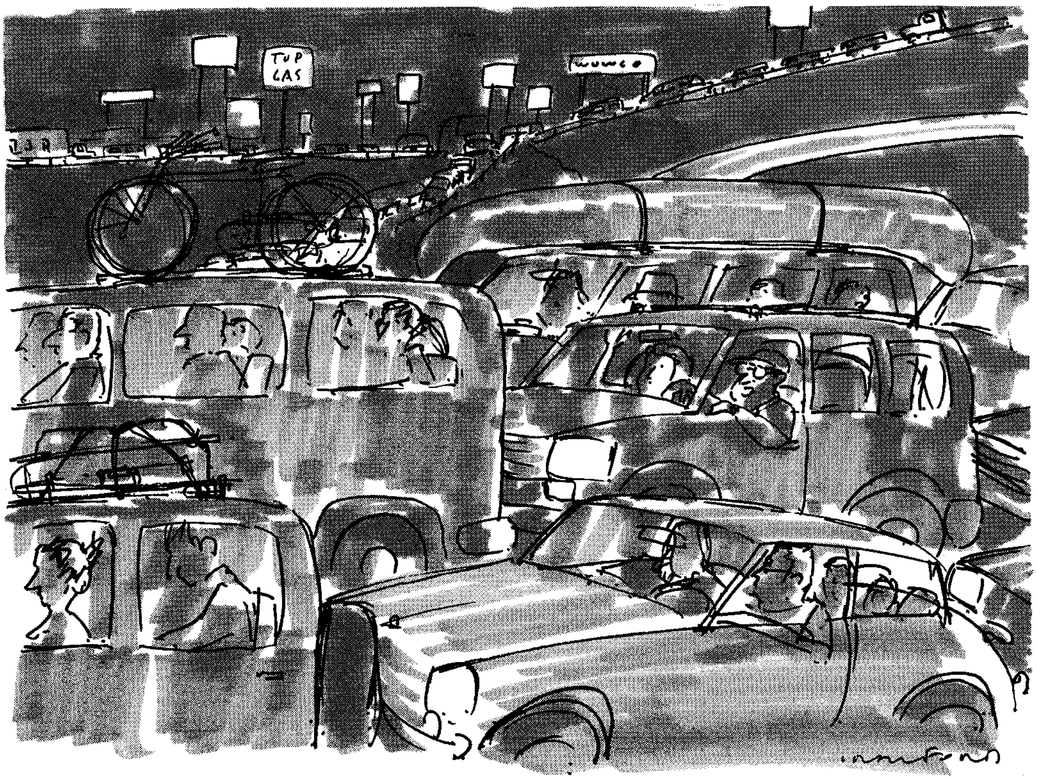
It's a mistake to see this clash as merely the result of an innately imperious military. As Mark Perry and others emphasize, the missions of political leaders and military leaders are different, and, once violence is actively contemplated—or has occurred—that difference is bound to surface. "We bring young men and women into the armed forces to be warriors, in a warrior culture," Colin Powell told me. "They are not social workers. They are warriors, and every aspect of our policy must support that." What is a warrior? Someone who can coldly intend to isolate an enemy and, as Powell himself said of the Iraqi Army, "kill it."

But since the Second World War the United States has, with a few important exceptions, used its massive military arsenal for a politician's purpose, not a warrior's—that is, to change an enemy, rather than kill it. To the amazement, especially, of the Building, the Cold War ended nonviolently. The Soviet Union did change: the evil empire dismantled itself. But—and here is the befuddling irony—that successful political outcome depended on generals' and admirals' making minute preparations every day for almost fifty years to wage an unimaginably horrible war.

Civilians, living in what General White dismissed as "weightless dreamland," could always assume—or, at least, hope—that the strategy of nuclear deterrence would work. The military, by contrast, was explicitly commissioned to assume that it would not work. "Peace is our profession" was the Strategic Air Command motto, but SAC discipline, and that of the entire nuclear force, maintained—and still maintains, even though SAC is now called STRATCOM—a readiness to isolate the earth and kill it.

This division between politics and operations in the nuclear age is the split between civilians and the military. Americans find consolation in the thought that their elected leader is in sole possession of "the football," the communications device by which a President can launch a nuclear strike, but in fact the operational controls—and the necessary information systems—belong entirely to the military. One of Curtis LeMay's successors as nuclear commander is Air Force General George Lee Butler: from 1991 until his retirement, in 1994, Butler was the commander-in-chief of STRATCOM. "The elegant theory of nuclear deterrence was an intellectual mistake of cosmic proportions," he said to me in June. "It was out of control, and I saw it." The point is that the civilian leaders who were supposedly in charge did *not* see it. Butler's on-duty contemplation of the SIOP, or Single Integrated Operations Plan—the concrete plan for a nuclear apocalypse—led to a conversion, unprecedented among members of the military high command. Butler went on, "I am the only person who ever looked at all twelve thousand five hundred of our targets. And when I got through I was horrified. Deterrence was a formula for disaster. We escaped disaster by the grace of God. If you ask one person who has lived in this arena his whole career, I have come to one conclusion. This has to end. This must stop. This must be our highest priority." Almost overnight, Butler went from being a top nuclear strategist to being a top nuclear opponent—"a Sakharov figure," in the words of one observer. Analyzing the central problem of the Building, Butler said, "The high priests of the nuclear age are having great difficulty letting go. I feel empowered to say that, because I was one of them."

General Curtis LeMay, who was the Air Force Chief of Staff in the sixties, had a reputation for gruffness—my family lived next door to him at



"Do you remember, Peg—are we on our way out or on our way back?"

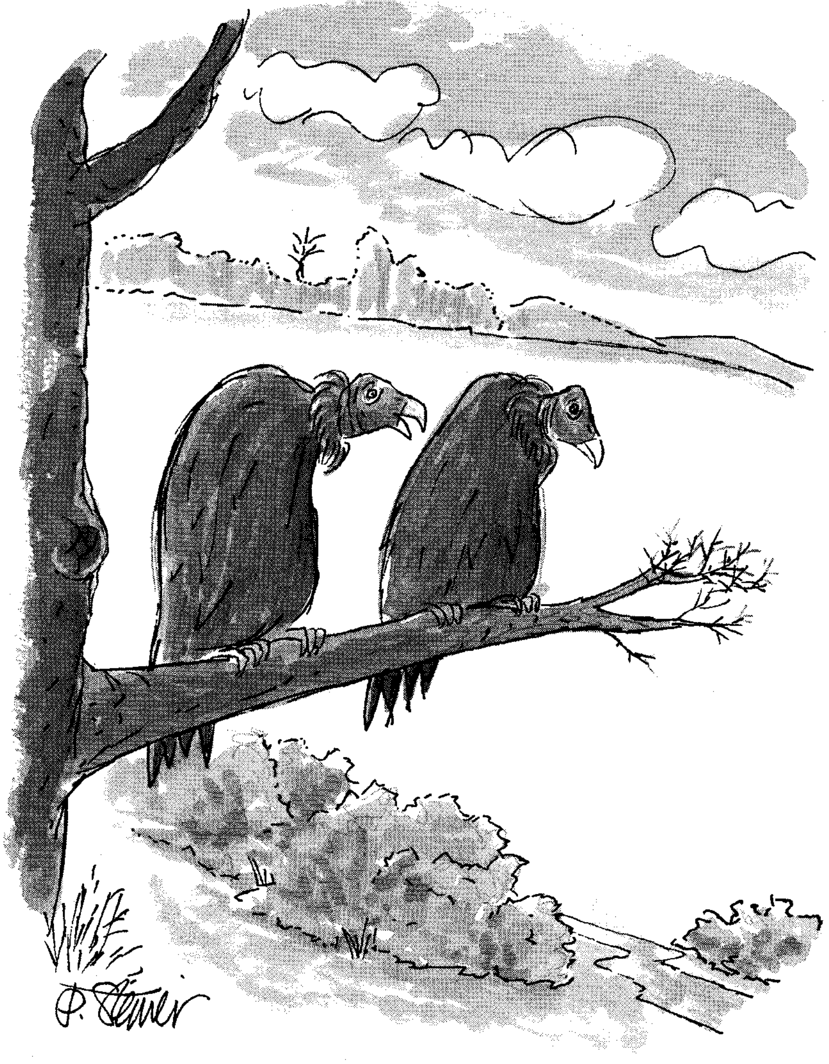
Bolling Air Force Base when I was a teen-ager, and all he ever did was grunt at me—but a direct line runs from him, through his eventual successor General Fogleman, to Colin Powell, the nation's most deeply admired military figure. The line is tied to the word "warrior," which Powell has used to such effect. Men like LeMay, Fogleman, and Powell know that once a war begins all points of reference change, and that in the age of deterrence war effectively begins for the nuclear force every day. Even the most fundamental measures of the civilian world cease to apply. Ultimately, that explains why Fogleman could display such thinly veiled contempt for his civilian superior.

It is an old attitude. Janne E. Nolan, a national-security analyst at the Brookings Institution, recalls how, in 1960, one of McNamara's civilians dared to challenge the SAC commander, General Thomas Power, on war plans that called for the total obliteration of the enemy. Power responded, "The whole idea is to kill the bastards. . . . At the end of the war, if there are two Americans and one Russian, we win." It was precisely this military hegemony over nuclear weapons—still essentially unchallenged—and the civilian culture's fear of them, that General Fogleman skillfully exploited in linking Lieutenant Flinn's offense to her role as a B-52 pilot.

A jacket blurb on Nolan's 1989 book, "Guardians of the Arsenal: The Politics of Nuclear Strategy," said that she "raises the provocative question of whether civilian officials, including the president, are truly in charge of the ultimate weapons of warfare." It went on, "While some may challenge elements of Nolan's analysis, few will contest her conclusion that informed, legitimate civilian authority must be put back into the nuclear planning loop." The author of this comment was Senator William Cohen. Much has changed since Nolan wrote her book, but what she refers to as the schism between mediators and gladiators endures. American nuclear orthodoxy still has the warheads on near-hair-trigger, capable of being targeted and launched in minutes; America still claims the right to respond to *non*-nuclear attacks with nuclear weapons; and America still declares its intention of keeping nuclear weapons as the permanent trump card in its arsenal.

Already, however, there have been signs of Cohen's readiness to depart from this orthodoxy. For example, he intends to nominate as his Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy a nuclear-strategy analyst named Rose Gottemoeller, who, as a member of the National Academy of Sciences' Committee on International Security and Arms Control, repudiated all three of those strategic pillars. In June, the N.A.S. committee called for "eliminating the hair trigger," for "no first use," and for the ultimate "prohibition" of nuclear weapons. After the N.A.S. report was published, I asked Cohen if he still intended to nominate Gottemoeller, and he answered, emphatically, yes. Cohen himself, in the same conversation, quietly broke with the nuclear gladiators—and with every previous Secretary of Defense—in accepting the idea that our goal must be total elimination. When I asked about nuclear-arms reduction, he said, "I feel that we are on the right track, that the Joint Chiefs are committed to going lower, that there is a national commitment to get lower and lower levels—to the point where we don't have them."

THE ghost of Robert McNamara hovers over Cohen's office. When I called McNamara, he declined to discuss Cohen. We spoke of my father, Lieutenant General Joseph F. Carroll, who, despite the stars on his shoulder, was an ally of McNamara's in his conflict with the military. When McNamara began to reflect on his own time as Secretary, his voice cracked, and he could not continue. McNamara did not have much in the way of feelings when this nation needed him to. Now his public feelings point to what is at stake.



"Sure, dead is important. But it has to taste good."

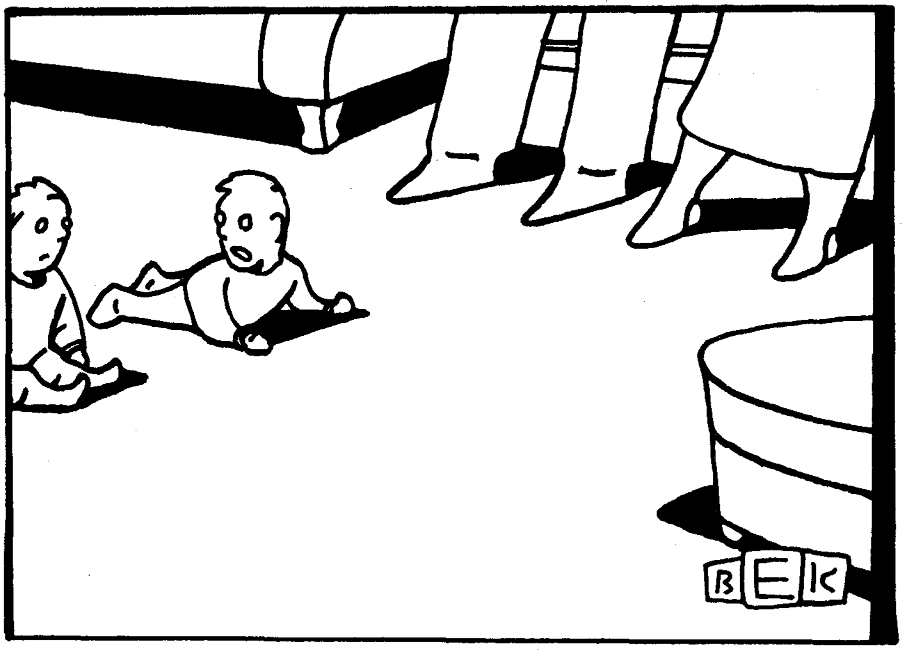
More than any other Secretary of Defense, McNamara challenged the nuclear gladiators. "The big battle that McNamara inherited was over control of nuclear weapons," John Steinbruner, a senior policy analyst at the Brookings Institution, told me. "And, believe me, that was a big battle, which he essentially won." That McNamara squandered his victory in Vietnam, Steinbruner added, "is a tragedy worthy of Sophocles."

Janne Nolan writes that the "key to establishing civilian control" was McNamara's takeover of the military-intelligence function through his 1961 order establishing the Defense Intelligence Agency. "The centralization of intelligence was to be another means of exerting control over service requirements," she explains. "The Air Force, in particular, had already offended McNamara with its aggressive promotion of missile gaps and bomber gaps as the basis for its requests for new weapons."

Yet McNamara tapped an Air Force general to be the first director of the agency—my father. His work with McNamara set him against LeMay and other Air Force leaders both on questions of nuclear policy and on the use of air power in Vietnam. My father was an attendant in the Sophoclean drama that brought down McNamara, and Dad—a general on the civilian side of the enduring schism—was brought down, too.

The conventional wisdom in the Building about Vietnam is that civilian leadership undercut the military by depriving it of the firepower and the freedom it needed, as LeMay put it, to "stop swatting at flies and go after the manure pile." The fact is, however, that the civilians gave the military tremendous firepower and freedom. McNamara and his successors became gladiators instead of mediators, pursuing victory at any price, rather than peace. As a result, the settlement that was very likely possible in 1968 was not reached until 1973, at a tremendous cost in lives on both sides—the true civilian failure.

Of course, the civilian who ultimately matters most in all this is the one across the Potomac River. When McNamara concluded, in 1967, that military victory in Vietnam was impossible, President Johnson refused to hear him, and forced him out. I told a former senior Defense Department official that Cohen had described himself as Ahab lashed to the whale. He replied, "Who's the Moby Dick? The Building? Or the President?"



"I'm going crazy staring at the same four legs."

PERHAPS more than any other individual, President Clinton embodies the divisions between civilians and the military. His reluctance to challenge the disciplined, if necessarily myopic, culture of the military is rooted in the laxity of a self-indulgent civilian culture, which he has come to exemplify. And what might be called Cohen's "Bill Clinton problem" extends even beyond the obvious one revealed by the early-summer controversies over uniformed adultery and by the military's decidedly un-uniform response to it. In the words of one general, speaking with unconcealed contempt for the Commander-in-Chief, "There is no moral leadership from the White House on this. When challenged on adultery, the accused say, 'Who is it that is holding me accountable to this standard? Who?' "

Whether Clinton is inhibited by shame over his youthful draft avoidance or undercut by his failure to impose a workable policy for gays in the military or unable to join the sexual-harassment discussion because of charges arising from his own history, he has not, to put it mildly, been a forceful voice in the national-security debate. So Cohen "doesn't have a mandate from the White House to do anything significant," Steinbruner said. "Quite the contrary—'Steady as she goes!' Whatever that means."

In fact, Steinbruner added, Secretaries of Defense are hardly ever given mandates for real change. "Mainly, when we put people in such offices we are trying to insure that they are not going to do anything dramatic." Such as take on an Air Force Chief of Staff? Or impose a strict standard of accountability on local commanders? Or begin to alter the terms of the arms-control debate? "McNamara went with the flow for the first nine months," Steinbruner said, but then "the differences began to show up." By that measure, Cohen, who was barely into his seventh month in office when he issued his findings on Khobar Towers, may be ahead. And, because the decision he made about General Schwalier amounted, by law, to a recommendation that the President take action, Cohen may have begun to solve his largest problem.

Early in the summer, after the Ralston controversy but before the Khobar Towers decision, I asked Cohen for his assessment of Clinton as Commander-in-Chief. "I think he has really matured in the office," he said. "He has a sense of self-confidence now." The statement cried out to be taken as condescending, yet it wasn't. Cohen had watched Clinton begin his Presidency unable to discipline a sailor who had declined to salute the Commander-in-Chief boarding his ship; intimidated by veterans at the Vietnam War memorial; humiliated by retired Admiral Bobby Inman's assertion that before accepting the nomination to be Secretary of Defense he, Inman, had interviewed the President, instead of the other way around; sheepishly silent during the crucial debate surrounding military adultery and sexual harassment. As for Khobar Towers, as one senior general said, "The White House has marginalized itself from all this from Day One." But now Cohen asked the President to defy the Air Force, by holding one general to account and staring another down.

And Clinton did it. Cohen told me that the 1996 election has made a great difference in Clinton. "He's in a position—he can't get elected again—to take very strong positions on where he thinks the country ought to go," he said, and he added that the President could now "be decisive on a wide variety of issues, including the race issue, which is important to him personally, having grown up in the South."

A wide variety of issues is sure to present itself. Some crisis may arise—in North Korea? China? Bosnia? Russia?—to test the civilian leaders of the military in a way that will make the stresses of Khobar Towers seem less urgent. Short of such a crisis, Cohen will stand at the center of an effort to reach—or to defer—a new post-Cold War consensus on national security and nuclear strategy. After the hours I had spent with Cohen in his E Ring office, it struck me that I was more haunted by the failures of his predecessors than he was.

IN June, I had accompanied Cohen to Bangor, Maine, and to a small bakery where his father, Reuben Cohen, had made bread and bagels—and the Sabbath challah—for nearly seventy years. As a boy and as a young man, Cohen had worked with his father in the bakery, and he did so even as a senator whenever he came up from Washington. In Bangor, a stranger I spoke to at random told me of having bought bread from Senator Cohen on Saturdays: "I'd go in there, and he would be covered with flour, and Ruby would be asleep in the chair." One night nearly two years ago, Ruby died of a heart attack while making the next day's bread. Cohen told me that his father's death was a factor in his decision to leave the Senate.

In Bangor, the story is told—I heard it from the rabbi who presided at Ruby's funeral—of young Bill Cohen's having been deemed ineligible for Bar Mitzvah because his mother was not a Jew. Half Irish, half Jewish, Cohen had grown up fitting into neither community, and many see that as the key to the kind of independent politician he became. "He was a set of one," a Bangor lawyer told me, "but he always had his father." Ruby had reared his son to be Jewish, sending him to Hebrew school from an early age. But after the Bar Mitzvah rejection, which provoked Bill to announce that he would never consider himself a Jew—and he never has—Ruby sided with his son. Cohen told me that his father then gave him permission to change his name to something less Jewish. "I said no," Cohen told me. "I would never do that."

Cohen has two grown sons of his own—Kevin, a New York businessman, and Chris, a former automobile mechanic who is now a nursing student at the University of Maine. When Chris and a social worker named Kerry Cox married, they adopted a new common surname—Irish. Chris Cohen became Chris Irish. This summer, at a reception for his father in a Bangor restaurant called Momma Baldacci's, I asked Chris and Kerry about the name change. "We did it to celebrate our new life together," Chris said, "and to claim what we have in common."

A few days later, in Washington, I asked Cohen what he made of his son's reversal of the decision that he himself had made. "I thought it was courageous on his part," Cohen replied, and he said it made him think of his own father's openness. I looked for a flicker of disapproval but saw none. "To me it was fine," he added. At another point, I told Cohen what someone had said about him: that as a senator he had been surrounded by bright young staff members whose only purpose was his success, while in the Building a legion of detractors was waiting for him to make a mistake. He laughed. "That's true," he said, then said, with abrupt gravity, "And, obviously, mistakes will be made."

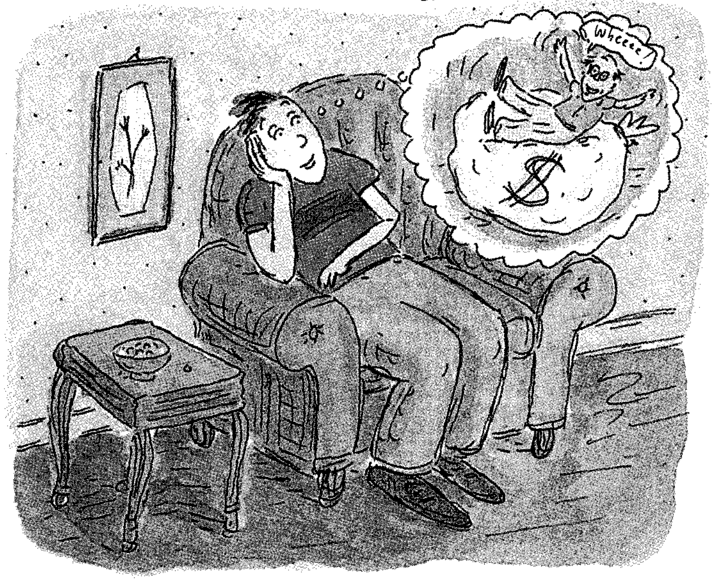
I tried to imagine McNamara saying such a thing in 1965. Cohen seems more self-accepting than self-doubting, yet if he can apply his habitual "reasoned skepticism" to himself, then, of course—as Fogleman and Schwalier learned—he can surely apply it to others. Cohen's exercise of power, in other words, may be rooted in something other than hubris. If so, that alone sets him apart from his most famous predecessors inside and outside the Building. Ahab and Hamlet—and, for that matter, Forrestal, McNamara, and Aspin—are tragic figures. But there's the difference. Cohen's reference to Moby Dick was a joke. If you ask him, there is nothing heroic in his story, and, more important for America and the earth, nothing tragic.

WHEN Cohen showed me around the office where he has been forced to deal more often with sexual-harassment charges than with arms control, it was as if the room were not actually his. Its artifacts and the history they evoked sparked in him a curator's enthusiasm. He told me that the altar-like desk had been Black Jack Pershing's, and he opened Clark Clifford's memoir to display a photograph of Clifford sitting there—right there. Then he led the way to a display case, to show me a dusky beret, which had been spontaneously given to him by a Russian soldier in Bosnia. The soldier had said, "Here's my hat," and handed it over, Cohen told me, and he took it, "as a peace offering . . . and I felt what a remarkable transformation." He was silent. I was sure that he routinely showed visitors the hat, yet he seemed genuinely moved by the sight of it there, behind the glass. In Bangor, Cohen had pointed out to me a hill on which he and other boys had played games of "war." In those days, the hats and helmets of enemies were war booty, trophies taken from the captured or the dead. In these days, a Russian soldier's hat is prized by the American Secretary of Defense not as a trophy but as a gift. ♦

UNUSUAL RETIREMENT PLANS

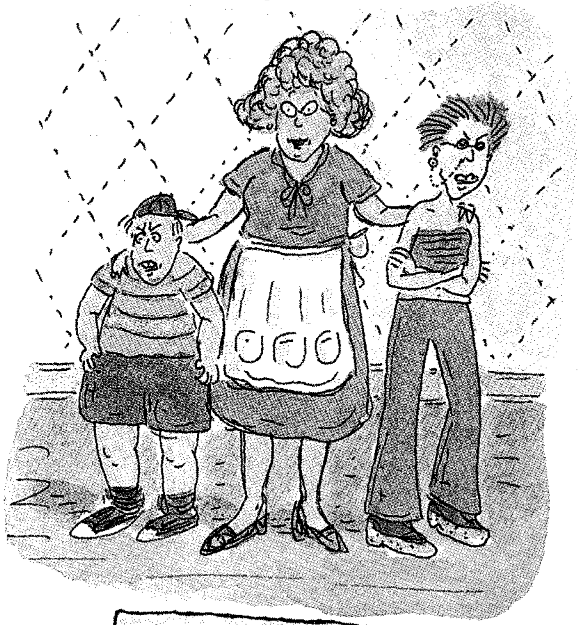
1000-F.A.I.

I'll take a thousand bucks, stick it in a bank, "forget about it," and in thirty years I'll be *pleasantly surprised*.



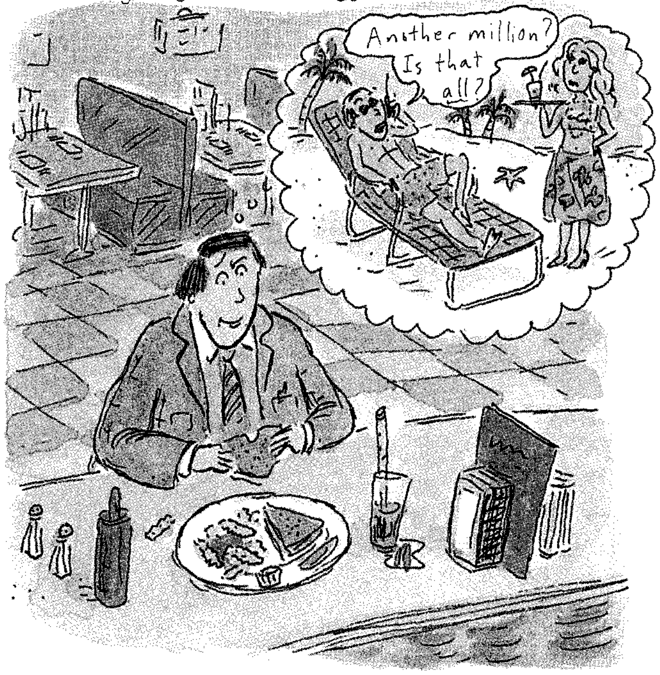
M.K. Plan

"My Kids" will take care of me. I'm virtually certain of that.



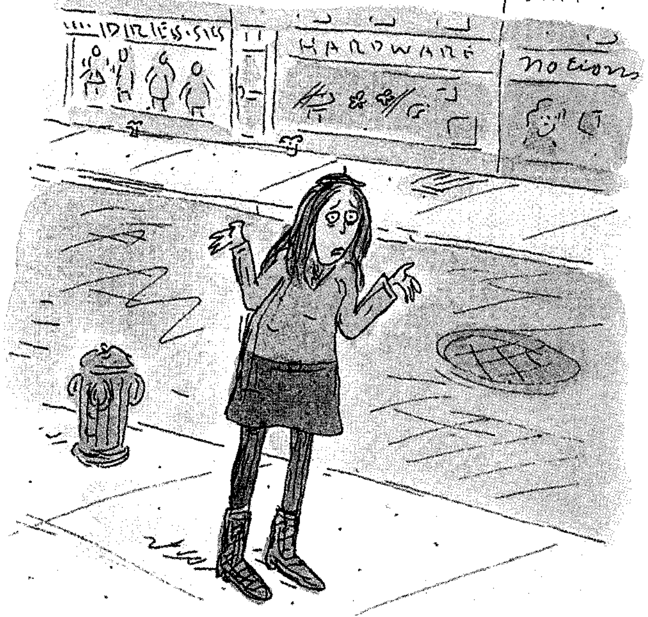
Jackpot Account

I'm not going to need one, because I'm going to be *RICH*, yessirree Bob.


Another million? Is that all?

The ? Plan

Who can plan, like, *next week*? Because an *asteroid* could smash into the Earth tomorrow, so what's the point?


DRESSES
HARDWARE
notions

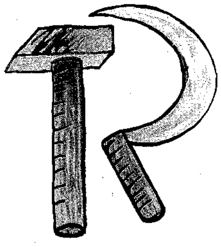
FICTION

THREE MOMENTS OF RUSSIAN HAPPINESS

An East German author who has perhaps spent too much time among the Russians.

BY INGO SCHULZE

THE VEGETABLE MARKET



RUSSIA—all you can do is leave it! All week I had been wondering why I was doing this to myself, why I was in this city and not in Paris or Italy. It was as if the people here had only recently come in from the village and didn't know how to walk down a street. They plod along, yelling, shoving, elbowing, spitting. No one says "Excuse me." They pay no attention, or just bellow swearwords. You have to kick them! And no sooner have you worked your way free than they push you onto a bus or into the path of a car. Or you save yourself by standing flush against a wall like a beggar and don't know what to do next. And everywhere, like some peculiarity of the climate, is this stench of old farmer cheese, embedded filth, and cigarette smoke. Sometimes there is a little gasoline in it, or garlic, or toilet. From courtyard doors drift odds and ends of meals; stairwells reek of piss. And when it comes to people, you don't know if they have taken on the stink of their surroundings or if it's coming from them.

Except for the bread and tea, hardly anything is edible. Even the milk is musty, the champagne sugary, the beer sour. No matter where you look, there is nothing that is not dented, defective, mended, crooked, scruffy, askew, loose, dirty, as if it all came from a dump and had just been crudely patched together again. Only imports shine.

The madness of the czars is the only culture they have, but they manage to ruin even that. And all the while they talk about Pushkin, fate, and the Volga. Russians in general seem to have been so conditioned by some lifelong experiment that apathy marches in step with an astounding ingenuity for humiliating others. Everything is contrived to cause people the greatest possible unpleasantness, whether it's a lack of benches, mirrors hung too low, repairs that go on for years, or the shopping, which entails standing in line three times for a pat of butter. Functioning toilets are to be found, if at all, only in hotels. Be it a museum guard, a waiter, a travel guide—they are all permanently offended, foultempered, testy, gruff. They speak without even looking up; if you ask them something, they squint as if they are about to spit at your feet. If a woman is beautiful, she can be bought; if a car is new, the owner is a criminal. Never, not in any other country, have I felt so vulnerable, so defenseless. I knew: If something happens to me here, no one will help me. If I stumble, they'll trample me. If I scream, they'll rob and strip me. They can spot foreigners at a glance. There is hardly any opportunity in daily life to mix with Russians and just stand aside for a moment and watch.

That week, the weather was warm and clear. But the old women, their bodies wrapped in coats and scarves, stood on scraps of cardboard, as if they still had to protect themselves against the cold as they held out bread, sausage, and eggs in plastic bags. One of the money changers had taken off his reflective glasses and was sunning himself. A man drained the last drops into his mouth from a beer bottle held high above his head, staggered, stumbled, and then knelt down on the warm asphalt behind the kiosks. Others were already lying there asleep. Across the way, under a portico, some schoolgirls were sitting. They pushed the short sleeves of their blouses up over their shoulders and leaned back like the attendants of Aphrodite. A little farther on, in a circle of the park, a red-headed accordion player was singing in front of shaded benches. A woman with a parted wig banged out the rhythm and raised her fists at the end of each verse. "Anarchy, anarchy!" she cried.

I bought a poppy-seed pastry, and it tasted so surprisingly good that I ate it on the spot. I asked for another, and it, too, was truly excellent. It was fun to give out rubles and actually get something for them. Every second stand offered the same wares, in the event you forgot to buy something at the first one. I watched a saleswoman for a long time. As if blind, she moved her hands across eggs set on tiers of cardboard. If she got a customer, she first took the sales slip between thumb and forefinger, as if she were picking up a butterfly by its wing, and then slid it down over a giant pin. From there, her hands floated back across the rows, the eggs appearing between her fingers, one by one, like a magician's white balls. Afterward, her hands came to rest on the eggs again, as if her palms and fingertips sensed the earth's gravity there.

On the subway escalator, Petersburgers glided past me. There was not a woman among them who was not coiffed, made-up, and neatly dressed. And the men, one step below, gazed up at them as if at something precious. On the platform was a convivial shoving throng, a kind of collective forward motion. If I fumbled or lost my step, I was promptly able to regain my balance against strangers' shoulders or backs.

When I got to the vegetable market, I walked between rows of venders who waved to me as if they were fanning themselves. I tried some watermelon and tasted the honey. But the consideration accorded me was equalled by the cruelty with which people struck at a beggar woman with canes the moment she touched a fruit. She let out a groan, burying her face in her hands. There wasn't a spot on her that wasn't bloodied or scabbed. I took two steps toward her, put a ten-thousand-ruble note in her half-closed hand—and retreated before the pungent odor.

She looked at the note for a long time, then stuffed it into her pocket and gaped

FILIP PAGOWSKI

at me. Instead of heeding my waving hands, however, she bowed before me, blessed me, thanked me, wept, blessed, thanked, babbling with a heavy tongue, her eyes staring wide.

As her fingers brushed my arm, I winced. Slowly she sank to her knees before me, touching my ankles and pressing her brow to my sandals. If I didn't want to step on her, I would have to stand still. I could feel her lips between the straps. In her gratitude, she grasped my calves with both hands, digging her nails in until I swallowed hard in pain. My knees buckled, and I swayed and had to brace myself on her shoulders to keep from falling. In the meantime, the venders had come out from behind their stalls. But with a shake of the head I stopped them from pulling the old woman away from my feet. She bawled, coughed, yammered.

Without loosening her embrace, she worked her way up my legs, kiss by kiss. To calm her, I patted her head. In the next moment, however, she pressed her face to mine—I tottered and, grabbing at her hair, fell backward and would have landed hard on my back if two men hadn't caught me and gently lowered me to the ground. She was coughing as she climbed on top of me. Although I was having trouble breathing, I tried to calm her. But there was no help for it. Gurgling from exertion, she stretched her neck forward and kissed my chin—and for a moment our lips touched. Then with a whimper she rolled off me.

I was close to tears. The voices of the bystanders sounded affectionate and kindly. A young woman in a suit bent down, looked into my eyes, and said something in Russian. Others patted my legs, planted kisses on the sides and back of my neck. Filled with the wish to do good, they pressed more closely around me, giving me apples, pears, radishes, and *matryoshkas*. Two venders knelt down, loosened my sandals, and washed my feet with their spittle and hair. Then they lifted me up stoutheartedly and carried me tenderly to the melon stand, where they laid me belly down on the quickly cleared wooden table. While they were stripping off my shirt and pants, the melon vender removed the cap from a black felt-tipped marker, checked the color on his thumb, and began writing across my shoulder in short, firm strokes that felt like printed letters. Just when I had grown accustomed to the peculiar charm of the strokes, they turned more supple, and I thought I recognized numbers, until suddenly three, four solid flourishes sent a shudder through me—presumably his signature. The melon vender kissed me between the shoulder blades and crouched down so that I could gaze into his dark eyes. I understood that he had given me his telephone number.

No sooner had the next man—a grandfather who had been selling bundles of chives—reached for the marker than others began writing letters and numbers on my legs with ballpoint pens. I first tried tightening my muscles to provide as firm a surface as possible, but then, when several people began writing at once, I got a cramp and gave that up. All the same, I was enjoying the way they stretched my skin between thumbs and forefingers. The woman in the suit pushed the hair from the nape of my neck. She wrote with an easy, swift hand. I thought I detected exclamation points. Evidently running out of writing room, someone pulled off my underpants, too.

Before me rose a pile of apples, plums, cauliflowers, pumpkins, radishes, potatoes, grapes, and other fruits of the earth. Right beside them was another pile of the best that the kiosks had to offer, from cigarettes and soft drinks to canned meats and toothpaste, all the way to brassieres and a stewpot.

Finally, the crowd grew so large that I had to be turned over for people to find suitable places to write. I studied their sweet faces as they motioned back and forth between themselves and what they were writing, so in each case I made a connection between the address and the person. Occasionally, I gave an encouraging nod to someone who was hesitating, offered armpits or opened an elbow. Some of them ventured as far as my wrists, a few even to my fingers.

At about half past four, I indicated that it was high time I returned to my hotel, I was due to depart at six—it was already too late for a light supper. A few of them, who had called their friends and neighbors, begged me to be just a little more patient. But there was really nothing I could do.

Everyone said how sorry they were that I had so little time left. There was no one who did not expressly invite me home, who didn't want to show me his or her dacha, Lake Baikal, or the Arctic Ocean. I fought back the tears: such vast hospitality was embarrassing, for I well knew how little they themselves had to live on. Yes, they even called a second taxi, because not a single gift was to be left behind. Naturally, I promised to return very soon.

THE DOORKEEPER OF TASS

During her ten years as doorkeeper of the TASS Building, on Sadovaya Street, Anna Gavrinina had served the employees of that institution by providing both keys for those entitled to them and meticulous information to anyone who asked about the traffic in and out of the building. Anna Gavrinina would rather have vanished into thin air than allow any unauthorized person to pass her gate—and she achieved this solely by virtue of her authority.

But ever since the new director had said that they must cut back on the number of staff—there would no longer be four doorkeepers, working twelve-hour shifts, but two, working twenty-four hours at a stretch—Anna Gavrinina had been looking for a new job. That was not easy at age seventy-four.

What's more, a week after taking over his new position, the director declared that foreigners would now be allowed in the building. Anna Gavrinina made a special effort to make things as pleasant as possible for the Finns, Americans, and, later, even the Germans passing through her realm. Seeing a foreigner approach the glass panes of the entrance door, she hastily opened the box at her right knee and snatched the key from its hook. She said "Good morning, Mister" or "*Päivää*" or "*Guten Morgen, mein Herr*," opening her fist like a magician. It tickled when a foreigner took the key from her open palm.

Anna Gavrinina had refreshed her German with a dictionary and now brought two gentlemen to a halt with a loud "*Achtung*." Unsettled by the effect, she avoided the Germans' eyes and looked down at her doorkeeper's desk, where a calendar with a color illustration of the battleship Aurora was displayed under plate glass. She would have liked to say something, but the only thing she could think to do was present them with her little dictionary. She wanted to be a good hostess and hated shortcomings with all her heart.

To be sure, Anna Gavrinina never

accepted gifts herself, not even from Germans. What reason could foreigners have for giving her presents? It was not Women's Day or Victory Day, or even her birthday. After all, Russians never gave her anything. And the fact that her colleagues accepted such items, indeed spoke of nothing else, and even got into arguments over them—she noted all that in silence. She did not want to hear any more about it. The gentlemen could lavish their pralines, coffee, or sausages wrapped in transparent foil on the vulgar. . . .

One day, however—this was after she had become quite accustomed to foreigners—she was starting her shift and found a package wrapped in beautiful pink paper on her chair.

"For you," Polina, three years her junior, said, as if she were doling out their food coupons. Anna Gavrinina was immediately wary. Polina shrugged. Having offered that information, she left Gavrinina alone. It was Sunday.

Anna Gavrinina had already eaten the second of the sandwiches she had brought when to her own amazement she impetuously pulled at the pink ribbon as if at a shoelace. She was startled by her own recklessness and gasped a little, the way she did at night sometimes when she couldn't sleep. Then she laid her book aside and unwrapped the package. It was exactly two in the afternoon.

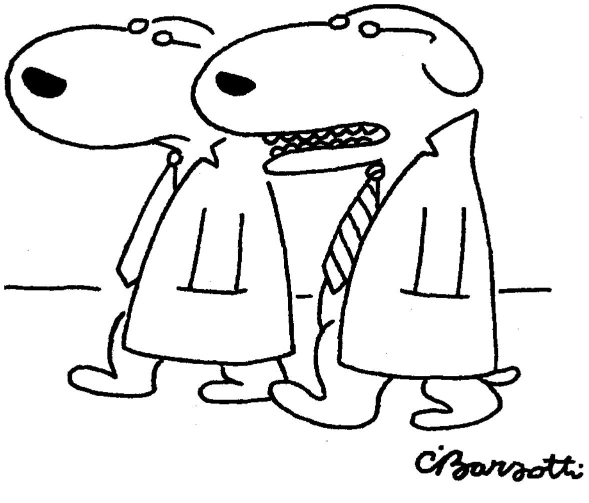
Inside a clear box and bedded in soft pink cotton lay a tiny dark bottle no bigger than her two thumbnails placed side by side. Only a shuffling sound in the stairwell frightened her out of her reverie. No one, no editor and no photographer, and definitely not Lilya Petrovna from the teletype, was to know anything about this. She hid the little bottle on the shelf under the counter and decided to go ahead and polish her nails, as she did every Sunday. To dry them, she laid her palms on the desk, not far from the object that she had to think about.

It was well past four when Anna Gavrinina dabbed the perfume on her neck, behind her earlobes, and on her wrists. Lost in the fragrance, her eyelids almost closed, she recalled a song she hadn't heard in a long while. As she sat there, only her shoulders moved. "Ah, Netotchka," she hummed, "sometimes life is beautiful!"

By way of distraction, Anna Gavrinina turned on the television. The fragrance, in its fresh and gentle way, dominated the entrance to the TASS Building. But how long would the contents of this little bottle—which must surely be worth a fortune—last, even if it was used with her customary frugality? She shuddered with unfamiliar happiness at the idea of diluting just one drop of the perfume in water and thereby prolonging this fragrance until the end of her life. She had made her decision and now dozed off, exhausted from the excitement of the last few hours.

A racket—a clanking and rattling at the entrance door—startled her awake. Dobrovolsky the photographer was fumbling with his key at the double doors and trying to make off with the perfume in its little clear box, along with the pink paper and ribbon.

He didn't even try to deny it. "What do you need the stuff for?" he gasped. "I thought you didn't accept gifts."


C. Barsotti

"I had to bite him once, but now I always get a great table."

Anna Gavrinina, who now recalled every detail of her happiness, set up a wail that resounded throughout the old building.

She threw herself at Dobrovolsky, who protected his face from her blows by tucking it under his arms. Plunging a hand into the left pocket of the thief's jacket, Anna Gavrinina felt a cigarette lighter—and a little bottle. She would never let go of it again! She clutched both the perfume and the lighter so hard that Dobrovolsky, who was holding her by the wrist with his left hand, was unable to wrench her fist open with his right. He crushed his broad thumb against each of Gavrinina's knuckles; she groaned in pain, but she didn't yield. And then she tore into his arm with her teeth. For that, he gave her a blow to the temple and yanked her around, trying to bang her closed fist against the wooden door and . . .

At last, there on the far side of the glass door, they saw the new director. He had come to show a colleague from Moscow, with whom he had studied at one time, the new furnishings in his redecorated office.

Gavrinina opened the door with her left hand and a kick, sobbing and waving at the director, who demanded that they put an end to this circus. Dobrovolsky and Anna Gavrinina loudly agreed—without abandoning their positions. Dobrovolsky went on crushing her fingers, while her dark-red nails clawed into the balls of his hands.

The director, affronted in the presence of his Moscow friend, grabbed hold of them with both his hands and was instantly and painfully caught up in the struggle, a raging rat's nest in the entrance of the TASS Building. Without anyone letting go and amid the steady roil of curses, the following explanation was offered: Dobrovolsky the photographer had bought this perfume for his wife at Lancôme's on Nevsky Prospekt, which he was ready to prove at any time, and that lighter there, only the tip of which was visible—everyone here knew it was his. He had wanted to show the perfume to Gavrinina, but she had gone completely crazy and in a fit of senility had claimed the gift as her own, although she had no use whatever for it. Anna Gavrinina wailed and stammered that the perfume belonged to her. The director had only to smell her neck or behind her earlobes, or here, here on her arm, and the truth would come to light.

The new director just barked at her and demanded to know if she realized whom she was dealing with. Then he joined Dobrovolsky in trying to pry her fingers from the bottle. Gavrinina was no match for this attack. She gave up, and from her opened hand both the lighter and the little bottle fell to the floor. The glass burst. Gavrinina fainted.

The ball of her right hand was bleeding so badly that it had to be bandaged as she lay unconscious on the tiled floor. Then they sent her home.

She did not appear for work again. She vanished into thin air. Only the fragrance in the entrance still reminded the photographer and the director of Anna Gavrinina. But by autumn it, too, smelled like the rest of the building, and they were both rid of an unpleasant memory.

BORDER CONTROLS

TUCKED at heart level, the passports lent my jacket the quality of a bulletproof vest. That did not, however, imply invulnerability. Our car followed the paved road, the broad swath that had been cut through the forest. The little light next to the tachometer started flickering every fifteen minutes, and within half an hour it glowed before our eyes as red as a brake light. We poured oil and water into various openings under the hood, keeping the danger in check for another fifteen minutes or so until the red light started flickering again. But then the paved road came to an end. A few hundred yards ahead a body lay sprawled across the road. We approached it slowly. When we had passed it, one of us got out and made sure: it wasn't a corpse, only a woman who had been drinking. To our left, the sea glistened through the trees, and then the road picked up again.

Every car we passed or that came toward us from the opposite direction was an ally. We were particularly fond of Finnish trucks. Every car that came upon us from the rear, with passengers gawking as they passed, made us uneasy. We counted every mile we had driven since the last village, and kept track of the distance left till the next one marked on our map. We hardly noticed that it had begun to rain. After driving for three hours, we reached the lovely town of Vyborg.

The moment we got out of the car we were encircled by men of various ages. They crowded in on us, getting closer and closer, making various offers, selling this and that. Sometimes they spoke in Russian, sometimes in Finnish. They were almost whimpering. But as we retreated their tone became abruptly demanding, abusive, even menacing. Then they chased the children who were with them away, and we got back into our car, locked the doors, and drove off—slowly at first so as to let them jump out of the way, then faster. Someone kicked the fender, and when stones began flying we accelerated to full speed. People were yelling and cursing.

On the other side of Vyborg, we came to a high, narrow suspension bridge patrolled by a soldier. As we crossed it, we had a magnificent view of the countryside: the town with its towers behind us, lakes and the river's many arms stretching out into the distance, and the endless forest up ahead. We were still enjoying the view when a band of booted young fellows who were camped beside the road brought us to a stop—just passing the time, it seemed. Legitimatized by nothing more than a barrier, they demanded our passports.

Their captain, or whatever he was, bent down to the driver's window, which was only partially open, and, as if snatching at gnats, motioned for him to turn off the motor. He ordered him to roll the window all the way down. He was flicking a match between the corners of his mouth in a steady rhythm. For some reason, this offered us the hope that his intervention would end happily, but we said nothing. The other guys sauntered up and down the shoulder of the road but never took their eyes off us. Two of them leaned against the barrier and grinned.

What would we have to do in order to pass? Nothing would surprise us. The captain spit out the match and dropped the passports in the front-seat passenger's lap.

As we pulled away, we could not help extending a word of greeting, out of relief and gratitude.

During the next stretch, the forest drew close to the road. Despite an urgent need to relieve ourselves, we drove briskly on. The second barrier was visible from a good distance. To our left was a wide moor, with dead trees sticking up out of it like poles. No life left here. To our right, the forest floor looked as if it had been swept clean. The car rolled to a stop. With indifferent faces, the guards approached us, surrounded our car, and without further ado pushed the barrier aside. Out of the corners of our eyes, we could see the finely raked stripe of sand that formed a fire lane through the forest.

We drove on, taking care not to exceed the speed limit, and reached barrier three. This one opened all on its own, without our even having to stop. Then we sat in a line of waiting cars, including some with jovial tourists. We quickly took care of formalities, walked through customs on foot, and then wound our way back to the car. There had been no challenges. Before continuing our journey, we availed ourselves of a little outhouse.

We jauntily passed the raised barrier and relaxed as the asphalt smoothed out to form a road with center and shoulder lines. On each side were guardrails and parking places, the cars were clean and free of rust, the meadows lush, the houses well cared for. We had made it!

Not twenty minutes later, we were sitting on the terrace of a pretty restaurant. We ordered steaks, duchess potatoes, and mushrooms, a Greek shepherd's salad as an appetizer, accompanied by a splendid Chianti Classico, and finished off with coffee and sautéed bananas over vanilla ice cream. Only now did we realize how tense the journey had made us.

While we smoked, a feeling of satisfaction set in, and we talked about what a success our journey had turned out to be after all.

To be sure, we had to admit that not everything had gone smoothly. For example, they had pulled Boris from the car. And the man across from me now found the energy to say that through the rear window he had seen Boris stumbling under the blows of their clubs when he was forced from the car at one of the barriers. We all agreed that this did not bode well for Boris, since for a good while now he had been suffering from heart trouble. ♦

(*Translated, from the German, by John E. Woods.*)

BOOKS

DARK STAR

A life that talent couldn't overcome.

BY HILTON ALS

A NUMBER of years ago, when the Hollywood gossip mill learned that the film historian Donald Bogle was at work on a biography of Dorothy Dandridge—the legendary black "sex goddess of the Eisenhower Era," as Bogle calls her—black actresses with clout in the industry began scrambling to buy the rights to Dandridge's life story. The pop divas Whitney Houston and Janet Jackson both vied for the property, and the black ingénues Halle Berry and Jada Pinkett wanted to play her as well. While these women have achieved greater commercial success and performed roles more varied than Dandridge ever had a chance to, her life is a star vehicle on the scale of at least two Susan Hayward weepies combined—"I Want to Live!" meets "I'll Cry Tomorrow"—and it can only be played by a black girl.

Dandridge is still best remembered, when she is remembered at all, for her leading role in the 1954 movie "Carmen Jones," which was directed by her on-again, off-again lover Otto Preminger. With that role, Dandridge became the first black to receive an Academy Award nomination for Best Actress. "Carmen Jones"—a remake of Bizet's opera set in Jacksonville, Florida, during the Second World War—was one of the first lavish Hollywood musicals to feature an all-black cast. Carmen is still Carmen, but of a duskier hue; she works in a parachute factory and spends most of her time flouncing about in a tight skirt, trying to seduce nearly everyone she meets, including a good-hearted Army corporal named Joe (played by Harry Belafonte). Eventually, Joe murders Carmen when she tries to dump him for the bigger, meaner, blacker prizefighter Husky Miller.

Like many stars who have a signature role, Dandridge was forever after confused with Carmen: she was supposed to be a spitfire all the time. "Few goddesses in movie history had ever seemed so confident and so in control," Bogle recalls. "Few had been so beautiful with such a high-flung sense of drama." In fact, Dandridge was a shy, insecure, and poorly educated woman: in 1965, only a decade after her Academy Award nomination, her career was in decline, her personal life was a mess, and she was drinking heavily. When she died, that September, of an overdose of antidepressants, she had two dollars and fourteen cents in her bank account.

One can easily see while reading Bogle's biography, "Dorothy Dandridge" (Amistad; $27.95), why she appeals to performers like Houston and Jackson. Dandridge's life was rich in drama: her mother was a lesbian, her last husband was a monster, and her rags-to-riches-to-rags career encompasses the struggles that many black actresses still face. But Dandridge always had the slightly fractured, glossy-lipped aura of a star who is not meant to last, a convict's or a drag queen's dream. It is difficult even now to celebrate her as a black American icon, because her talents were so deeply compromised from the start—by her family, by her times, and by herself.

DANDRIDGE was brought up to be a star, but always on somebody else's terms. She was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1922, the second of two girls. Her mother, Ruby, was a cold and self-absorbed woman, ferociously ambitious in her own right. Her father, Cyril, was baffled by his wife's desire to perform, and so she left him, four months before Dorothy's birth. "You ain't going to work in Mister Charley's kitchen like me," she would tell Dorothy and her older sister, Vivian. Ruby worked as a domestic while she nurtured her dreams of being a musical-comedy star. Soon she had forced her children into the business, too. Both girls were doing readings and skits in public well before they were six years old.

During the nineteen-twenties, Ruby exploited the only possibilities open to black performers: black churches and the chitlin circuit. Dorothy was a bright and energetic child who aimed to please and usually succeeded. Vivian later suggested, however, that her sister's talent for reciting Paul Laurence Dunbar poems might not have amounted to anything if their mother hadn't fallen in love with Neva Williams, a trained musician who became as ambitious for the Dandridges as they were for themselves.

Neva moved in almost immediately and became, in essence, the children's coach and manager, teaching them dancing, singing, and acrobatics. They were christened the Wonder Children, and taken on the road. Bogle describes Neva as an "unyielding disciplinarian, foul-tempered and petty." She beat the girls regularly.

After the stock-market crash, there was no work on the regional entertainment circuits. Desperate, Ruby set her sights on the new opportunities for blacks in Hollywood, and moved her household to Los Angeles. Here the Wonder Children added a girl named Etta Jones to their act and became the Dandridge Sisters; the girls appeared in several movies, including the Marx Brothers' "A Day at the Races." They also performed in musical shorts, a kinescopic precursor of "MTV Jams!" By 1938, they had become sufficiently well known to be invited to Harlem's Cotton Club for a season. The exposure was tremendous. It was here that Dorothy met her first husband, the black dancer Harold Nicholas, of Nicholas Brothers' fame.

On the home front, life was increasingly tense. The sisters were the family's principal breadwinners, and yet they had little freedom. Neva still hit them, often without provocation, and wrapped their breasts tightly in an effort to make them less attractive to men. (Bogle describes a particularly traumatic incident in which the older woman, in a frenzy of suspicion, forcibly examined Dorothy's vagina to see if her hymen was still intact.)

By 1940, Dorothy was certain that she could pursue a solo career; when she successfully auditioned for a role in an all-white revue, she accepted it and dissolved the trio. In the next three years, she got seven bit film roles. And

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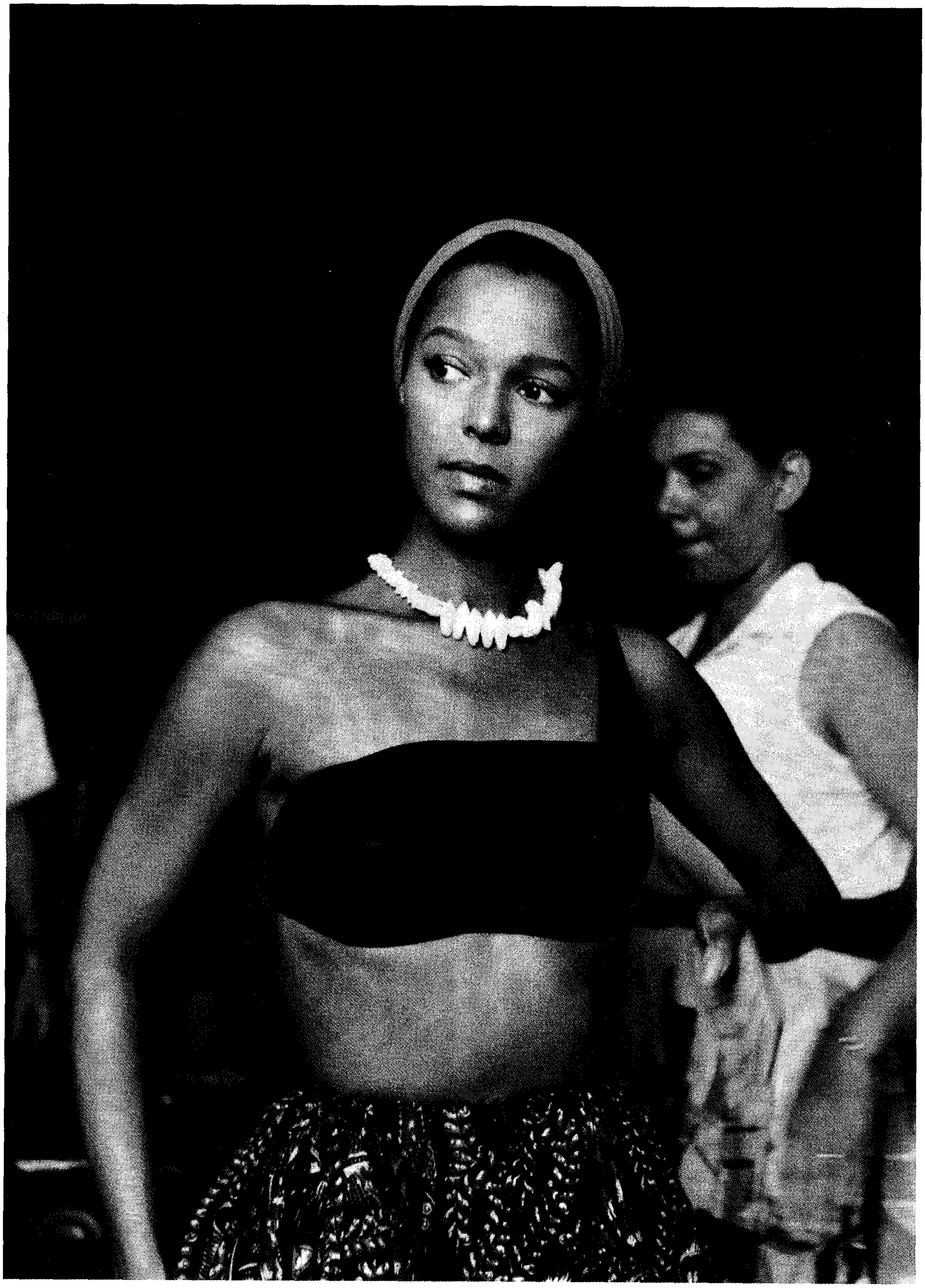


"Few goddesses in movie history had ever seemed so confident and so in control," the biographer Donald Bogle writes of Dandridge.

then she married one of the most famous black entertainers in the business.

DANDRIDGE'S marriage to Nicholas, in 1942, was both a great opportunity and a disaster. Nicholas was part of America's black entertainment aristocracy, and during their marriage Dandridge had social contacts and freedoms that most American blacks could only dream of. The newlyweds moved into a charming house in a mostly white neighborhood of Los Angeles. Harold, who was extremely handsome, also proved to be an excellent provider. And he knew everybody: Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Hattie McDaniel, Billie Holiday, and Cab Calloway were all part of his social set. Dandridge was thrilled to be married, and when a daughter, Lynn, was born, in 1943, delighted to be a mother. If things had turned out differently at home, Dandridge might have left show business altogether. By the late nineteen-forties, however, it was clear that Lynn was severely retarded and that Nicholas was far more interested in girls and golf than in the demands of family life. Dandridge was convinced that she had failed both as a wife and as a mother. Twice while she was on tour with her husband in Europe, she tried to kill herself. Finally, in 1949, she decided to put her marriage aside and return to the thing she knew best.

Although Dandridge had always been sustained by the hope that she would one day be considered a serious actress, she was realistic about her opportunities as a black performer, and had taken whatever work she could get. And work she did, in one low-budget film after another, playing jungle maidens and housemaids and hoochy-koochy tarts. By 1949, however, Dandridge, now twenty-seven, was ready to try another tack. When she ran into Phil Moore, a composer and arranger she had known many years before, they agreed that she should try to put together a night-club act, the goal being not to leave the movie business but to attract more attention and better roles. Moore, who soon became Dandridge's lover, knew that her performances needed to exploit her particular mixture of hauteur, vulnerability, and sexuality. She needed a "crossover" style. Bogle writes:

> As with Lena Horne, with whom Moore had worked closely, there would be no gritty blues songs for Dandridge. Certainly no raunchy rhythm and blues. Mainly, she would have to perform American standards and popular tunes. He would arrange material that would enhance her assets and steer her clear of any vocal limitations. The elements for club stardom were there, but it would take work to put them in place.

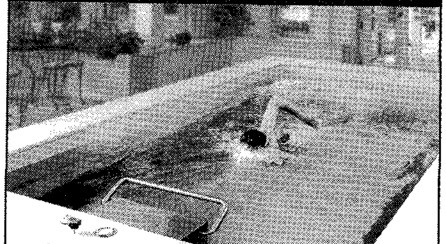
During the next few years, Moore and Dandridge perfected this identity in clubs with long-ago, stardusty sorts of names like Café de Paris and Mocambo. When Dandridge opened at La Vie en Rose in New York, the *Post* called her "a singing sexation," and *Time* wrote that Dandridge, in her gold-lamé gown, "came wriggling out of the wings like a caterpillar on a hot rock."

And yet Dandridge was not entirely at ease in her new role, often complaining about the slinky gowns and the sexual innuendos that were integral to her act. In a 1954 essay, "The Dark Is Light Enough," James Baldwin pinpointed the strangely dissonant quality in Dandridge's seductive performances: "One feels—perhaps one is meant to feel—that here is a *very* nice girl making her way in movies by means of a bad girl part: and the glow thus caused, especially since she is a colored girl, really must make up for the glow which is missing from the performance she is clearly working very hard at."

At the same time, she had little faith that her singing ability could carry her as a solo performer. Her stage fright was so severe that she often threw up before going onstage, and sometimes broke down during her act. She resented her dependence on Moore, but she had difficulty functioning without him. (Moore was the last black man Dandridge was seriously involved with. A succession of white men, including Peter Lawford and the director Gerald Mayer, would take his place.)

The life of a night-club performer brought with it other strains and humiliations. She was frequently booked in clubs where she wasn't allowed to mix with the white patrons; one hotel in Las Vegas threatened to drain the pool rather than let her swim in it. By 1953, Bogle writes, "the unrelenting racism of the nightclub circuit coupled with her growing distaste for the oversexed club atmosphere was driving her . . . to dread ever going anywhere near what she came to call 'the saloons.'" It was during this year that Dandridge went to the "Carmen Jones" audition and landed the role that changed her life.

IN 1954, Dorothy Dandridge had been in show business for approximately twenty-eight of her thirty-two years, but she had never received anything like the



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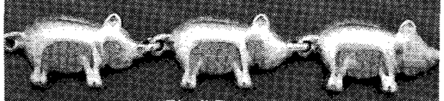

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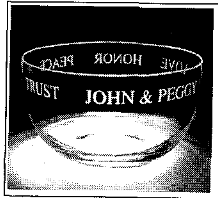

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attention she got for "Carmen Jones": her photograph appeared on the cover of *Life;* she was deluged with requests to appear at social and charity events as a representative of black success; Darryl F. Zanuck signed her to a three-picture deal with Twentieth Century Fox. The following spring, when she and Preminger attended the movie's opening at the Cannes film festival, she was pursued by hordes of photographers calling out "Car-man," "Car-man," "Door-tee."

In "Jean Howard's Hollywood: A Photo Memoir," there is a photograph of Dandridge taken during the year of her Academy Award nomination, at a party in honor of Cole Porter. Dandridge is sitting with Judy Garland, Merle Oberon, and Sid Luft, among others, and she is resplendent in a white dress, with her light skin, her delicate collarbone, her short black hair fitting her like a cap. It is impossible to imagine Ethel Waters or Hattie McDaniel sitting on that sofa, but Dandridge seems to fit in perfectly. Yet it became increasingly clear over the next few years that Dandridge no longer fitted in anywhere at all.

As "Carmen Jones" established itself as a phenomenon, friends complained that Dandridge's head had started to swell. Bogle writes, "Sometimes Dorothy would stop in front of a mirror. Gazing at her reflection, she would ask whoever was nearby, 'Do you like what you see?' Then she would answer herself, 'I do.' " As a child of Hollywood, Dandridge believed in her own press, and she used her success to make demands she had never had the courage to voice before. She became incensed when her sister didn't show up for her opening at the Waldorf. "What the hell are you worrying whether I came to your opening night or not," Vivian demanded. "Besides, you're opening all the time. You've been opening for years." The sisters soon became estranged.

Dandridge's brief spurt of self-confidence did not supplant her customary need for a strong man to take control of her life, and the man of the moment was Otto Preminger. Their relationship was an open secret in Hollywood, and soon she began relying almost exclusively on him for personal and professional advice. Preminger bullied Dandridge, but he also believed that she could have a career as big as Dietrich's or Monroe's. He advised her to turn down any film in which her name wouldn't appear above the title. Dandridge rarely opposed any of his decisions, even when they were ill-considered, such as his advice not to accept the supporting role of Tuptim in "The King and I"—a part that helped make Rita Moreno a star.

Although Preminger never promised to marry Dandridge, she continued to hope that he might; she always refused to believe that the white men she loved didn't share her movie-inspired dreams of a world without racial boundaries. Preminger—like Peter Lawford, like Gerald Mayer—simply wasn't willing to jeopardize his career to cross the color line. In 1957, she left him for good.

Dandridge quickly discovered that the roles befitting a black movie star of her stature were virtually nonexistent. She had serious misgivings about her part in Zanuck's "Island in the Sun" (1957), in which a black shop girl falls in love with a white governor's aide, but it was the first substantial role she'd been offered in years, and she couldn't afford to turn it down. Her next roles were even worse: in "The Decks Ran Red" (1958), she played the only woman on board a ship of mutinous sailors; in "Tamango" (1958), which was shot on the French Riviera, she played Aiche, a slave trader's concubine. Again, she complained to the producer and director about the two-dimensionality of her character; again, she played her character in a two-dimensional way.

Dandridge's Bess in Samuel Goldwyn's 1959 movie of "Porgy and Bess" is perhaps the finest performance of her film career, despite the fact that the film was plagued with difficulties. To begin with, black Hollywood considered the story a coon show, and many black actors wanted nothing to do with it; Sidney Poitier was, in essence, blackmailed by Goldwyn into taking the role of Porgy. Dandridge, for her part, was unenthusiastic about playing another loose woman, but her options were depressingly few. One irate fan wrote angrily, "Why do you always have to play a prostitute role when you are supposed to be holding up Negro womanhood with dignity?" Dandridge later explained, "America was not geared to make me into a Liz Taylor, a Monroe, a Gardner. My sex symbolism was as a wanton, a pros-

BRIEFLY NOTED

The Blue Flower, by Penelope Fitzgerald (Mariner/Houghton Mifflin; $12). In Germany in 1794, Fritz von Hardenberg, an impoverished aristocrat and future great poet who has just left the university, falls in love with a middle-class twelve-year-old named Sophie. It is her social status, not her age, that outrages Fritz's father, and her lack of high intelligence that distresses Fritz's brother. However, the von Hardenbergs learn to value Sophie's peculiar gifts of joy and openness, and their complicated familial love—which is exquisitely rendered—extends to include her.

Straight Man, by Richard Russo (Random House; $25). There is a big, wry heart beating at the center of Russo's fiction, and here it belongs to William Henry Devereaux, Jr., a writer and English professor at a mediocre university in central Pennsylvania. In this comic operetta of academic travails, written in the vein of David Lodge and Jane Smiley, Devereaux struggles to muster the midlife cunning needed to protect his equanimity—if not his self-respect—from the machinations of his colleagues.

The Undertaking, by Thomas Lynch (Norton; $23). In a remarkable anatomy of the undertaker's trade, Lynch, a poet cum funeral director, clarifies the connections between the living and the dead. He does so in an aphoristic style, treating with compassion and humor such diverse subjects as the flush toilet, the embalming of his father, and his idea for a combined golf course and cemetery (a "Golfatorium"). Unsurprisingly, he is not queasy about finality. "Mourning is a romance in reverse," he writes. "If you love, you grieve and there are no exceptions—only those who do it well and those who don't."

News of a Kidnapping, by Gabriel García Márquez; translated from the Spanish by Edith Grossman (Knopf; $25). The former journalist returns to reportage with an account of the 1990 kidnapping of ten influential Colombians. Their ordeal, alternately mundane (television, takeout pizza) and terrifying (armed teen-age guards delusional from smoking crack), is both understated and suspenseful. Still, there are signature flights of magic, as when Father García Herreros, an elderly priest widely credited with an ability to talk to the sea, decides to negotiate the release of the captives.

The Perfect Vehicle, by Melissa Holbrook Pierson (Norton; $24). This book, a polished, winding meditation on the theory and fractiousness of motorcycles, celebrates both their eccentric history and the wary pleasures of touring. As a guide to emotional balance on two wheels, and an exploration of what it means to be the sort of woman who has a ride of her own, the author, a longtime Moto Guzzi aficionado, explains, "Motorcycles are a way in to yourself, and a way out. For those who work on them, they provide a simulacrum of life itself—the project that is finished only when you are."

titute, not as a woman seeking love and a husband, the same as other women."

To make matters worse, after the movie had been cast, Goldwyn fired his director, Rouben Mamoulian, and called in Preminger to take his place. Preminger proved to be an unpredictable and brutal director, but he saved his most vicious attacks for his former lover. Poitier, describing Preminger's behavior years later, summed it up by saying, "The predator had selected her, staked her out, marked her for the kill." Preminger humiliated Dandridge in front of the others daily, frequently reducing her to tears and making it impossible for her to continue.

And yet Dandridge's performance as Bess—a coke-sniffing wreck who finds love with a crippled beggar named Porgy and then loses it in a moment of terror and pain—is startlingly realized. In many ways, Dandridge *was* Bess: beautiful, insecure, terrifically vulnerable, but not without wiles and tenacity; a woman seeking love and a husband, the same as other women. When Dandridge enters, in a split skirt and a black cartwheel hat, we see her terrible history on her face. Dandridge had been anxious and bullied for her entire professional life, and yet this was the first time her bruised spirit had fully animated her role. Unfortunately, this was not the beginning of her serious film work but the end.

Immediately after the completion of "Porgy and Bess," she married Jack Denison, an unsuccessful entrepreneur who beat her and took her for whatever he could. By 1962, Dandridge had filed for divorce and was deeply in debt; she filed for bankruptcy, in 1963, with debts exceeding a hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars. Her remaining years were a blur of drinking and quarrelling and unhappy love affairs.

The lesson of Dandridge's career is not that we lost a great American actress to American racism but that the harsh exigencies of her career make it impossible to judge her capabilities. That lesson has reverberated throughout the decades since her death. It was 1972 before another black actress was even nominated for Best Actress—Diana Ross, for "Lady Sings the Blues," and Cicely Tyson, for "Sounder." "The Wiz" (1978) was Ross's last big movie; the last time I saw Tyson, she was in a TV special produced by Oprah Winfrey. ♦

LOST LOVE

A postwar German's romance with the past.

BY SCOTT L. MALCOMSON

"TODAY there are so many books and films that the world of the camps is part of our collective imagination and completes our ordinary everyday one," Bernhard Schlink's narrator, Michael Berg, explains in "The Reader" (Pantheon; $21; translated from the German by Carol Brown Janeway). "Our imagination knows its way around in it." Yet this novel, which treats the Holocaust from a post-"Schindler's List" perspective, seems somehow anachronistic, almost profanely so, as it tries to pull the war into the nineties. "The Reader" offers its story in slabs of time—the war and, marking the stages of a love affair, roughly each decade after it. The novel's horrible profundity lies in how the earliest period becomes steadily more real as the present, which one might expect would contain an accumulation of wisdom and purpose, is emptied.

It won't give away too much of the story, which has several rich surprises, to say that around 1958 fifteen-year-old Michael Berg first discovers love with thirty-six-year-old Hanna Schmitz, about whom he knows almost nothing; that the affair goes well until it ends badly; and that Michael, who becomes a law student, next sees his lover in court, being tried for her role as an S.S. guard in the deaths of hundreds of Jewish women in an accidental fire. This is simply the setup. It is our judgment of Hanna that takes time, for in her case—the minor trial, circa 1965, of a guard who failed to be heroic—the law confronts, by implication, the greatest collective crime of our century, and the lawyerly voice of Michael Berg, looking back from the nineteen-nineties, becomes steadily less assured.

Berg's confidence wanes because Hanna increasingly becomes more than he can

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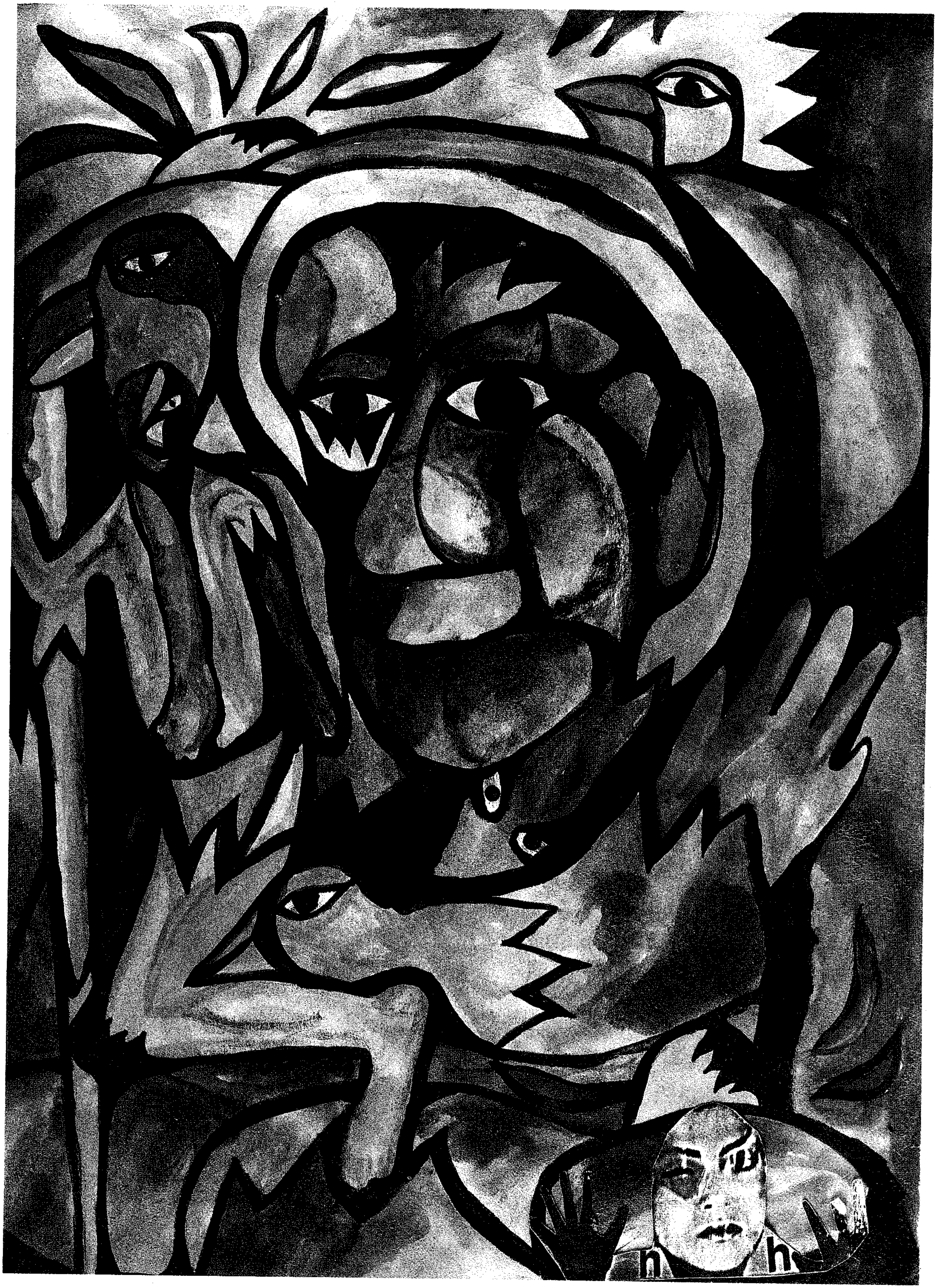
SKETCHBOOK BY DAN ELDON

AFRICAN JOURNEY

DAN ELDON was only twenty-two when, at the height of the conflict in Somalia, he and three other journalists were chased down by a mob enraged at a United Nations helicopter attack and stoned to death. The year was 1993. Eldon was among the first to document the famine in Somalia; he had risen rapidly through the ranks of war photographers, with spreads in *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *Stern*. But, as "The Journey Is the Destination: The Journals of Dan Eldon" (Chronicle Books) shows, he was an artist as well. The son of an English father and an American mother, he grew up in Nairobi, where he became fascinated by the mixture of European and African cultures and learned to speak fluent Swahili. At fifteen, he began recording his life in a series of eclectic, exuberantly collaged journals, which incorporate everything from his own drawings and paintings (such as the one at the right) to stamps, matchbook covers, photographs of his friends, and self-portraits (the one above is from a page of religious kitsch).

By the time Eldon died, he had compiled seventeen journals, the last of which—according to his mother, Kathy, who edited the published selection—consisted, uncharacteristically, of his Somalia photographs mounted on plain white paper. Eldon was a popular figure in Somalia, but he'd become depressed by seeing the Africa he loved crumbling around him. In one of his journals he quotes Plato: "Only the dead have seen the end of war." —PETER CANBY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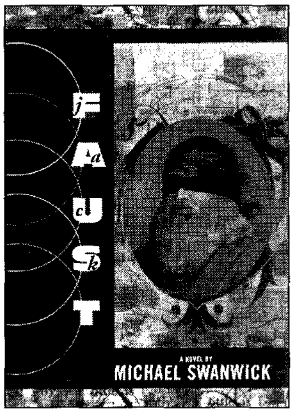
(Advt.)

It has been said that truth is stranger than fiction. By the same token, literary invention can often vividly illuminate startling truths about who we are.

Michael Swanwick's ***JACK FAUST*** is an excellent example. Here is a new spin on the classic tale of a medieval scholar who trades his soul to the Devil in exchange for unlimited knowledge. This author's Dr. Faustus, however, becomes privy to information that was unimaginable in Goethe's day and sets out to industrialize Europe centuries before its rightful time. Imagine, if you will, what would happen if one man knew the secrets of microbiology, aerodynamics, the cosmos and the atom, and imposed them upon a world steeped in ignorance, superstition and religious persecution. Swanwick has imagined it—and the results are both disastrous and eye-opening.



In the Rogue Blood
James Carlos Blake

The inherent instability of the human race is also a theme of ***IN THE ROGUE BLOOD*** by **James Carlos Blake**. Blake offers an unromanticized look at the American West of one hundred and fifty years ago, rendering it as an almost surreal bloodland of carnality and death while elevating it to the nearly mythic through his justifiably celebrated prose craft. The men and women in his novel are ruthless, dangerous, short-sighted and misled—in other words, flawed and fatally human.

Award-winning poet **Judson Mitcham** reveals the tragic failings of an otherwise good and simple man in his debut novel ***THE SWEET EVERLASTING***. We recognize our own pain and weaknesses in the story of Southern sharecropper's son Ellis Burt, as it ranges across a lifetime of memory, love, and loss from Depression-Era Georgia to the birth of civil rights. And in the end, his small triumphs are our own.

We'll talk again.

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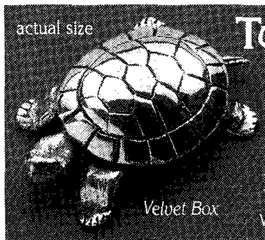

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know: more than a young man's passing lover carrying the scent of fried onions, freshly pressed laundry, and perfume; more than a worried, stiff-necked defendant wonderingly asking the judge what he would have done in her position. Yet, despite some narrative toying with mitigating factors, nothing really redeems her. Fortunately, redemption is not the point. Hanna was a German of her time; she was Michael's first love. Putting these together is Michael's task, and Schlink's. By the end of the novel, Schlink has made you understand how it would be possible to love Hanna, even after the trial. The strangest aspect of "The Reader," and what makes it tragic rather than sentimental, is that Michael never reaches this understanding; having documented every stage of his love affair, he still cannot make it his own.

Perhaps this is because Schlink wants to examine Germany's wounds, not to soothe them. Of all the emotions associated with the postwar generation, self-pity is not the least—that particular vanity of the aggressors' children, eager to despise their parents, their country, their heritage. "The Reader" can be read as a sequel to Curzio Malaparte's "Kaputt," finished in 1943, which brutally exposed the vanities of a Fascist generation with the goal of destroying them altogether. Malaparte had hoped that the postwar generation would be truly new, but instead it was a generation born old, childishly old—for a time, deliberately forgetful, then ferocious in the pillaging of secondhand memories. "Even when the facts took our breath away," Berg recalls, "we held them up triumphantly. Look at this!" Then his generation's Oedipal moralism subsided into a crippled endgame in which self-pity and self-hatred became indistinguishable—two lonely emotions throbbing together in numb frustration and uselessness.

That is where Schlink leaves Michael Berg, in a small tragedy of the living. The most disturbing feature of this novel is that Hanna remains, finally, more alive in memory—in the reader's memories, in those of her lover, and in the memory of Schlink's Germany—than Michael does in life. She knows the dead, killers and killed, as he cannot; she has the past he will never recapture. Her vitality and Michael's emptiness represent something grotesquely true about two German generations, and about the war that the first placed between itself and the second. ◆

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MUSICAL EVENTS

COURT COMPOSERS

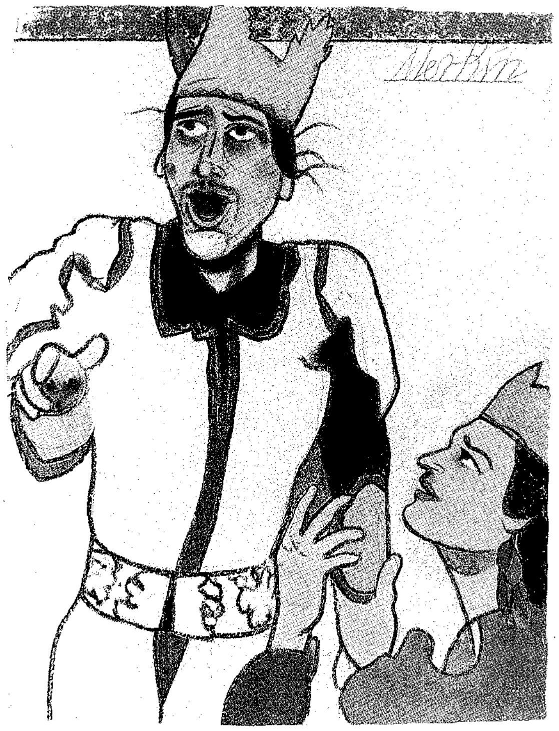
Two new operas: a bawdy duchess and a Buddhist king.

BY ALEX ROSS

AMERICAN composers used to regard opera as a danger zone. Aaron Copland called it "*la forme fatale.*" Samuel Barber spiralled into depression over the debacle of his "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Met. Leonard Bernstein skirted the genre with hybrid music-theatre forms. Charles Ives spurned it entirely. The sight of laboriously conceived music dramas disappearing overnight was familiar and depressing to all. Even the composer-friendly Santa Fe Opera—which went once more unto the breach with the world première of Peter Lieberson's "Ashoka's Dream" in the last week of July—has, in its forty-year history, seen very few new pieces survive and prosper in the repertory.

The tide turned a little in the nineteen-eighties. John Adams, with "Nixon in China," made a confident transition from orchestral to operatic writing and has since moved between the two with ease. In the nineties, American composers have benefitted from increasingly open-minded opera producers and increasingly youthful audiences. Younger composers are stylistically faster on their feet, able to run a gamut of dramatic moods, as members of the modernist generation could not. Opera is still a difficult business: many companies put on novelties rather than build a solid repertory, and many composers see years of work end in three performances. But if companies act intelligently the next decade may bring a tumult of new opera.

Lieberson has written an eccentric opera, one that may have trouble establishing itself in other houses. It does, however, contain a great deal of beautiful and original music and seems to mark a mid-career breakthrough for this composer. Lieberson, who is fifty, has an impeccable academic background, having studied with Milton Babbitt and Charles Wuorinen. He comes, in other words, from a serialist community that has never made a dent in American opera. But the sheer sonic radiance of his latest scores suggests the degree to which the old territorial divisions—operatic versus symphonic, neo-Romantic versus serialist—are no longer relevant. Lieberson, who combines his musical career with a devotion to Tibetan Buddhism, has made an opera on his own terms and has been rejuvenated rather than defeated by the process.



Kurt Ollmann as the King and Lorraine Hunt as Tiraksha, in "Ashoka's Dream," an oddball opera of great beauty.

RICHARD MERKIN

The plot, to be honest, doesn't amount to much. The libretto, by Douglas Penick, contains some strong phrases but lacks drama and wit. It is a static series of scenes from the life of the third-century-B.C. Indian king Ashoka, who unified the subcontinent through brute conquest and then found enlightenment, becoming a selfless, egalitarian ruler. Although the opera has him die in a purified state, he leaves a troubled kingdom: his second wife, Tiraksha, has been banished because she jealously put out the eyes of her stepson, and one of Ashoka's ministers has committed suicide. The secondary characters are sketchily drawn; Ashoka's spiritual development overshadows them. The piece might be better understood as a Buddhist scenic cantata.

The score is a tableau of gorgeous harmony, enlivened by taut, asymmetrical, Stravinskyish rhythms. What's interesting about the lushness of the sound is that it derives—paradoxically, some might think—from Lieberson's variation on twelve-tone method. In earlier works, he systematically divided the twelve-note series into groups of four. In "Ashoka," as in many of his recent pieces, the four-note groups assume a tonal guise as a triad plus an extra note: for example, C major with an added A, or a triad plus a seventh. As a result, the score has a late-Romantic tinge, rather like Mahler's last scores or Schoenberg's early ones: the finale, in an ecstatic D-flat major, echoes Schoenberg's "Gurrelieder" and the end of the Mahler Ninth. The orchestration is more transparent and delicate than in earlier Lieberson. Toward the end of the piece comes a series of slow string chords which I nominate (for some imaginary new-music Oscars) as the Loveliest Chords of the Year.

The Santa Fe production, by Stephen Wadsworth, was straightforwardly exotic, dominated by Martin Pakledinaz's color-mad costumes. Kurt Ollmann sang the title role with his usual keen expressivity and focussed tone. Lorraine Hunt riveted the ears with her large, urgent voice, even though her character, Tiraksha, remained vague. Richard Bradshaw drew a lavish sound from the Santa Fe orchestra, and Lieberson's orchestration blossomed in the open-air theatre. This is an opera with magic in it. It should win more fans when it is recorded.

THE day before the Lieberson première, the Aspen Music Festival presented the first American staging of Thomas Adès's two-year-old chamber opera "Powder Her Face." The contrast in subject and sensibility could not have been greater. Adès, the frighteningly talented boy wonder of English music, is as quick and savage as Lieberson is serene. It is no longer fair to call him a prodigy; he has become, at the age of twenty-six, a prime mover in English music. His work as composer, conductor, and pianist has caused a nearly total capitulation of critical and popular opinion. He has a new CD on EMI that consists largely of music he wrote before the age of twenty-two. If Lieberson's work provides a kind of elegant coda to twentieth-century history, Adès's—clichés be damned—is the music of the future.

Any few bars of Adès proclaim his personal voice. He often starts off with a riot of rhythm—beats overlapping in a haze. Instruments caterwaul as much as sing; woodwinds screech at the top of their range or growl in the lower registers. Particles of the old tonal system collide in random motion. But he is capable of changing direction completely and indulging a lyrical voice: sweet, almost saccharine melody; sumptuous arpeggios across a piano keyboard; exquisite instrumental cadenzas. He can launch into popular dance—"Powder Her Face" begins with a colossal tango—and then shatter the mood with a cluster chord or skronking motor horns. To describe the whole effect I'd use a phrase that Bob Dylan applied to his "Blonde on Blonde": "that wild mercury sound."

Philip Hensher's remarkable libretto for "Powder Her Face" keeps pace with Adès's invention. The antiheroine is Margaret, the Duchess of Argyll, a mid-century society figure whose sensational divorce, in the nineteen-fifties, uncovered shocking shenanigans among the rich and titled. The opera opens in 1990, with the aged, bankrupt Duchess being mocked by a maid and an electrician at her London hotel. Just as the hotel manager arrives to evict her, a series of hallucinatory flashbacks begins: the Maid, the Electrician, and the Manager act out episodes from the Duchess's life. The Manager has the richest roles: he plays the Duke, a philanderer who explodes with rage when he finds that his wife has been servicing the staff, and also the Judge, who presides over the divorce trial and denounces the Duchess as "insatiable, unnatural, and altogether fairly appalling." As the action returns to the present, the Manager appears as himself, but now with symbolic implications: he is Death, telling the Duchess that her credit has run out.

Hensher's language is sometimes deliciously arch, sometimes brutally frank. My guess is that the phrase "suck me off" has not appeared in opera before. The story manages to do two quite separate things: evoke a high-society past and speak to the mass-media present. The trial scene automatically reminds us of the latest tabloid spectacles, whether at Windsor Castle or in Beverly Hills. One possible source of worry is Hensher's eventual judgment of the Duchess: the final scene is so cruel to her, as she tries and fails to seduce the Manager, that some might catch a whiff of misogyny. Certainly, the piece takes a dim view of human nature. All the more notable, then, that Adès's score exudes such wit and passion.

There are too many brilliant musical moments to attempt a sequential catalogue. "Powder Her Face" is the rare modern opera that has you walking out with melodies on your lips. Despite the frantic polyrhythms and deliberately grotesque instrumentation, Adès is a composer with a knack for tunes. There is the majestic tango of the overture; there are precious pastiches of flapper songs in the scenes set in the nineteen-thirties; there is a classically lilting phrase as the Duchess remembers a beloved nursemaid from her childhood. And it is at that queasy moment toward the end, when the Duchess tries to proposition Death, that Adès's inspiration rises highest. Taking off from the great D-minor interlude of "Wozzeck," he creates his own broken rhapsody, a dark arioso in the brass over tremolo string chords. In such passages, Adès spreads his wings as a composer and soars miles above mere cleverness.

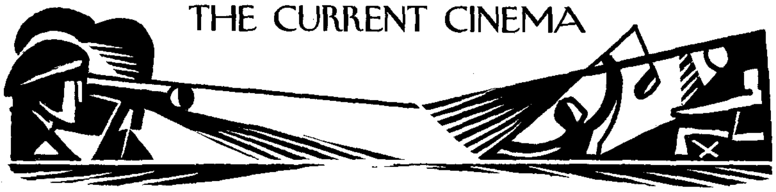
Adès himself was the conductor in Aspen, where he drew a white-hot performance from the students of the Aspen Music School. Edward Berkeley staged the piece as a kaleidoscope of gaudy bedroom décor. The soprano Máire O'Brien sang the lead role securely, although she was upstaged by two supporting players—the seductive Heather Buck, as the Maid, breezing through coloratura lines, and Allen Schrott, belting out the Judge's aria like a combination of the Commendatore and Monty Python's Spanish Inquisition. It was no surprise that the singers seemed to be having the time of their lives with the material. What did surprise me was the pleasure shown by the conservative-looking Aspen audience. It shouldn't have; Adès has the extrovert panache of a great opera composer. ♦

HAZARDOUS HOBBIES

[*From the California Bar Journal*]

Side effects from a drug, ongoing depression and a lifelong interest in ornithology all contributed to poor judgment.

THE CURRENT CINEMA



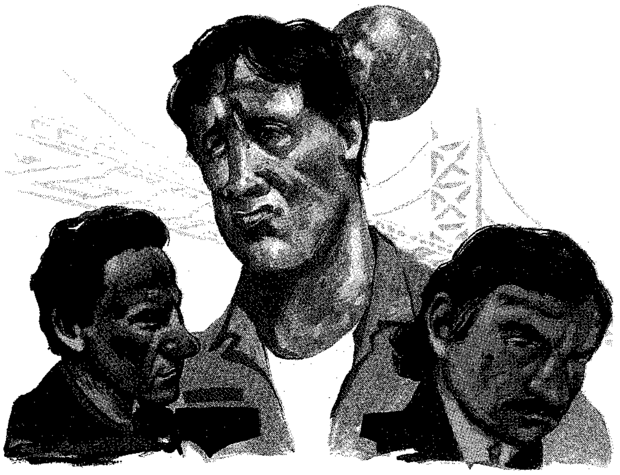
UNTRUE BLUE

Sad Sly; crazy Mel.

BY ANTHONY LANE

WRITTEN and directed by James Mangold, "Cop Land" tells the story of a bunch of policemen who have colonized the fictional New Jersey town of Garrison. They work across the river, but in the evening they come home to a place where the streets are tranquil, where the Four Aces bar is "all blue, no civilians," and where the greatest outrage to law and order is the dumping of a garbage bag on the wrong sidewalk. Stalwarts of the cop clan include Ray (Harvey Keitel), Rucker (Robert Patrick), Figgsy (Ray Liotta), Joey (Peter Berg), and "Superboy" Babitch (Michael Rapaport). These guys would die for each other, but in the normal run of things they'd be just as likely to murder each other; a typical evening's entertainment at the Four Aces ends with Figgsy jamming the tip of a dart up the wing of Rucker's nostril. All in all, it's a happy, well-knit community, like Stepford with sidearms.

The knitting starts to unravel when Babitch is involved in a shooting on the George Washington Bridge. He kills two unarmed black men, so Rucker helps out by planting a gun in their car; Ray adds to the fun by spiriting Babitch away and claiming that the poor dolt, crazed with remorse, has jumped off the bridge. Nobody believes him, but no matter; Superboy is officially dead, and a crowd of N.Y.P.D. officers show up to bury his suit. The lad himself is kept under wraps back in Garrison, but his colleagues have a problem: What should they do with him? Shouldn't you destroy incriminating evidence? Into the middle of this stink comes an Internal Affairs lieutenant, Moe Tilden (Robert De Niro), who soon realizes that the Garrison affair is about as internal as you can get; every cop in town is on the take, corruption seeps beneath the place like sewage, and the Babitch incident is the best chance yet to flush the place clean. But Moe needs a man on the inside to back him up, and the only unsullied soul within miles belongs to Freddy Heflin, the local sheriff. And Freddy is played by Sylvester Stallone.



Keitel, Stallone, and De Niro in "Cop Land," where corrupt cops are busted by major stars.

TIM BOWER

From here on, things should be simple. The rules of Stallone engagement are well known: give him a soiled bandanna, a helicopter gunship, and a six-pack of rocket launchers and point him in the vague direction of trouble. Sly has tidied up entire countries in the time that it takes the rest of us to load the dishwasher; what's a small-time cesspit like Garrison to a man like that? This, however, is where James Mangold plays his ace: he delivers the new-look Stallone—a slow fat lump where the hunk used to be. His eyes have always been mournful, but now the rest of him follows suit. There's a great shot of his head and

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shoulders as he lumbers up from the subway; it's filmed from behind, and it shows you just how awkward, how slumped and draggy, a big man can be when the fight and the juice leak out of him. He's like a brick wall walking into himself. With the aid of flashbacks, we learn how Freddy Heflin softened into this sad sack. In his youth, he dived into the river to rescue a girl from a crashed car and went deaf in one ear. It's here, I think, that Mangold overplays his hand. The move to remold Stallone is so bold that he pushes it too far and makes him not just thwarted but wistful. Freddy's heroic handicap, after all, is a steal from "It's a Wonderful Life"; worse still, he has to lie on his couch and listen to some tedious Springsteen dirge on the turntable. Is there no mercy?

It was a shock to find this aroma of sentimentality wafting into "Cop Land"; the movie is endlessly interesting and often very clever, but it remains oddly and stubbornly unenjoyable, as if to warn us that interest is not enough. Mangold is so good on cowardice and the cringings of the defeated, so keen to register the livid creepiness that passes for peace and quiet in the Garrison stronghold, that he neglects the need for more vulgar pleasures. There's a car chase near the beginning of the movie and a shooting match at the end, but sandwiched in the middle is a mass of itty-bitty scenes that stick and fray between the teeth of the action. This is bad news for the cast, which is so absurdly strong from top to toe that people with a lot to offer—especially the actresses, such as Cathy Moriarty, Janeane Garofalo, and Annabella Sciorra—end up wasted, or at least uncomfortably squeezed, in small parts. You look at each star in turn and think, "Hey, Cathy Moriarty," or "Holy shit, Robert De Niro," but that feeling never eases off; there's hardly a moment when you forget who you're watching. (The exception is Robert Patrick, who has swapped the liquid metal of which he was made in "Terminator 2" for an even more terrifying mustache.) I'd be the first to admit what a kick I get from seeing Robert De Niro walk into a diner and confront Harvey Keitel; anyone weaned on "Taxi Driver" will feel the same. But the fact that their characters, Moe and Ray, go back twenty or thirty years—we are told that they attended the police academy together—doesn't stand a chance next to the equally entwined history of the two stars.

Still, it gives De Niro a chance to stir his coffee and then lick the stirrer. His puckered smile as he does this, like the moment when he asks for napkins while chomping on a badly behaved sandwich, is gauged with relish and precision—shades of "Taxi Driver," indeed. The true muscle of "Cop Land," in the end, resides in these minute particulars; the giveaway is Howard Shore's overblown score, which tries to roll and trumpet the fidgety goings on into something grander and more apocalyptic. This is not a crime picture at all, but a low and grouchy chamber piece, and watching it is like attending an incredibly high-grade master class in film performance, as if Mangold and his team were still reading their way toward—or deep into—the ideal movie that they wish to make. I'd love to see it someday.

"CONSPIRACY THEORY" stars Mel Gibson as Jerry Fletcher, a New York taxi-driver full of crazy ideas. We hear a selection of them during the opening sequence, which is by far the most seductive part of the film. The credits appear against the windshield and hubcaps of Jerry's cab and then just ripple out of sight, as if dissolving in the city's rain and steam—no more substantial, you feel, than the drivelling downpour of monologue, all about Nobel Prize winners and black helicopters, that Jerry sprays over his captive audience in the back seat.

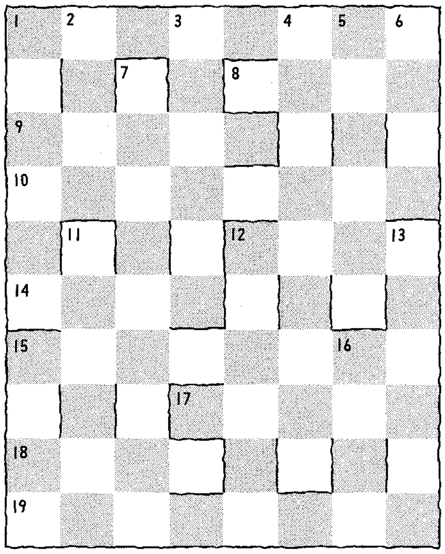
The trick of the ensuing movie, which was written by Brian Helgeland and directed by Richard Donner, is to suggest that one of Jerry's theories turns out to be true. Even that is a bit of a cheat, since Jerry doesn't really stumble across anything; he was once, we learn, the guinea pig for some experimental mind-bending drugs, and now his past—in the shape of the evil Patrick Stewart—is catching up with him. What a drag. The most bendy thing about "Conspiracy Theory" is not the plot but the performance of Mel Gibson, who behaves like a guinea pig *tout court*. He's all squeak and peeps and little chuckles, with the occasional major freakout when someone tries to break into his cage. The only person who can stroke Jerry into any sort of calm is Alice Sutton (Julia Roberts), an official at the Justice Department whom he is constantly pestering. Donner asks us to believe that this mismatched pair would, under the pressures of circumstance, fall in love. I can imagine Alice tipping Jerry a twenty for a ride on Christmas Day, but love? Forget it. Mind you, Roberts has never looked more beautiful, or more sickly; her role in the cultural life of this country appears to be that of a kind of standard-bearer for the Keatsian swoon. All the essentials of a top Roberts performance are in place: the lustrous rusty hair, the complexion of a Dresden shepherdess, a top lip that trembles so madly that it appears to swell until it's actually larger than most people's bottom lips, and, last but not least, a supremely implausible choice of profession for her character. Julia Roberts as a lawyer? Next thing you know she'll be playing a hooker.

OLÉ!
OLÉ!
OLÉ!
OLÉ!
OLÉ!

The second-loveliest thing about "Conspiracy Theory" is the camera work. The director of photography, John Schwartzman, uses a flurry of long-lens shots to pack and flatten the insignia of New York—all the street signs and traffic lights, the paranoid reflections and the fuzzy flare of headlamps—into a luminous hell, so that we come to understand Jerry's conviction that the visible world is ganging up on him. But this long, portentous film wants more: it wants us to *become* Jerrys, to enter into the frenzy of his fears. In a summer when "Men in Black" has taught us that conspiracies exist to be laughed off, there's a fatal lack of critical distance in Donner's movie, and a deep unease in the presence of anything that looks like a joke. Not only do black helicopters land in the middle of New York City; they don't even get a ticket. ♦

8 x 10 CRYPTIC

NO. 11 BY PATRICK BERRY



ACROSS

- **1** Pick each fresh garbanzo bean (8)
- **8** Sidekick's much improved (4)
- **9** Remove front of thin missile (5)
- **10** Visit eccentric outside family circle (4,2,2)
- **12** Cried, covering piece of paper with moisture (4)
- **14** Fly-catching amphibian pulled with the tongue (4)
- **15** Mixed up in covert scheme (8)
- **17** Stacked pastrami at first deli counter (5)
- **18** Return of "morning head" (4)
- **19** Previous state lies between "full" and "empty" (8)

DOWN

- **1** Chap almost rented ski lodge (6)
- **2** Leading man in "The Rock" (4)
- **3** Type of college dorm keeps well prepared (6)
- **4** Price that you'll pay for calling in bellhop fluctuates (5,4)
- **5** Old World countries featured in Amateur Open (6)
- **6** Preacher's saying bad name (4)
- **7** Battle Roosevelt, Simpson, and Sadat (6,3)
- **11** Hurt Yogi's pal (3-3)
- **12** Electrical cables twist around one (6)
- **13** "Color laundry in Tide," I said (3-3)
- **15** Part of sleeve scratches after being trimmed (4)
- **16** Speaker's conceited manner (4)

• •

The solution to puzzle No. 10 appears on page 12. For a free copy of "The New Yorker's Guide to Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please send your fax number or a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

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SHOUTS & MURMURS

TEUTONIC BOMBSHELLS

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

The American band leader, Glenn Miller, did not die in a plane crash over the Channel in 1944 but in a French brothel, according to an investigative journalist in Germany. —*London Times, July 14, 1997.*

DÜSSELDORF—General George Patton did not die in a jeep accident in 1945 but of venereal disease in a U.S. military sanatorium.

"*Ja*, it's all in my new book," comments journalist Rolf Meinhoff. "The American High Command thought it would be discouraging to the American public to learn that their so-called hero was in fact a tertiary-phase syphilitic. When he defeated Rommel in North Africa, that was in the first phase. When he helped win the Battle of the Bulge, that was in the second. Finally, they decided, 'We'd better get him out of here before he starts foaming at the mouth.' That's when they came up with the idea of the jeep accident. See?"

STUTTGART—Dwight D. Eisenhower did not die of natural causes at Walter Reed Army Medical Center but of sexual asphyxia at his farm in Gettysburg.

According to Voltan Hittz, a journalist who knows a lot about U.S. military affairs, the former General and President liked to dress up in the uniform of a Hussar and have Mrs. Eisenhower throttle him with her garter belt.

"One day, things really got out of hand," says Hittz. "Of course, the government could not stand for this to become known, so they concocted an elaborate cover story about how he died of coronary heart disease."

BERLIN—Bob Hope died of a heart attack while chasing French nuns in a convent in 1945, says Gerd Steingrupper, a trolley operator who on weekends makes a hobby of being an amateur historian. He says he has found documents that prove "one hundred and one per cent" that the Bob Hope who has been performing these last fifty-two years is "a substitute made from the same stuff they found at the crash site in Roswell," in New Mexico.

"Hope turns out not to be the 'Mr. Clean Guy' the American military claimed," Steingrupper said during an interview aboard the No. 7 as it made stops along the Kurfürstendamm. "He liked to sneak off from his U.S.O. duties and show up at convents dressed as a bishop or even a cardinal and spank the sisters. Eisenhower personally ordered the creation of the ersatz Hope. Of course, we now know that Eisenhower had his own delicate personal situation."

FRANKFURT—Amelia Earhart did not die in a plane crash while flying across the Pacific in 1937 but was shot down by the sixteen-inch guns of a U.S. Navy destroyer whose captain was insanely jealous of Earhart's infatuation with Adolf Hitler, says Ulrike Hoffmans, a cleaning woman at the Hotel Europa here.

Hoffmans, who spent the better part of her two-week holiday at a U.S. military archive outside Washington, stumbled on the top-secret documents while researching a separate project on the Holocaust.

HAMBURG—Omar Bradley, the American "G.I.s' General" of World War II, did not die of cardiac arrest at Roosevelt Hospital in New York in 1981 but while snorting cocaine off the breasts of a Las Vegas showgirl at Caesars Palace, according to a newly released book by Mattäus Veg.

Veg, 78, whose unit was wiped out by Bradley's troops in 1945, says he has "nothing personal against" Bradley, but feels "it's time for the truth to be known." He learned of Bradley's death during a chat session with a psychic on the Internet.

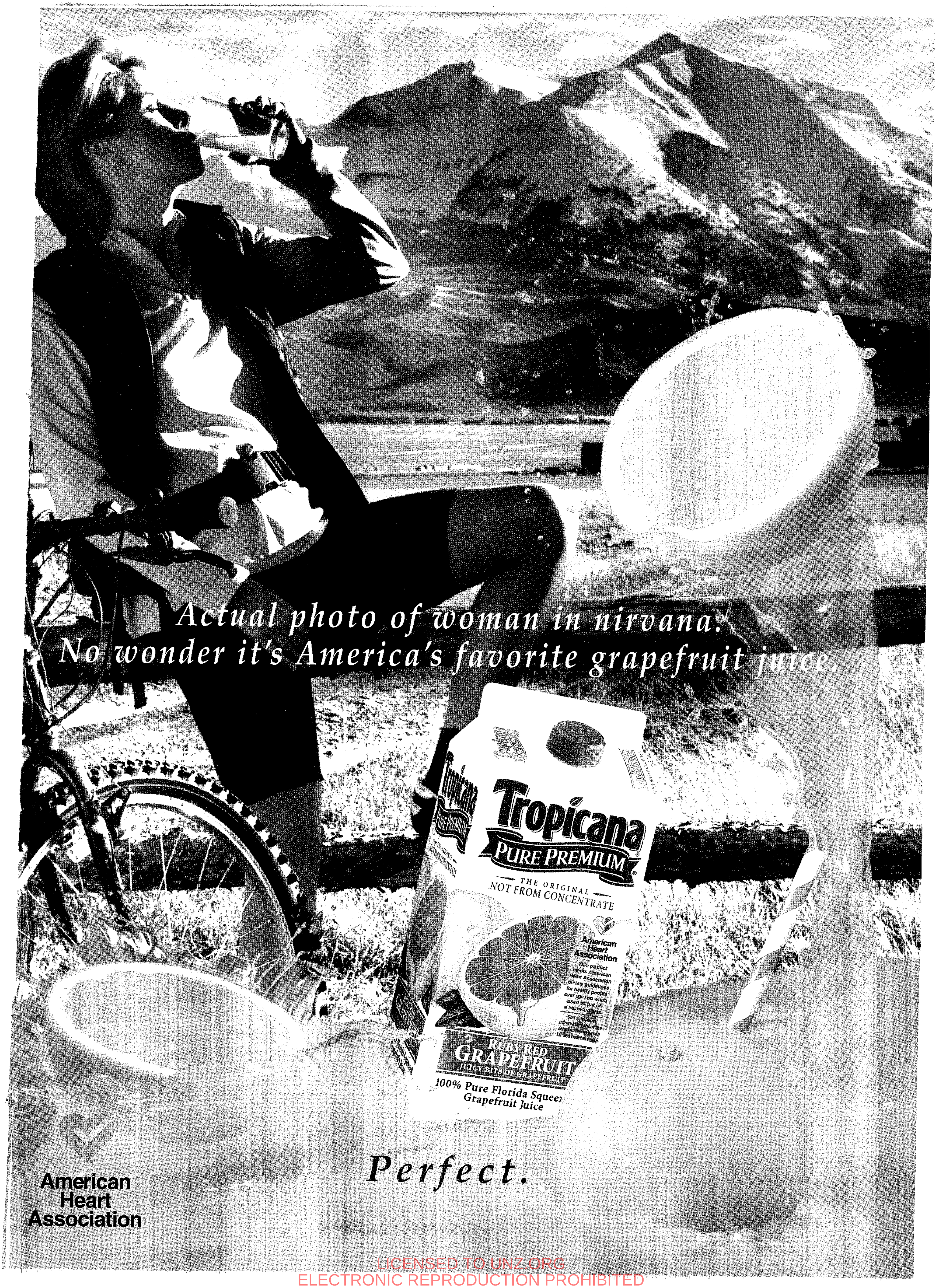
MUNICH—Franklin D. Roosevelt was actually German, according to a soon-to-be-released book by Otto Bingen-Bingen, a local genealogist who also works at a wire factory.

"The name Franklin," Bingen-Bingen says, "comes from the word Frank, which was, of course, the name of a group of Germanic tribes that settled along the Rhine in the third century." He traced Roosevelt's lineage all the way back to Clovis I through the President's mother, Sara Delano Roosevelt.

DRESDEN—Contrary to previous reports, Hitler did not start the Second World War, according to an unnamed source here.

"Perhaps I can't point to a single piece of paper and say, 'Here it is, in black-and-white,' says the source, who would speak only on condition of anonymity, "but you know how hysterical Poles are. They see one little tank doing maneuvers across the river and—*oof*—they think the world is ending." ♦

MICHAEL CRAWFORD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